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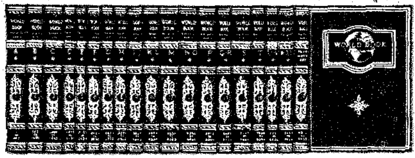

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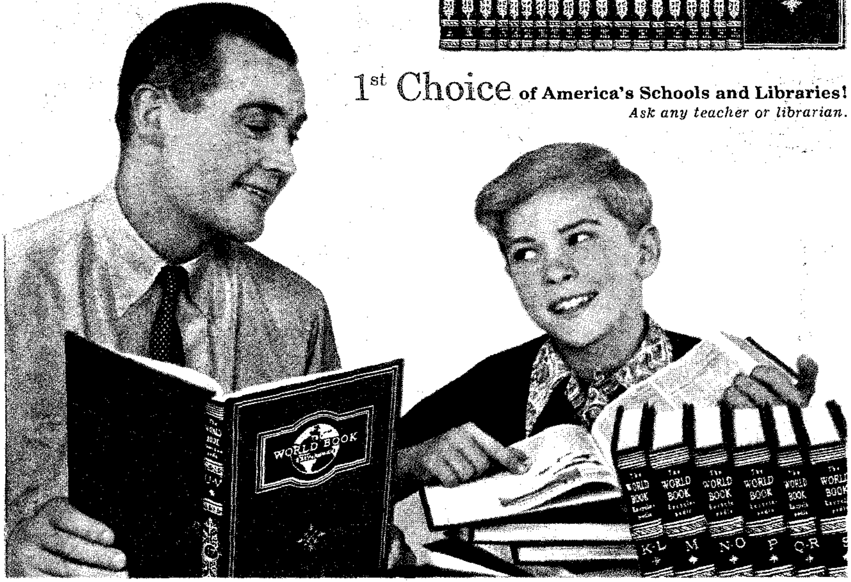

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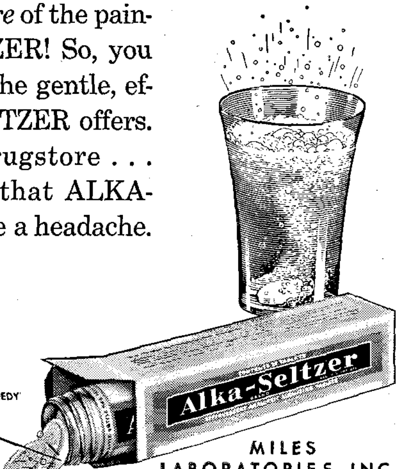
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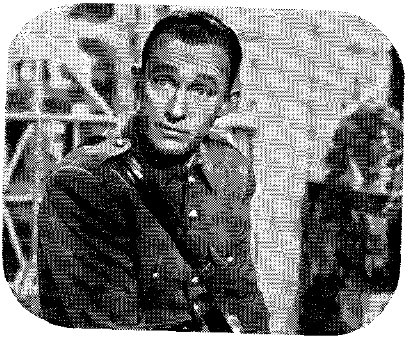
THE MONTH'S BEST...

Christian Fourcade: Little boy lost.

LITTLE BOY LOST

HAVING ONCE AGAIN left the well-beaten paths of movie-plotting, Paramount Pictures and one of their most reliable employees, Bing Crosby, come up with a film whose warmth is reminiscent of the now-fabled *Going My Way*. It tells of an American reporter who returns to France to look for his son, missing since the first days of the Blitzkrieg. Filmed in Paris with an expert French cast and a sensitive touch, this is a movie that is aimed at your heart—and reaches its mark.



Bing Crosby: *Oh! Susanna* in French.

Nicole Maurey: His wife, missing, too.

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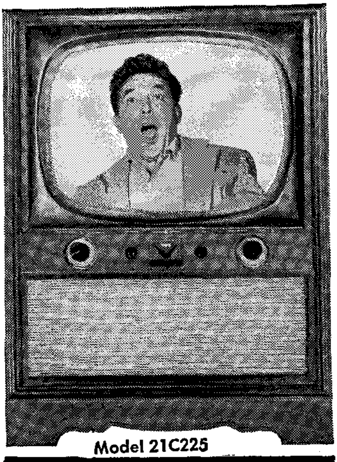

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RECORDS

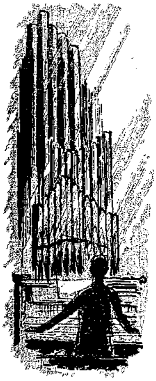
Sacred Music

THE BIBLE and the liturgies of the churches have been the inspiration for some of the world's greatest music—masterpieces which have transcended their religious origins and become a traditional part of the general musical repertoire. During the Christmas season, the recordings of these classics take on added meaning.

The Passion According to St. Matthew is intensely re-lived in the choral work of the 17th-Century's Heinrich Schütz (Bach Guild, 519/20). The story of *Israel in Egypt*, from oppression to the triumphant climax, is told by Handel in an opus of grandiose dimensions (Bach Guild 521/22). The Old Testament epic of *Elijah*, his miracles and his ascension to heaven, is the theme of Mendelssohn's immensely moving oratorio (Columbia SL 155).

Of the many musical settings of *The Magnificat*, which is the hymn of the Virgin Mary from the Gospel of St. Luke, the two most beautiful ones are those composed by Bach, Father and Son (Johann Sebastian's, Decca DL 9557) and Carl Philipp Emmanuel's (Bach Guild 516/17).

The service of the Mass fascinated musicians through the ages. Some achieved their musical ends by voices only, Palestrina (*Missa Papae Marcelli*, Capitol P 8126) bringing out the pure devotional qualities of the Mass; the modern French composer Francis Poulenc (*Mass in G*, RCA Victor LM 1008) integrating the joyous and the spiritual; Heitor Villa-Lobos, the South American, (*Mass of St. Sebastian* Columbia ML 4516), coloring the traditional with the religious tunes of Brazil. The Protestant Bach wrote a Catholic mass for his King, blending elements of two traditions of church music (*Mass in B Minor*, RCA Victor LM 6100), while Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* towers high in musical power (Royale 1368/9).



Mozart's classic mass for the dead, the *Requiem Mass in D Minor*, which he wrote on his death bed, is presented by RCA Victor (LM 1712). Berlioz's imposing *Requiem*, sublime and powerful, is offered in a striking performance by Columbia (SL 159).

Bach cultivated the art form of the church cantata, hymns of joy and jubilation, humility and sorrow (Nos. 32 and 140, Westminster WL 5122: No. 146, Bach Guild 525; Nos. 106 and 84, Westminster WL 5125). Among Anton Bruckner's greatest works is his soaring *Te Deum* (in Decca DX 109).

Many recordings are available containing collections of sacred music. E. Power Biggs, the organist, has recorded various organ music for solo or accompanied organ (*Bach Festival*, mostly concerted organ chorales, Columbia ML 4635, *Music of Jubilee*, Columbia ML 4435, and *Cathedral Voluntaries and Processionals*, Columbia ML 4603).

Marian Anderson presents *Great Songs of Faith* by Handel, Mendelssohn and Bach (RCA Victor LCT 1111). William Warfield's beautiful baritone is heard in *Ancient Music of the Church* (Columbia ML 4545). The album *Seven Centuries of Sacred Music* sung by Ives Tinayre (Decca DX 120), with instrumental and choral accompaniment, shows the transformation which church music has undergone in its long history.

Your family and friends will cherish these recordings not only at Christmas, but throughout the year. —FRED BERGER

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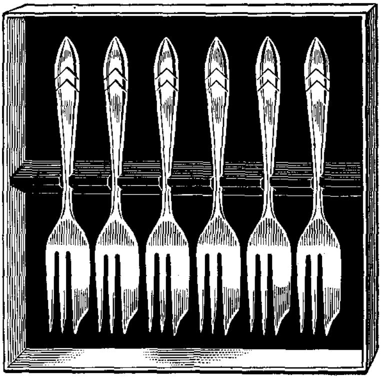

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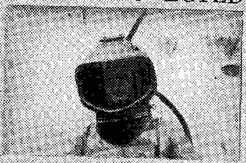

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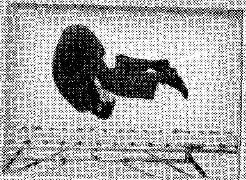

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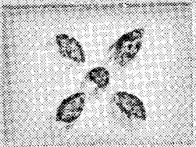

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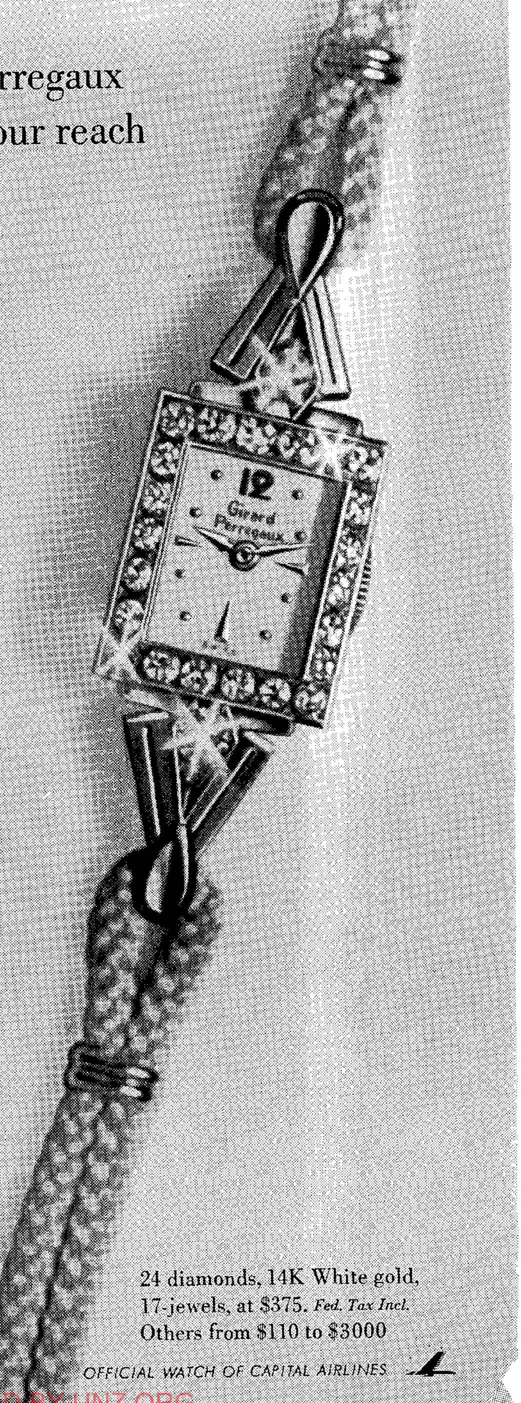

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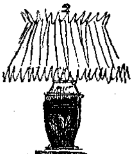

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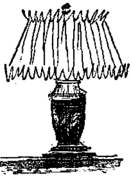

ELECTRICITY IS a harnessed giant. Locked in the wiring system of your home, it brings light, warmth and power. Simple maintenance and common sense will keep it working for you.

The electrical circuit of most houses has three points of potential danger: fuse box, wire cords, home appliances. The fuse is a safety device. When it blows, it is signaling that somewhere along the line your electrical circuit has been shorted by overloaded or defective wires, or by bare wires touching metal or each other. Never try makeshift fuse repairs! Replacing a blown fuse with a coin may restore power, but you invite serious fire hazard.

Instead, first try to find the source of trouble. If it is an overloaded outlet, unplug all the appliances in it. Then replace the fuse that shows burn marks. Before you touch the blown fuse, however, throw the master switch. Use a fuse of amperage equal to the one that blew. Now, if it blows again after you have pushed the master switch back, the job is too complex for you. Call an electrician.

A little forethought will keep exposed wiring from giving trouble. Never run it under a rug or in front of a doorway where it will fray from excessive wear, or close to a radiator where it will scorch or crack. Be sure the wire you select is adequate for the use to which you put it—it takes asbestos insulation for heating appliances and heavy-duty cord for power tools. Never use an extension cord as a permanent substitute for standard wiring.

Frayed wire can usually be repaired by winding ordinary friction tape several times around each of the two strands inside the frayed covering, then around the entire wire. If you find the wire broken, however, get rid of it immediately.

The third potential problem, electrical appliances, needn't cause concern if you take a few simple precautions. All of the appliances have been designed and rigorously tested to give long service. But remember: each has an amperage rating. Before you load a single outlet with an iron, a toaster, an electric mixer and a clock, for example, make certain that the total amperage of these appliances doesn't exceed the load capacity of your home.

Water and electricity don't mix—ever. For that reason, the kitchen and bathroom hold the greatest possibilities for injury. Use nonmetallic light fixtures in the bathroom. Never let your appliances get wet—keep them far, far from sinks and tubs—and never touch them with wet hands. An exception is electric razors, which have been designed and tested for safety in the bathroom.

Above all else, heed the manufacturer's instructions. He made the appliance and best knows its capacities, limits and potential dangers.

The basement, if it is the home laundry area, is another potential trouble spot. Because the floor may be damp, stand on a dry board when you do your ironing. You can be certain your washing machine is grounded—and hence safe—by running a number 14 wire from the machine frame to a water pipe or any grounded part of your electrical system. —GERALD NELSON

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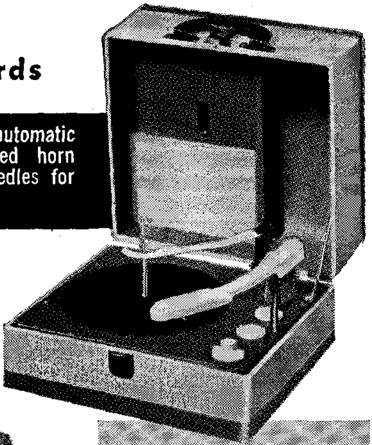

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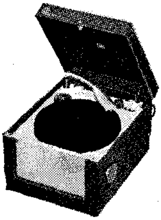

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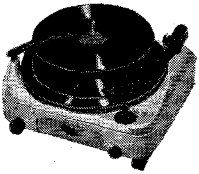

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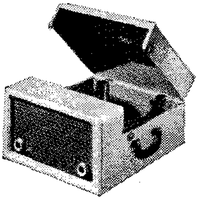

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Way Down East

SIGN NOTICED by a vacationer over a Cape Cod grocery store: Ye Olde Helpe Selfe. —ERWIN CANHAM (WJZ)

A CITY DWELLER who was traveling through New Hampshire noticed a cornfield on a rather steep hillside. Seeing a farmer standing in the doorway of a farmhouse, he stopped his car and pointed to the cornfield.

"How do you plow that field?" he asked. "It looks very steep."

"Don't plow it," replied the farmer. "When the spring thaws come, the rocks rolling down the hill tear it up."

"That's wonderful," said the city fellow, "but how do you plant it?"

"Don't plant it, really. Just stand in my back doorway and shoot the seed in with a shotgun."

"Is that a fact?" gasped the man from the big city.

"Gosh, no!" said the farmer. "That's conversation!"

—GRACE STUART NUTLEY, *How to Carry on a Conversation* (Sterling Publishing Co., Inc.)

AN OLD MAINE GUIDE was reminiscing for his "sports." "There I was, the bear down in the gorge behind a tree. The only way I could hit him was to ricochet a bullet off the high gorge wall on my right."

Describing the setting with an up and down motion of his arm, he added, "A one-rail shot, you see."

After a pause to let the drama of his situation sink in, he continued, "Well, I had gauged my windage, calculated the lead of the barrel and the rate of twist, the hardness of the bullet and the angle of yaw it would have after being smacked out of shape against the gorge wall, and I judged my chances were 60-40 that I would get the bear. A one-rail bank shot. A controlled ricochet. So I fired."

There was a silence. Then one of his sports asked softly: "Did you hit him?"

"Nope," answered the old man, "I missed the wall." —*Parts Pups*

A CITY MAN building a country home in New England hired a retired carpenter to assist him. Next morning the carpenter appeared with two husky boys as helpers.

"How many youngsters have you?" asked the employer.

"Got seven of 'em."

"Really? I'm one of seven myself. I have three brothers and three sisters."

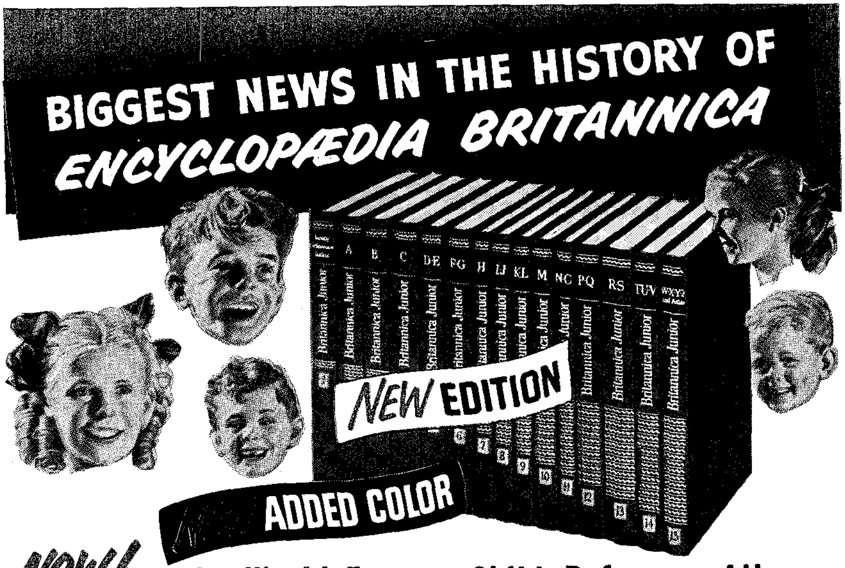
"Shucks," said the Down Easter casually, "if you want to count girls, then I got 13." —*Postage Stamp*

THE CITY NEPHEW had put off visiting his aged New England uncle until at last he felt he must go. Arriving at the tiny railroad station, he found the only person in sight was a hard-bitten old character seated on a nail keg.

"Can you tell me, please, where Farmer John Blank lives?" inquired the nephew.

"He's dead," answered the Down Easter shortly. "Died yesterday afternoon."

"Dead! Why, I've come all the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way from the city just to spend the weekend with him!"

The old-timer's faded eyes took in the nephew's immaculate clothes, his air of self-confidence. Thoughtfully he took a bite from his plug of tobacco and drawled, "Must 'a been expecting you." —FRANCES RODMAN

ZEKE, A HIRED HAND on a New Hampshire farm, guessed the weight of a hog exactly right.

"How did you do it?" he was asked.

"Tain't nuthin'," drawled Zeke modestly. "Sometimes I kin do better'n that." —*Nashua Cavalier*

ALL THIS TALK of astronomical-scaled saving reminds us of the thrifty old Yankee's comment when told that a certain industrial tycoon had left a fortune upward of $100 million.

"One hundred million dollars?" was the awed rejoinder. "My, he must have had an awful savin' woman."—HARLAN TROTT (*Christian Science Monitor*)

AN ELDERLY NEW ENGLANDER felt that his fellow citizens who were Democrats were traitors to their country. Yet he always showed up at Democratic rallies. When it was suggested that he might be ready to change his political affiliations, he snorted:

"Oh, no, nothing like that. I just come to your meetin's so's to keep my disgust fresh!" —DAN BENNETT

FOR 30 YEARS, two old bachelors, one of them illiterate, had been partners on a little farm in Vermont. One day Nathaniel, returning from the village with the usual minimum supply of groceries, said, "I had to spend an extra nickel today, Abner, to buy me a brand new lead pencil."

"Always expenses," Abner complained, taking from his pocket the grimy stub of a pencil. "I've carried this one for 20 years."

"I know," his partner answered, "but it makes a heap of difference —havin' to write out Nathaniel J. Allenbaugh, or jist signin' with a cross like you do." —*Wall Street Journal*

A CANTANKEROUS New England farmer, notorious for the low wages he paid his hired hands, was sitting at his door one evening when a neighbor drove up.

"Too bad about that new hand of yours who got kicked by the cow," remarked the caller.

"Yep."

"He was a fine man."

"Yep."

"And a fine mower."

"Yep."

"In fact, I've heard tell he was as good a mower as you'd find in a year's lookin'."

The farmer shifted one leg over the other. "John was a *good* mower," he said grudgingly, "but he wasn't what anyone would call a *fancy* mower!" —ELEANOR WOOD

AN OLD SALT was watching a crowd of youngsters playing perilously near the edge of the pier. Suddenly he proceeded to thrash one of them. A passerby stopped and asked the reason for his behavior.

"Well," the old Down Easter explained as he loosed his hold on the boy's collar, "tain't as if I care a hang whether they fall in or whether they don't, but it's the darned uncertainty I can't stand." —*Topicks*

"Wherever I go, my new Capri really sends me!" says BOB HOPE

See BOB HOPE in
HERE COME THE GIRLS
Color by TECHNICOLOR
A Paramount Picture

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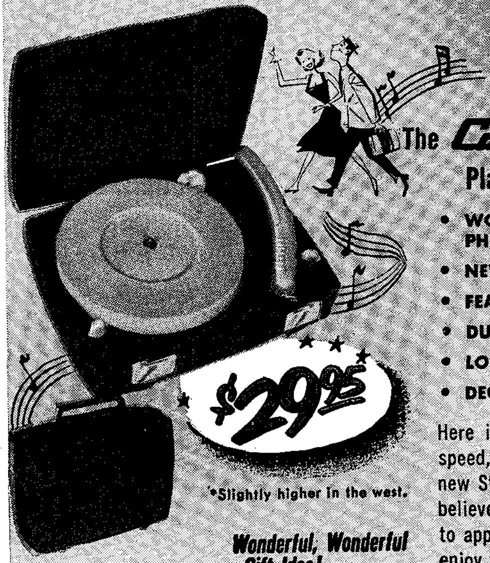

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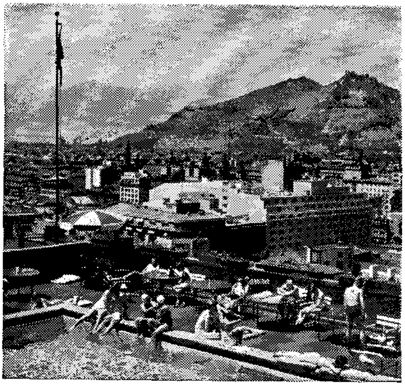
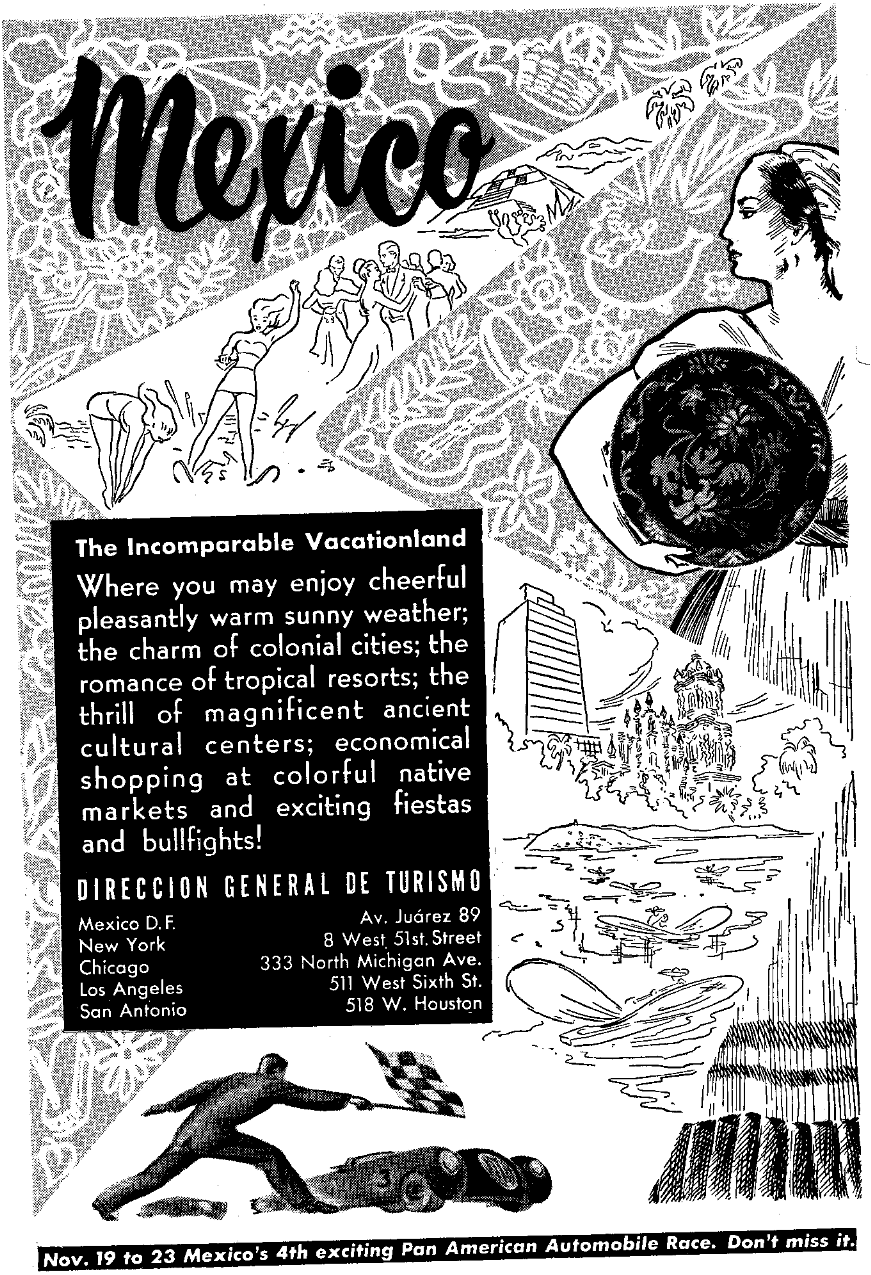
Peru Indians are descended from the tribes who built the Inca empire 700 years ago.

The Other America

THE WEST COAST of South America, someone once said, ranges from high mountains to low prices. Reduced to a single-sentence characterization of 5,000 miles of incredibly beautiful and infinitely exciting coastline, one might do worse than such a description. But to go with natural beauty and bargains in everything from lodgings to gasoline (9.2¢ a gallon in Peru), most of Western South America is blessed with a variable, pleasant climate and a rich historical lore—the centuries-old Inca ruins are a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. Yet for modern comfort and evenings of gay, carefree entertainment, Lima, Peru, and Santiago, Chile, are a fair match for any other city in the world.



Atop the 17-story Hotel Carrera in Santiago, is a luxurious swimming pool.



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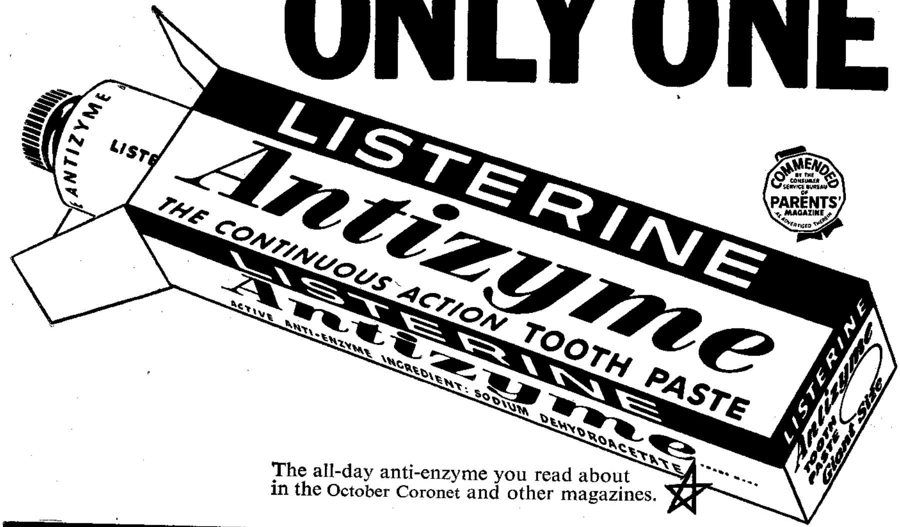
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The all-day anti-enzyme you read about in the October Coronet and other magazines. ✩

COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

The Acidometer Proves the Difference Right on Your Teeth!

SAFE ZONE
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Temporary Protection... In tests people susceptible to tooth decay brushed their teeth with dentifrices of all kinds.

½ hour after brushing, they were given a sugar rinse. In almost every case the Acidometer showed the presence of dangerous tooth decay acids (below pH 5.6).

SAFE ZONE
DANGER ZONE
DECAY ACID ZONE

Continuous Protection... Later people used Antizyme Tooth Paste for one week.

12 to 24 hours after the last brushing, they again rinsed their mouths with a sugar solution. In 9 out of 10 cases, the Acidometer indicated "no harmful decay acids."

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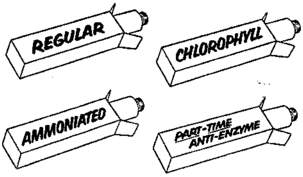
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No tooth paste without *all-day* anti-enzyme action can give more than

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The startling new research which developed the all-day anti-enzyme action of Antizyme Tooth Paste, opens a completely new era in dental care. Enzymes turn sugars and starches into harmful acids. Heretofore, only temporary anti-enzyme protection, lasting only for minutes, has been possible. Now, by brushing with Antizyme morning and night, teeth can be protected at all times against tooth decay acids, the major cause of tooth decay.

NOTE TO DENTISTS: As you know, the recently published research on anti-enzymes disclosed only 2 active ingredients which provide continuous anti-enzyme action. Sodium dehydroacetate, specified in the research, is the active ingredient in Antizyme.

ALL DAY ANTI-ENZYME TOOTH PASTE

A Product of The Lambert Company

STOP THAT NOISE!

"A man's home has sometimes been referred to as his castle, but some of these castles are nothing more than acoustic torture chambers," says a top M. I. T. engineer, Dr. Leo L. Beranke.

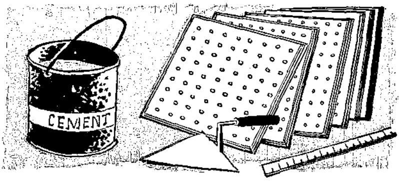
Is noise in *your* home getting you down, now that the children are spending more time indoors? Don't blame it all on the youngsters. They probably make plenty of racket; but even without them, chances are that the general noise level of your home is higher than it has to be.

By taking some tips from acoustics engineers, you can, without gagging the children or undertaking a remodeling job, make your home a quieter, more peaceful place in which to live. Here are six suggestions for cutting down the din:

1. *Turn walls and ceilings into sound-stoppers.* The reverberations from walls and ceilings cause much of the noise in many homes. Inexpensive, apply-it-yourself acoustic tiles and wallboards can cut such noise.

In one typical home, a tremendous amount of noise was eliminated simply by re-surfacing walls in the hallway with acoustic board. In another house, the noisiest room was, naturally, the children's playroom, which had a hard linoleum floor and plastered walls. Its noisiness was cut in half by applying acoustic tile to the ceiling and upper half of the walls.

2. *Use draperies and furniture to deaden noise.* During times when the noise level is high, draw the draperies across large windows. Larger drapes than are required for just privacy alone will absorb a lot of sound. Furniture can deaden noise, too, but there's a big difference in the sound-absorbing qualities of upholstery fabrics. Plastic and hard-finish ones reflect sound waves, spread noise; soft, nubby fabrics absorb it.



3. *Cushion your floors.* Adequate pads under carpets will reduce impact noise. In laying floor covering any place in your home, check first on the possibility of using modern cork-type tile, if you are interested in keeping noise down to a minimum.

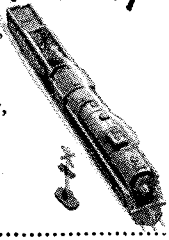
4. *Give doors a chance to shut out noise.* While outside doors are usually weatherstripped, interior ones seldom are. Yet if you really want them to cut the flow of noise, the cracks below and beside doors must be eliminated. Check at your hardware store or at a department store for types of stripping suitable for interior doors.

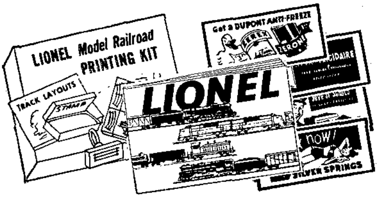
5. *Knock out appliance noises.* Start by making sure that they are properly installed with an ear to the amount of noise they'll make. Many times, washing machines, refrigerators and other appliances can be provided with rubber cushions to cut vibration. In some cases, insulating board applied to the walls behind them will help. Keeping appliances properly oiled will eliminate needless squeaks.

6. *Silence the heating system.* Fans which force warm air through ducts often make a needless racket. If your heating plant is noisy, an expert may be able to quiet it with proper insulation. The too-loud burner that roars and rumbles may be quieted by a general overhauling; if not, you may find that installing insulating board on the basement ceiling will help.—Wendy Warren, *star of the CBS Radio daytime drama, "Wendy Warren and the News."*

Happy Family Circle!

This "ring-around-the-family" is the happiest hobby in millions of American homes. Father and son (and daughter, too!) team up as engineers of the world's most famous railroad . . . LIONEL! They send those real-life trains high-balling around the track with all the extra speed and power of Lionel's exclusive *Magne-Traction*. And it's a joy for Mom, too. She knows everything is running smoothly . . . her family and Lionel Trains.

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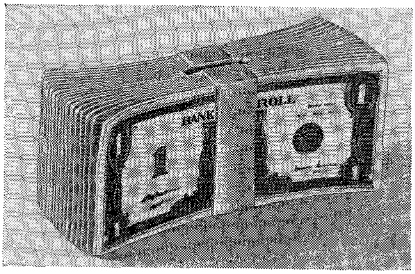
American Family Shopper



"**Bank Roll**" builds your savings! Novel new bank looks just like a fat roll of dollar bills! Imported china, realistically colored and banded. To empty, remove felt seal on bottom. Clever gift idea! (patent pending) $1.50. Crystalier, Dept. C, 485 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C. 17.

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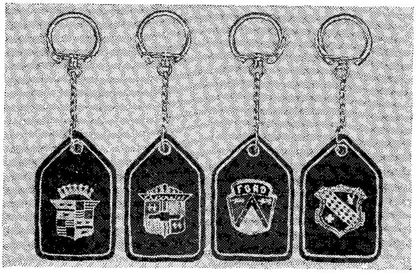

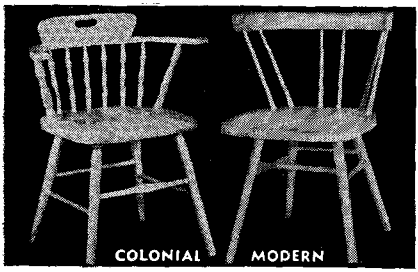

Order these sturdy **Captain's Chairs** direct from factory. Solid birch or maple, completely assembled & ready to paint, 28½" high, seat 17 x 16½. Minimum order 2. $14.95* pair. Shpg. chgs. collect. Meadowbrook Industries (Makers of Fine Chairs since 1851), W. Hempstead 22, N. Y.

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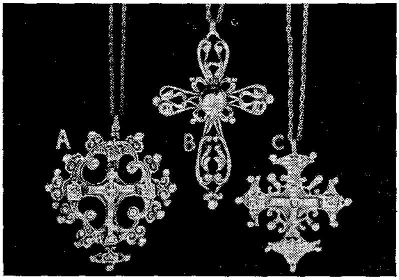

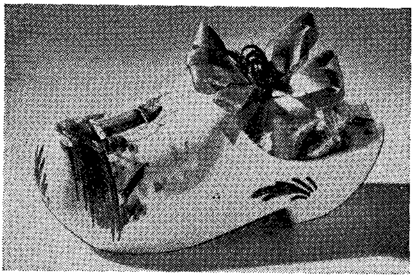

Quaint Dutch Shoe from Holland is hand painted blue delft china, comes filled with ¼ lb. of delicious Droste's Hopjes! Later, use it as a decorative ashtray, pipe holder or shelf ornament. 6" long. Handsomely gift boxed. $2.95. Vendome, Dept. C, 415 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. 17.

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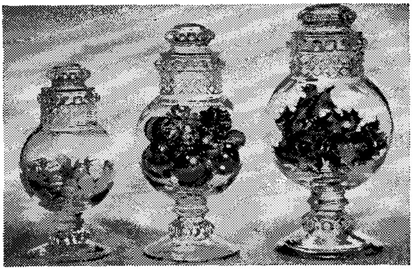
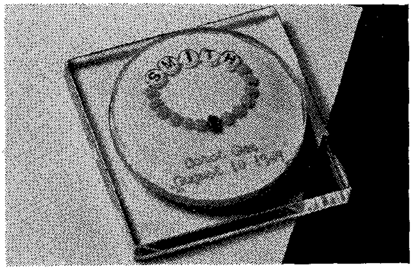
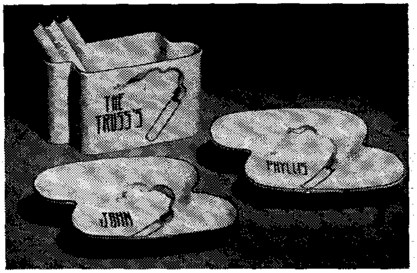
Old Apothecary Jars, reproduced from original molds, are *decorative* and useful. Clear glass with traditional thumbprint & diamond design. For candy, cigarettes, bath salts, Xmas tree balls. 12" $5.75, 14" $6.75, 16" $8.75. (Add 50c W. of Miss.) Jenifer House, Great Barrington 20, Mass.





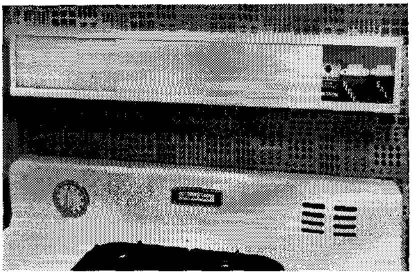
Baby's Birth Beads can be permanently preserved and displayed in this charming paperweight. We'll embed them in a 3" lucite disc, and inscribe name in gold script. *A precious gift!* $3.95 (add 50c for birthdate). Send beads to Keepsake Shops, Union City 74, N. J.

Personalized Smoke Set is fine translucent china in smart freeform shapes, with couple's family name on cigarette urn and first names on ashtrays. Urn holds full pack of cigarettes. Red, *Blue or Green trim*. $3.95 *set*. Salt & Pepper Shop, Dept. C, 445 E. 86th St., N. Y. C. 28.



Royal Delft Canisters from Holland look like fine porcelain, actually are enameled metal with airtight lids. Pretty and practical for kitchen, vanity, flowers, cigarettes, etc. Blue & White. Smallest 3½ x 4", largest 6 x 6½". $4.95 set. Seth & Jed, Dept. C., New Marlboro, Mass.

Spicenette keeps spices & staples behind dust-proof sliding doors of milk-white corrugated plastic. White enameled steel *cabinet hangs or stands*. 5¾" high, 4" deep. 18" long $3.98; 24" $4.98; 36" $6.98. (add 50c W. of Miss.) Marbrite, Box 36, Queens Village 6, N. Y.



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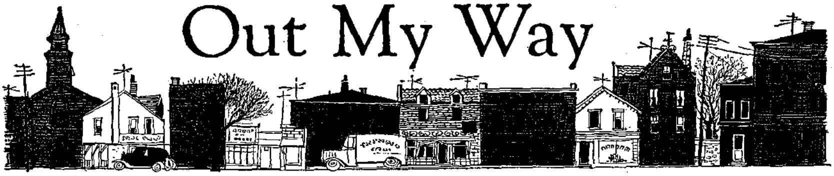
Out My Way



by **HERB SHRINER**

MY BIGGEST SURPRISE was that I was born. I never expected it.

WHEN I WAS a kid, we lived so deep in the woods that when they ordered me a suit from the mail-order catalog, they ordered it a size too large to allow time for it to get there.

US KIDS never had much ambition. Once in a while you'd find a kid who wanted to be Vice-President, but that's about all.

AT AN ART GALLERY they told me that a certain famous painting was priced at $50,000. That's a lot of money—and for only one coat of paint, too.

PEOPLE KNOW WHAT everyone in my town is doing. Every week they read the paper, though, to see if anybody's been caught at it.

THERE WAS a politician in Indiana who was really honest. When he was bought, he stayed bought.

HERE'S HOW I explain heredity: if your folks didn't have any children, there's a good chance that you won't have any.

A MAN put up a little radio station and everything was fine until somebody bought an electric razor.

THERE'S A SPINSTER in our town who's been a librarian all her life, and you could tell it. If you'd meet her on the street and say, "Hello," she'd say, "Sh-h-h-h."

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN conversation and gossip is this: when three women stand at a street corner talking to each other, that's conversation. When one of them leaves, that's gossip.

A HOUSE TRAILER is a necessity today for any fellow who drives a car; it gives him a place to live while he's looking around for a place to park!

MY WIFE'S ALWAYS entering magazine contests, but she never won anything. It ain't that she ain't smart. She just can't say anything in 25 words.

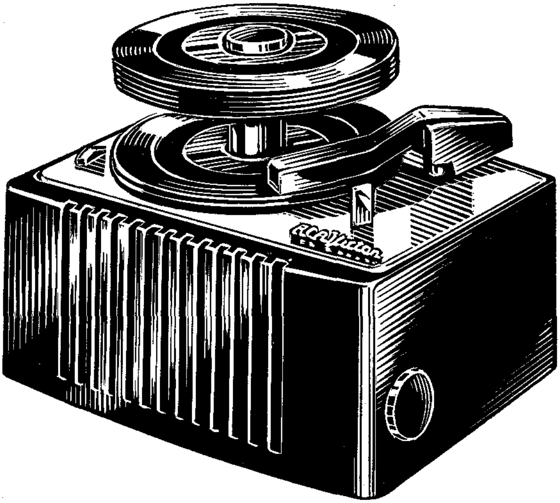
SOMEONE OPENED UP a drive-in theater in my home town, but it didn't do too well. People wouldn't buy a car just to go to the movies.

OUR TOWN didn't have much money. People were too poor to paint their homes and too proud to whitewash.

BACK HOME in Indiana they decided to try out these one-way streets, but it didn't work. We only had one street and folks couldn't get back into town.

"Victrola" 45

plays every kind of music recorded today!



"Victrola" 45 automatic phonograph. Maroon plastic. Model 45EY2, $34.95. Carrying case extra

- **Classical, pops, hillbilly, grand opera** — they're all yours to enjoy on "Victrola" 45—*the only record playing system that gives you every kind of music recorded today!*

- **The world's simplest, surest** automatic phonograph. With two fingers of one hand you can load up to fourteen "45" rpm records on the big center spindle.

- **More music for less money.** With new RCA Victor "45 Extended Play" records you can enjoy up to two hours of music—nearly *twice* the music of ordinary "45" records for just a little above their cost!

- *Hear music at its best!* Choose from the many "Victrola" 45's available *now* at your RCA Victor dealer's. Prices start as low as $16.75.

RCA "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

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Only **RCA VICTOR** *makes the* **"Victrola"**

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Tmks. ®

For all to play...
the family gift you'll share a lifetime

Your family gift this Christmas can be *really* shared by everyone. The Hammond Chord Organ is that easy to play!

You can sit down and play a Christmas carol like "Silent Night" in half an hour. Even if you can't read a note of music and never had a lesson.

You won't be letter perfect to start with, but you will be surprised at how well the music sounds. And later on you'll play hundreds of your favorite selections—even classics on the Hammond Chord Organ.

The whole family can play!

Anyone who's old enough to reach the keyboard can play the Hammond Chord Organ. And imagine how many wonderful evenings you'll spend together playing it.

When friends drop in, you'll entertain them with beautiful organ music you make yourself.

Prove it, play it in half an hour! Stop in and spend 30 minutes at the Hammond Chord Organ dealer nearest you. Ask for the instructions and the picture music. Try it in private and judge what we say by the music you can play.

The price of the Hammond Chord Organ is just $975 f.o.b. Chicago. (You can take up to 3 years to pay.) It's the family gift you'll share for a lifetime and cherish more each year. For more details, mail the coupon on the opposite page.

Why it's so easy to play:

You play from "picture music" that shows you just which keys to touch to make the melody notes with your right hand.

You play chords with 1 finger of your left hand. Rich, beautiful organ chords that would take 3 to 5 fingers on most instruments.

You press a pedal for bass. The Hammond Chord Organ automatically produces the correct bass for the piece you are playing.

The Hammond Chord Organ

made by the makers of the world-famous Hammond Organ

MUSIC'S MOST GLORIOUS VOICE

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Today

Hammond Organ Co., 4203 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois
Without cost or obligation, please send me full details about the Hammond Chord Organ and the name of my nearest dealer.

Name____________________

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REPLACEMENT OR ★ REFUND OF MONEY
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Big, Colorful 14" Aluminum Fruit or Salad Bowl ($3.95 value) if you purchase Saladmaster Deep Fryer and Saladmaster Food Cutter (Shown on opposite page).

Deep Fryer complete with instruction and recipe booklet. Only $39.95, plus state tax. Postage paid if check with order. Higher outside United States.

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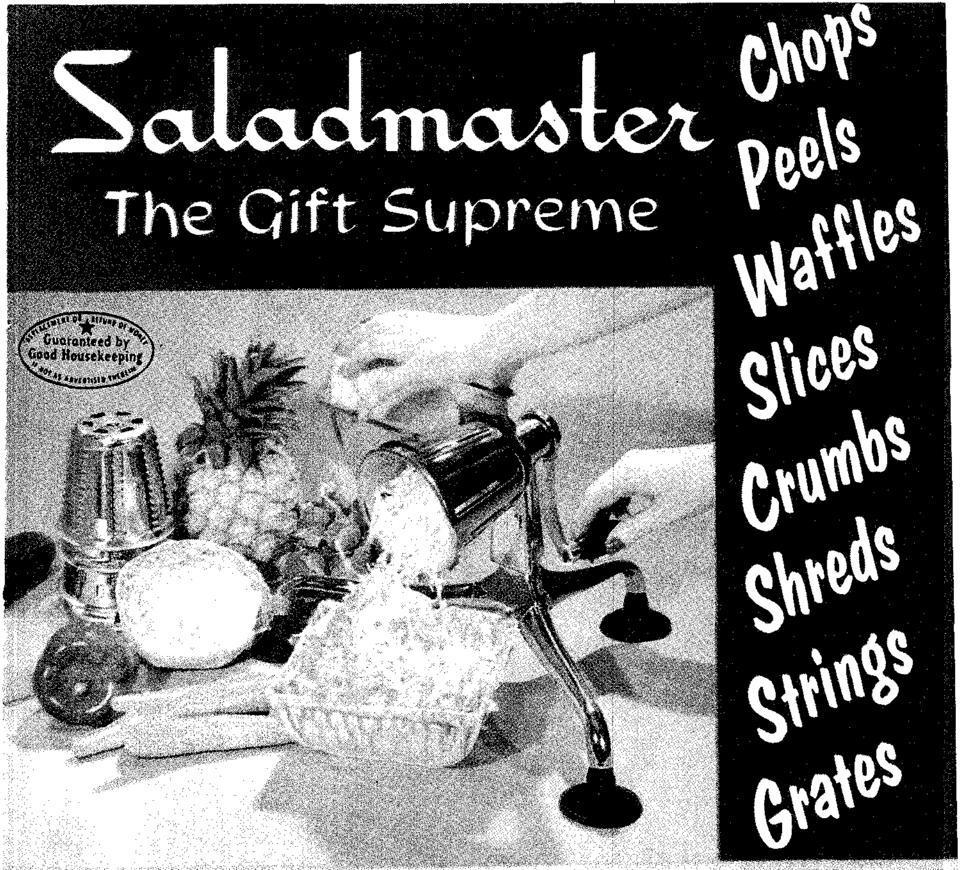
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EIGHTEENTH YEAR · Coronet · NOVEMBER 1953

Those Amateur Psychiatrists!

by MARION GROSS

I HAVE an inferiority complex. I am also frustrated, inhibited, have an Electra complex, a pathological hatred of women, own several obsessions and fixations, my marriage is coming apart at the seams, and to top it all off, I am a sexual invert!

You probably think I have undergone a lengthy and costly psychoanalytic cure to know all this. You're wrong! The acquisition of the information did not cost me a cent. Neither did I have to lie down on anyone's bumpy lounge. It more or less accrued to me—the gift of numerous friends, relatives, acquaintances and strangers, all of whom wish me well.

Today, the slogan of the most semi-literate people seems to be: "Every man his own psychiatrist." The lure of the popularized versions of psychiatric literature is as difficult to combat as the lure of a gossipy old-time "doctor" book. The result of such reading, however, is somewhat different. Where readers of medical books seemed to have turned their searching gaze inwards, there to discover all manner of fascinating complications in their own organic structure, the reading of books on the newer branch of medicine inspires the opposite reaction.

The real fun of delving into the sub-conscious is to make sure that it's someone else's sub-conscious—preferably mine.

It is impossible for me to tell just how I found out about each of my personality deviations, but you might possibly like to know how I discovered some of the most important ones. Like my sexual inversion.

I might have gone on in the dark about this for the rest of my life, if it hadn't been for my generous brother. From the time when I had learned to crawl about the floor, I had always made instinctively for the first male my eyes lit upon. Boy-crazy, they called me at school! Naturally, it came as a complete shock to discover that from infancy on, I had been suppressing my true nature. If I hadn't asked my brother what he thought of my newly decorated living room, I might never have known.

"Isn't it beautiful?" I asked, standing back and observing the room with justifiable pride.

"Hmm," my brother said thoughtfully.

"What's the matter?" I asked anxiously. "Don't you like it?"

"Oh, it's not that anything's wrong with it," my brother assured me. "But tell me, *who* picked out the color?"

"I did!" I bridled. "What's wrong with it? Green's my favorite color."

"Just as I thought," my brother said solemnly. "Don't you know that green is the favorite color of sexual inverts?"

So there I was, betrayed by a pigment. I hadn't even suspected anything was wrong before my brother passed along his bit of gleaning from the broad, fruitful fields of psychiatry. And my choice of green for the living-room was no mere accident, either. After my brother left, I checked through the house and discovered that green *is* my favorite color. There wasn't a single room in the house in which I hadn't used it in some way. Woe is me!

AS FOR THE imminent dissolution of my marriage, that is an event I have been fearing for some time. I feel as though I'm sitting on a marital powder keg that is going to blow up at the moment when I least expect it. The funny thing about it is, I'm personally not aware of any underlying conflict with my husband. As a matter of fact, we get along pretty well, and most of our friends even envy us. But I've been warned!

It was several years ago when I first learned about the shaky nature of my marriage. I had been trained as a draftsman, and decided to do my bit for the cold-war effort by going to work in a defense plant. Since my son was only two-and-a-half years old, it was necessary that I find a nursery school to care for him while I was away.

I did find such a school, and a good one. The only trouble was that since we were living in a remote section of the Bronx, and did not possess a car, there was difficulty in delivering Tony to the school. In order to get him to the nursery, and myself to work on time, I had to awaken him at 6:30 each morning, bundle him up, and push him 12 blocks in his carriage.

He was fed breakfast and lunch at school, and in the evening, a constantly changing line-up of high school girls would pick him up at the nursery and take him home for me. I got home in time to push some food in his mouth, bathe him, and put him to bed. After a month of this treatment, he started to stutter.

"Oh, Mrs. Gross," my son's teacher said one morning as I brought Tony to school, "I'd like to talk to you for a moment. It's about Tony. I wonder if you've noticed that he's started stuttering lately?"

"Why, yes, I have." I came away from the door. After all, I was more mother than draftsman. "I was going to ask you about it."

"Well, my dear," the teacher said with what seemed a lean and hungry smile, "I don't want you to take what I have to say amiss, but I have

had great experience in these matters, and invariably when a child starts to stutter, I have found there is some sort of conflict at home between the parents. I don't want to pry, my dear, but tell me, just what is going on between you and your husband?"

I wanted to tell her that nothing was going on between my husband and me that hadn't been going on between husbands and wives since Adam and Eve. All I succeeded in doing was to look startled.

"You can confide in me, dear," she prodded hopefully.

"Confide in you?" I exploded. "I've got nothing to confide. Did it ever occur to you that the child's stuttering may be caused by the disruption of his daily existence?"

"Well, of course, if you don't care to tell me. . . ." the teacher went on. Her voice implied that in this case, she could do nothing for me.

Several weeks later I decided to let the defense effort go on without my assistance, and almost immediately my son stopped stuttering. This seemed to prove my argument. Still, that woman *did* have a wide psychoanalytic knowledge, so can I ever be sure?

The knowledge of my pathological hatred of women came from a stranger—a magazine editor. I had submitted a short-short story which was a mild, sentimental little pastel. It concerned an old woman in a home for the aged, who never knew that her husband was dead, but always thought that he was away on a business trip. I was prepared for a rejection, but what came instead was an impassioned note from the editor.

"The outstanding trait of this is your manifest hatred and contempt for all women. It is a pathological condition, and I can't advise too strongly that you seek psychiatric aid in dealing with it."

I would have, too, if I had known which of my many amateur psychiatrist friends to consult, and if I hadn't been so busy worrying about my husband at the time. One of my friends had just analyzed him, and I had discovered with horror that the pillar of strength in my life was nothing but an insecure, immature, little child.

Our tiny daughter had been given a blackboard and chalk for a birthday present, and had promptly presented both to her daddy with the command, "Draw something!"

Now there are many, many things that this man in my life can do. But he can't draw anything that looks remotely recognizable, with two possible exceptions. One is an egg-shaped head with twig-like arms protruding from where the ears should be, and stick-like legs extending from where you'd normally expect to find a neck. He drew this figure on my daughter's blackboard.

"Humpty-Dumpty," my husband told our daughter solemnly. The little girl nodded in agreement. "Now draw me something else, Daddy."

The poor man was reduced to producing his only remaining trump-card. He drew a number of rectangles with two small circles at the bottom of each, and one of these

Spencerian penmanship scraggles coming out of the top of the first rectangle.

"A train," my husband told Julia. Again our daughter nodded her head approvingly. Then, intrigued by the two samples set down, all my daughter drew for the next few days were Humpty-Dumpties and choo-choo trains.

While Julia's artistic development was in this arrested stage, my friend Marcia dropped in. Marcia is a girl who knows her psychology. She majored in it at college 15 years ago, and must have read all of five books on the subject since. The moment she saw Julia bent over her blackboard, *she* bent over Julia.

"Come show Auntie Marcia what you've drawn there, dear," she said. Obediently, my daughter complied.

As soon as she saw the blackboard, a peculiar glow lighted Marcia's face. "What is this?" she asked Julia, pointing.

"Humpty-Dumpty," Julia said.

"And this?"

"A choo-choo."

"Julie, dear," Marcia said, "I left some cigarettes in my pocket book. Would you go into the other room and get them?"

The moment my daughter was out of hearing, Marcia pounced. "What in the world have you been doing to that child?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said defensively. "Why?"

"Why?" Marcia repeated. "Just look at these drawings! Do you know what they represent?"

I hadn't the slightest idea.

"This Humpty-Dumpty," Marcia said. "In the first place, children draw first and give a name to their creations afterwards. The fact that Julia is still drawing arms and legs coming out of a head at her age is enough cause for alarm. She's retarded. In the second place, the fact that she calls her creation 'Humpty-Dumpty' is highly significant. Don't forget Humpty-Dumpty 'took a big fall'; he was smashed, he couldn't be put together again.

"All of this means," Marcia said importantly, "that Julia is insecure. She expects her world to come tumbling down, to be smashed apart."

I started to protest, but Marcia brushed me aside. "This train," she said, "only confirms my diagnosis. A train takes people away from home. Julia is afraid you will go off and leave her."

I wanted to laugh. I wanted to tell Marcia that Julia couldn't be held vaguely responsible for the import of the drawings, since her father had created the originals. Just in time, it came to me that Marcia was interpreting the drawings, not my daughter, and my husband was responsible for the drawings. It was my husband who was a case of arrested development. It was my husband who was insecure.

As usual, I started worrying. What did my husband have to be insecure about? Who did he think was going to go away from him on that choo-choo train? Me? Surely he hadn't been upset by that time I kissed Sam Finnery? After all, it *was* New Year's Eve, and everyone was kissing everyone.

I decided to go to every length to show him that he had nothing to worry about. Next time we went to a party, I didn't leave his side all evening. I objected strenuously when someone suggested a kissing game. After several hours of this, one of my best friends took me aside.

"You know, Marion," she said, "I've been watching you, and I don't want to upset you or anything, but I think you're entirely too inhibited. Insecure, too. No one who felt secure would hang on to their husband the way you do."

At that moment, a sudden intuitive flash showed me what it was I really had been suffering from. I had a guilt complex! I had been guilty of listening to, and taking to heart, so much psychiatric bunk that I was in danger of turning a happy wife and contented mother into a complex bundle of neurotic maladjustments.

So, using such shreds of that pre-psychiatric remedy known as common-sense that still remained to me, I decided then and there to banish all of this nonsense from my mind. And believe me or not, I have lived happily ever since.

Along Broadway

A BROADWAY actor of small talent but unquenchable spirit visited his agent's office every morning to inquire hopefully, "Anything for me today?"

To which his agent would mechanically reply to him, "Nothing today."

Eventually words were no longer necessary for the daily exchange. The actor would merely stick his head in the door and lift his eyebrows inquiringly, and the agent would shake his head.

This went on until one day the actor broke his silence.

"Oh, by the way," said he, "don't book me for anything during the remainder of this month. I'm going to take a little vacation."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

A SEEDY-LOOKING ACTOR walked into a booking agent's office and bragged that he'd developed a new act that would bring back vaudeville. Given his chance to audition at a local tryout theater, the performer made a curtain speech to the audience, explaining that he was going to start where the Wright Brothers left off; that he could fly without any wings, without any motors, without any propellers.

With that he waved his arms frantically for a few minutes, then took off. Flying over the orchestra, then over the balcony, he made a perfect two-point landing back in the stage and while everyone cheered, he bowed for ten minutes.

Finally the curtain came down and the human flying machine faced the agent. "Well, sir," he asked triumphantly, "how did you like my act?"

The agent shrugged. "It's O.K., but what else can you do beside imitate birds?"

—HY GARDNER

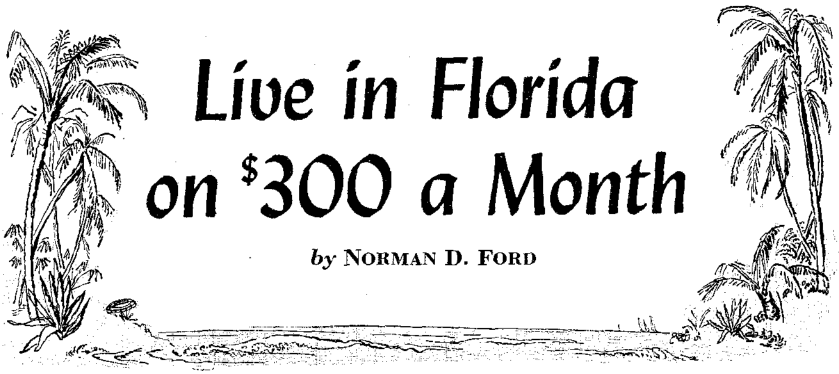
A THEATRICAL AGENT telephoned an unemployed but well-known star at his lodgings and offered him $1,000 a week to play the lead in a new production.

"Not on your life," replied the star. "I'll not look at it under $2,000 a week."

"Come along to my office and let's talk it over," urged the agent.

"What!" replied the star. "And take a chance of being locked out of my room!"

—*Tit-Bits*



Live in Florida on $300 a Month

by **Norman D. Ford**

Three typical families show how it can be done by following sensible budgets

How well can you really live on a small income in Florida? When a fellow worker back from a vacation told Bob Smith that Florida was nothing but high prices and taxes, Bob didn't believe him.

In Fremont, Ohio, during 1950, Bob was working as a baker for $75 a week. With four children, one with a serious heart condition who later died, it was a tough struggle making both ends meet. Every winter, they would be down with flu or severe colds. Doctor bills came faster than Bob could pay them. And every winter the fuel bill was over the $100 mark.

"I figured we couldn't be any worse off than we were," Bob says. "So I packed the family in the car and we drove down to Florida."

The Smiths liked the look of Clearwater on the Gulf Coast and decided to try their luck there. Then came a shock!

The lowest-priced hotel room they could find was $12 a night. Restaurant meals cost them 20 per cent more than back home. Every bill they paid was subject to a three per cent state sales tax. There was a seven-cent gasoline tax, a cigarette tax and beverage tax.

"I was ready to go back to Fremont," Bob remembers. "Like most tourists, I got the impression that Florida was all high prices and taxes. That is, until I learned we were right in the middle of the city's resort section at the peak of the winter season."

Next day, the Smiths discovered what most Florida visitors eventually find out—that in Clearwater, as in most other Florida cities, there are two entirely separate ways of life. There are the tourists paying tourist rates, and the permanent residents enjoying the same sea, sun and sand at stay-at-home prices.

Back about five minutes' drive from the waterfront, the Smiths rented an attractive two-bedroom apartment in the smart new 23-building Fleetwood Apartments. With the proceeds from the sale of their furniture in Fremont, they were able to furnish the apartment with gay bright-colored Florida furniture. Including the fire insurance on the furniture, their rent came to only $53 a month, which was $5 less than they were paying in Ohio; they had an electric kitchen and modern bathroom besides.

Since some 200 other families were also renting at the Fleetwood Apartments, Bob was able to get a job as maintenance man at $267 a month. Now aged 39, he has had the job for the past three years.

"That's $33 less than I was making in Ohio," he admits. "But we're much better off. In fact, a few months ago I had an offer to go back to my old job there at $100 a week. But I turned it down. We're still better off in Florida."

With two boys, aged 12 and 14, and a girl of five, the Smiths' biggest budget item is food, which costs $85 a month. Although meat and milk are higher than in the North, Mary finds the lower cost of citrus fruits and winter vegetables keeps food bills down to Northern levels.

But their real savings can be traced to the Florida climate. During their first complete winter, the Smiths lit their space heater for approximately six hours daily on only 21 occasions. By April, they had a heating bill totaling exactly $15. None of the children caught the flu and only Barbara had a slight cold.

In January, the children wore shorts and sandals while they played on green lawns in the bright winter sunshine. Now Mary herself wears shorts in the house. All Bob needs are light shirts and pants.

"We still have our overcoats hung up in mothballs," he says. "Haven't used them since 1950. I figure we save $250 a year on clothing alone. Nobody dresses up here; everybody's casual."

Doctor bills, Bob estimates, have been cut by 60 per cent. The only reason he includes a medical expense of $10 in his monthly budget is to pay off a few costs concerned with an appendectomy Mary underwent and their youngest son's death last year. Otherwise, a hospital plan premium and dental bills are the only regular medical expenses the Smiths have to budget for.

Stretched at full length on the settee while the cool evening breeze rustled the curtains of the softly lit, green-walled living room, Bob had this to say about taxes: "We scarcely pay any. Taxes are for tourists. They pay our taxes. That's why visitors think Florida taxes are high. That three per cent sales tax doesn't apply to small grocery items or to clothing costing less than $10, or to our rent or medical items. There's no state income tax. And since all our recreations are only a few minutes' drive away, we don't contribute much to that gasoline tax."

Not only do the Smiths bank $10 a month but they lead a full life on their $267. Regularly, three evenings a month, they eat out and see a show. Three times each week Bob drives the family to the beach in their 1940 Ford. On weekends he goes fishing, a favorite hobby which provides the family with all the fresh fish they can eat.

Several times a month they invite in from one to three other couples for canasta and supper. And once a year the family drives to Ohio for a vacation with relatives.

HOW ABOUT a younger couple just starting out?

A mile or so from the Fleetwood Apartments live 24-year-old Bob and Dottie Reid and their 20-month old baby, Billy. Since graduating from Florida State University two years ago, Bob has taught school in nearby Largo, for which he is paid $300 a month. After income tax and teacher's retirement contributions are deducted, his take-home pay is $246.

With $3,000 saved while working as a tiler during college, Bob recently made the down payment on their new $14,000 home. Under an FHA mortgage, he is paying off the balance at the rate of $75 a month.

The house has a 20-foot paneled living room, two spacious bedrooms, tiled bathroom, gleaming electric kitchen, ceramic-tiled Florida room and large garage.

"Property taxes?" Bob smiles. "We're just three blocks outside the city limits. So with the $5,000 state homestead exemption, our taxes are less than $2 a month. Unless a community has a bonded indebtedness, you pay nothing on the first $5,000 of assessed valuation, and most homes in Florida are assessed well under their true value."

The Reids estimate it would cost $17,000 to duplicate their home in the North. This saving can be traced to the mild Florida climate. There is no need for basements or furnaces, and since most Floridians spend the majority of their time outdoors, the house need be only two-thirds as large as the conventional Northern home.

Because other attractive houses have been built in their new subdivision, the Reids estimate the value of their home has increased by $3,000 since they bought it.

The couple live well. In their garage stands a shiny 1952 Dodge Coronet on which they are still paying. Together with liability insurance, gas, oil and greasing, automobile expenses take $50 of their monthly budget. Food takes another $50.

The few clothes they need cost them only $5 a month. As the baby grows up, they will have to spend a little more. But by then Bob expects a raise.

Besides the car and house, they are buying a refrigerator on the installment plan. But from now on, they plan to pay cash for everything and so save interest charges.

The Reids entertain about six times a month, usually inviting another couple. In the summer they spend most of their time at the beach, ten minutes' drive from the house.

"The best time of year here is summer," Dottie explains. "I never could understand why all the tourists run back North in May. We never get any heat waves and there's always a cool breeze at the beach or up here on the hill."

Boy Scout work and his hobbies of piano playing, model railroading, stamp collecting and gardening keep Bob occupied evenings. Dottie makes all of her own dresses and has her hands full with the baby. So the Reids dine out only once a month, when they usually enjoy a chicken or shrimp supper for $2.50 or so. They also find a good deal of entertainment available at nominal cost, including dances, picnics and events sponsored by the local J.C.'s.

As part of their good life budget, Bob carries a $1,500 life insurance policy, they contribute to a Blue Cross Medical Plan, and still manage to bank $10 a month.

There are many cheaper places in Florida than Clearwater; there

Monthly Budgets of Three Families

	Reids Age 24 1 child	Smiths Age 39 3 children	MacLarens Age 66 No children at home
Income tax	27.00		
Teachers' retirement fund	27.00		
Food	50.00	85.00	60.00
Rent or mortgage (including taxes and insurance)	75.00	53.00	85.00
Utilities	12.06	15.00	15.00
Phone	2.94		
Heat	2.00	1.25	1.10
Automobile costs (including depreciation and liability insurance)	50.00	20.00	20.00
Clothing	5.00	12.50	10.00
House furnishings	7.00	5.00	
Medical costs	5.00	10.00	3.00
Medical insurance	6.00	8.00	4.40
Personal allowances	8.50	25.00	20.00
Recreation	5.00	16.00	20.00
Gifts and donations	5.00	5.00	7.50
Savings	10.00	10.00	34.00
Life Insurance	2.50	1.25	20.00
Total	300.00	267.00	300.00

are also many more expensive places, particularly at the beaches. But by and large, living costs in Clearwater are fairly representative of those in the average city anywhere in the state.

How do retired folk fare in these circumstances?

Take 66-year-old Mr. and Mrs. William G. MacLaren. Mr. MacLaren had been District Credit Manager for Swift & Company in Pittsburgh. He retired in October, 1952, on a combination of social security, company pension and annuities totaling $300 a month.

The MacLarens rent a tastefully furnished two-bedroom apartment for $85 a month. They no longer have the $2 tax which they ceased paying upon completing six months of occupancy. (This, too, is part of the Florida tax structure directed at vacation renters but which excludes permanent residents.)

"We came down here to live longer," Mr. MacLaren says, "and this weather suits us fine. It's so warm you just can't hurry. If we'd stayed up in Pennsylvania, the pace of life and the strain of those winters would be more than we'd care to stand."

Before retiring, Mr. MacLaren's chief concern was that, with no work to do, he might be bored. But he finds so many things to do he often lets the household chores slip.

Every day the couple spends three to four hours at the big Clearwater Shuffleboard Club. Otherwise they are at the beach swimming or sunning. After years of waiting, Mr. MacLaren finally is able to go fishing whenever he pleases. And several times during the month, he drives Mrs. MacLaren over to neighboring St. Petersburg to attend a concert or show.

On their recreational allowance of $20 a month, the retirees dine out regularly every Sunday night, paying from $1.55 to $2 each for a chicken or seafood dinner; and they enjoy weekly canasta parties with their friends.

"We knew 30 people the first week we were here," Mrs. MacLaren says enthusiastically. "This is the friendliest state in the Union."

Although the MacLaren's income would allow them to buy a new car every two years, they prefer to save $34 a month and make their 1948 Buick last. Their car costs are $20 a month. A comparison with their Pittsburgh automobile budget shows a saving of $45 a year through lower insurance rates and savings on anti-freeze, chains and winterizing.

"We had figured our income would just about keep us down here," Mrs. MacLaren explains. "But we got a pleasant surprise. We eat like kings on $60 a month. Rents are cheaper on a year-round basis. Our clothing bills have been cut in half. We go out more than we did in Pittsburgh, yet it costs us less. The dentist bill which comes to $3 a month here was $5 back North. Believe me, we're living the life of Riley—and we *could* do it on a lot less if we had to."

Rounding out the MacLaren's budget are the security measures: $20 a month for a $20,000 group and straight life insurance policies and $4.40 for hospitalization plans. Should they happen to fall ill, their savings will adequately take care of any operation.

As the total number of Americans aged over 65 mushroom from 12,000,000 in 1950 to 17,000,000 by 1960, hundreds of thousands like the MacLarens will cast longing glances at Florida. Hundreds of thousands more, like the Smiths, will plan for a place in the sun where their children can enjoy a perpetual vacation; or like the Reids, they will try to launch into a profession where the climate helps offset slightly lower earnings.

Anyone who can now provide an income of between $250 and $300 a month can budget like these couples and can also live the good life in America's subtropical paradise.

The Sunny Side

"OUR FEDERAL GOVERNMENT," declared the perpetual grumbler, "now spends more than the earnings of all persons in California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Colorado, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Kansas, Oklahoma, Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri combined."

"Aren't you glad, dear," replied his cheerful wife, "that we live in Wisconsin?"

—*Christian Science Monitor*

THE MISSING SAILOR

by KATE SMITH

At 5 o'clock, February 13, 1944, Officer Verl Fellows was through for the day. Slowly he made his way homeward. It seemed that he was just about the only person in Preston, Idaho, who wasn't in a hurry. Verl had no reason to hurry. Seventeen years before, he had become separated from his wife and small son. Since then he had lived alone.

He noticed a young sailor standing on the corner, looking around uncertainly. Fellows asked if he could be of help.

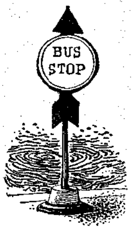
"Thank you, officer." The boy smiled his appreciation. "I'm all right. It's just that I have a couple of hours to kill before my bus comes."

When the boy smiled he looked even younger. He was just about the same age, Fellows realized now, as his own son must be.

"Say, look," said the policeman, on a sudden impulse. "I live just down the block. How about a snack at my house while you wait for that bus?"

For a moment the boy looked embarrassed, but he couldn't hide his eagerness. "I'd love to," he blurted.

The sailor admitted that he hadn't had a home-cooked meal in months, and the 43-year-old policeman spared no pains to turn the "snack" into a first-rate dinner. Seventeen years of living alone had made him a pretty good cook. They talked as they ate, and the boy overcame his shyness.



"How did you know I was feeling lonely?" he asked.

"I was lonely myself," the policeman admitted.

The boy told Fellows about himself. He talked of his schooldays, his girl, and his buddies in the Navy.

Listening to him, the officer thought more and more of his own son, Donald. How much he had missed by losing track of the boy! If only his son were like this sailor!

The boy talked on and on, and then Fellows spoke about his own life. He and the sailor found they had a lot in common. Both men started, surprised and dismayed, when the church bell struck the hour.

"My bus!" exclaimed the sailor. "I'll have to run to catch it."

"I didn't realize we'd been talking for so long," Fellows laughed.

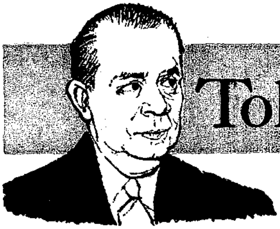
As the sailor started out the door, he turned again. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'd like to write you. But I don't know your name."

Hastily the officer scrawled his name and address on an envelope, and the sailor prepared to run. But he took one glance at the paper in his hand and stopped short.

"What's the matter?" the policeman asked.

The sailor turned. "My name is Fellows, too," he said, "Donald Fellows. Did you say . . . you once . . . had a son?"

Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.



Told in

THE DISTINGUISHED Illinois Senator, Paul Douglas, is often asked to define ethics, since he led a searching inquiry into the subject and wrote a book on his findings. Douglas likes to tell of one kind of ethics he ran across during a visit to New York. It concerns the merchant whose puzzled son asked, "Dad, what is ethics?"

The father puffed reflectively on his cigar and replied: "Well, it's like this. Suppose in my clothing store, a man comes in and buys a pair of pants. He gives me a new ten-dollar bill. Now, he doesn't know it, but another ten-spot is stuck to it."

The philosophic merchant turned to his son and said forcefully, "Son, the ethics is, shall I tell my partner about the extra ten bucks?"

GENERAL TOOEY SPAATZ, veteran of the Air Force and Capitol Hill was asked by a timid Assistant Secretary of Air: "What shall I do when I'm called up before the Congressional committees?"

Tooey squinted at him and said: "Mr. Secretary, my advice to anyone testifying on The Hill is, 'Don't be funny. Don't lie. But, above all, man, don't go there and blabber out the truth!' "

A CERTAIN handsome Senate Democratic leader likes to josh Republicans in the cloakrooms about the efficiency experts who have joined the Eisenhower Administration. In his easy drawl, this Senator tells of two experts who walked down the corridor of a government castle on Constitution Avenue and poked their heads in several of the offices.

At a door marked importantly, "Special Assistants to the Secretary," the experts strode in briskly. At a desk, a special assistant was cleaning his fingernails; across the room another was intently working a cross-word puzzle.

The first expert demanded of the nail-cleaner, "What are you doing for the Secretary?"

The official replied casually, "Nothing."

The same question was put to the other assistant. He paused to fill out a word, then answered just as matter of factly, "Nothing."

At this, the second efficiency expert spoke up triumphantly: "This is obviously duplication. One of these men must go!"

SOON AFTER the Civil War, a very high stake poker game was going on in a river boat bound for Nashville. A gentleman planter, the heaviest loser, began to develop uncomplimentary doubts about the sleek, beaver-hatted Yankee who had been winning three out of every five pots.

The biggest pot of the evening came. Suddenly the planter whipped out a bowie knife and unerringly plunged it through the Yankee's

Washington

by GEORGE E. ALLEN, friend and advisor to three Presidents

hand, which was lying palm down on the table.

Amid the ensuing hubbub, the planter could be heard drawling: "Gentlemen, there ah pe'haps some among y'all who may feel that Ah have acted hastily. Ah can only say, suhs, that if, upon the removal of that theah knife from that theah hand, the Queen of Spades is not found theah under, why then, gentlemen, Ah will feel that Ah owes this gentleman an apology."

MARGARET CHASE SMITH, the charming and gracious Maine Senator, recalls the embarrassing question of a dignified Congressional leader when she was a freshman Representative.

The lawmaker, a Senator, sat next to her at a political dinner she attended and flattered her with his attentions. He leaned over, patted her hand and murmured, "We are all so proud of what you are doing, little lady. There are great things in store for you. And I can tell you confidentially, the party leaders are interested and are watching you carefully."

A few minutes later the Senator bent toward her again and whispered, "I wonder if you could point out that new Maine Representative, Margaret Smith. I've been wanting to meet her."

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY George Humphrey was called in at the last minute to break a deadlock in one of those endless Washington conferences. The quick-witted Ohio industrialist took a shrewd look at the irate faces and said mildly: "You know, this reminds me of the motorist lost on a country road. He pulled up to a cornfield and called to the farmer, 'Could you tell me how to get to Columbus from here?'

"The farmer put down his hoe and answered, 'Wal, stranger, you go a piece up the road until you get to the white schoolhouse, and you turn left.' He shook his head to show this was in error, and corrected himself, 'Nope, you turn around and go two miles to the fork in the road by the creek and turn right.'

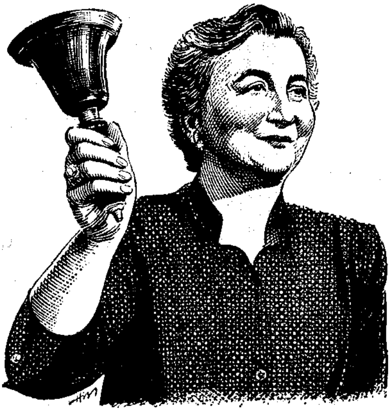
"At this point, the farmer stopped in confusion. He scratched his head and blurted out, 'Stranger, come to think of it, I'll be danged if you can get to Columbus from here.' "

I REMEMBER an old Southern farmer who had achieved something of a reputation as a weather forecaster. His method was to consult the ache in his bones. Finally, a publisher who offered to put the old man's predictions into an almanac was given this forecast: "Atlanta, for mid-August, sleet and snow."

"But how can you predict that?" the publisher objected. "Nothing like that has ever happened."

"Well, it probably won't happen this time either," the predictor conceded. "But if it does, I'll be the damnedest prophet that ever lived."

Ding Dong School



by **ELAINE QUINN** *and* **JOHN BARROW**

Frances Horwich is the favorite TV teacher of children and parents alike

FEW GROWNUPS ARE ABLE to enter the fantastic fairyland of a four-year-old child's world. There was the fabled Pied Piper, of course, but he had the advantage of having a magic pipe. Running him a close second, however, is Frances Rappaport Horwich, who uses nothing more magical than a clever woman's glib tongue.

Five mornings a week, "Miss Frances" grins broadly into an NBC television camera, clangs a hand bell and calls cheerfully: "Hello, boys and girls. This is Ding Dong School and we're going to have a lot of fun together."

Whereupon a computed 2,000,000 children across the nation stop, look and listen. Moreover, they remain spellbound for the 30 minutes of the telecast, at an under-school age when many child-guidance experts insist nothing can hold their interest longer than ten minutes at a stretch.

Armed with a few toys and a gift of gab acquired during almost 25 years of actual teaching, this schoolmarm playing a schoolmarm challenges the morning popularity of Arthur Godfrey. Yet most parents discover her program accidentally, like the mother who tiptoed into her living room to investigate the suspicious silence of her four-year-old Sally and Pete, age two.

She found the pair sitting like mannequins, watching the TV image of a plump, merry-eyed woman of 45 who was saying in a rich contralto: ". . . and did you help Mother pick up your toys when you finished playing?"

Sally, her blue eyes glowing with delight, said, "Yes. I pick up toys."

"You did?" the woman on the screen continued. "That's good."

Then the child noticed her mother and explained, "That's Miss Frances. She talks to me."

After viewing the rest of the show, the astounded mother joined the thousands of other mothers who have written letters of praise to Chicago's station WNBQ, the outlet for Ding Dong School.

Frances Horwich first brought Ding Dong School to the viewers of Chicago's metropolitan area on October 3, 1952. After five months, she was on NBC's coast-to-coast network, sponsored by the Scott Paper Company. Later, General Mills, Inc. and Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company also decided the program was a sound advertising investment.

What was the golden something-or-other which made an almost instantaneous network star of a chunky, five-foot-five matron with gray-tinged hair? The question is difficult to answer, but a theory advanced by another ex-teacher comes as close as anyone's.

"In a sense," he says, "one has to *act* in dealing with children of that age. Every word has to be carefully chosen and explained in great detail. After dealing with these age groups as a teacher, she had no trouble adjusting to TV. She visualizes a nursery-age group of children before her and talks with them."

Another factor is that people believe what Miss Frances tells them. Apple-cheeked, with elfin brown eyes, she radiates an easy-going, isn't-this-fun warmth.

SHE BEGAN to learn that a person must work with others, not alone, while, as Frances Rappaport, she grew up in a small Ohio town named Ottawa. Poppa Rappaport reared three daughters and three sons on the proceeds from a general store which supplied the rural community and its environs with almost everything short of tombstones.

Frances was the youngest of the family. Cocking her head characteristically to one side, she tells how the family worked together as a team while waiting on customers in the store.

"It certainly made me feel I belonged," she recalls. "I felt I was contributing something. A child with a role to play develops a sense of accomplishment."

As it turns out, her remark reveals the mainspring of her teaching theory. "Mothers should do things *with* their children—not merely for them," Frances Horwich declares. "Too often, everything is planned and done by adults for pre-school children. There is always a hand which reaches out and buttons his coat or shoves a spoon in his mouth. Or a voice telling him what to play.

"Then when the child is old enough to attend school, there's trouble. He is faced with decisions he has not had to make before, and he doesn't know how to get along on his own."

Two of her brothers, Benjamin and Joseph, also have a special interest in young children. They are pediatricians in Evanston, a northern suburb of Chicago. Big brother Benjamin frankly admits that in a sense, he shares his small-fry patients with his kid sister.

Shortly after Ding Dong School demonstrated what fun it was to water a sweet potato and watch it sprout curious shoots, Dr. Benjamin remarked with a chuckle: "Every home I went into, I saw a sprouting sweet potato standing in a place of honor. And the darn thing was sprouted at about the same height as Frances' potato on the show."

He added earnestly, "She has always done well at everything she undertook. Even as a girl, she was serious-minded and conscientious, just as she is about this program."

Her deep-seated conscientiousness has given Frances Horwich the reputation of a perfectionist around Chicago's telecast studios. She, herself, is quick to deny it, insisting: "One can't be creative and a perfectionist."

But even she will admit that her work day is "rough." She walks briskly into the studio at 7 o'clock each morning, Monday through Friday. The first hour she uses for getting set up.

She runs a complete rehearsal from 8 to 8:30, making certain of her timing, for she uses no script. Any kinks are ironed out in the next half-hour, and from 9 to 9:30 (CST) she is on the air.

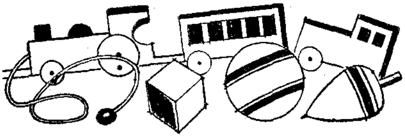
For an hour after the program she and the producer discuss the next day's show, its topics and the equipment which will be needed. From then until lunchtime, she does research.

She is called a stickler for detail. Occasionally she has opposed higher-ups on wording of commercials and has completely vetoed some would-be sponsors whose products she felt "unsuitable" to her program. Such prerogatives come under her contract.

During the afternoon, Miss Frances and her secretary, Jackie Pashley, try to cope with the mounting heap of mail. Jackie confides she often catches the Teacher sneaking out with a bulging sack of homework around 6 o'clock, their usual quitting time.

DESPITE the behind-the-scenes labor, the presentation of Ding Dong School is as simple as a child's mind. Miss Frances performs solo nine-tenths of the time within an area the size of a ping-pong table. A curtain forms the backdrop.

She uses dolls, building blocks, books, simple toys, wire pipe cleaners which she bends into the shape of little animals or men, finger-dip paints. Nothing complicated; nothing expensive. On one program, she showed her pupils what fun it was to sail small wooden boats in a dishpan.



"Parents don't show their children the possibilities of simple play material," she contends. "I believe young children don't want lots of expensive toys, but materials they can do something with."

Frances Horwich entered the fast-paced realm of show business after George Heinemann, program director of WNBQ, had an idea for a televised nursery school. In the hunt for child experts, she was invited to audition.

At the time, Frances was head of the education department of Chicago's Roosevelt College. She had been graduated from the University of Chicago in 1929, obtained a Master's degree at Columbia University's Teachers College, and in 1942 received a Doctorate of Education at Northwestern University.

She had been director of Hessian Hills School, a private cooperative nursery-through-junior high school at Croton-on-the-Hudson, New York; director of kindergartens in Winnetka, a fashionable suburb of Chicago; and counsellor of student teachers at Chicago City Teachers College.

"Halfway through the audition," producer Reinald Werrenrath, Jr., says, "we knew we had a natural.

She has an excellent talent for ad-lib and is an excellent performer."

As the show slipped into gear, Werrenrath wondered if Teacher shouldn't open the program by ringing an old-fashioned handbell. The clang-a-clang so fascinated his three-year-old son, Peter, that the boy piped: "Ding Dong, Ding Dong. It's Ding Dong School, Daddy." Hence, the name of the show.

The production was set, but the promotion men had doubts. "We have a new show—Ding Dong School," one remarked with a shrug. "It's either the worst production we ever picked up or the best. Right now, we don't know." Three days later, the question was answered as fan mail rose to a mountain of 5,000 letters.

Her fan letters indicate that Frances Horwich's viewers range in age from tots of 12 months to grandmothers of 77 years. One letter from Reading, Massachusetts, gave postal clerks little pause, although it was addressed simply: Ding Dong School, TV, Chicago.

Heartening news came from the American Research Bureau. It reported that Ding Dong's national rating in December was 12.1, indicating that 12.1 per cent of the TV sets within reach of the program were tuned to Miss Frances.

Last April, Ding Dong was awarded the George Foster Peabody award for the "outstanding 1952 children's program."

FOR FRANCES HORWICH, all this means that she is one teacher whose income runs into five figures. It also means she is kept so busy that she has had to discontinue commuting to her apartment in Evanston and spend her week nights in a downtown Chicago hotel.

She has been married since 1931 to Harvey L. Horwich, whom she met at a Sunday School teachers' meeting in Chicago. They have no children. Horwich is a civilian historian with the Air Force, and until July was in Korea, on his fifth foreign assignment with the War Department. When both had leisure, they liked to relax in their modest four-room Evanston apartment. But now, with her additional tasks of writing a series of children's books and a book for parents on how to amuse children, even Frances Horwich's meals are taken on the run and between hellos.

One noon, a mother jumped up from her restaurant table and, grabbing her four-year-old daughter by the hand, shouted, "Nancy, look who's here. Your TV teacher!"

Soon afterward, a man from Minneapolis brought his twin sons to Mrs. Horwich's table and introduced them as staunch fans.

"I had to get used to it," Miss Frances laughs. "Never any privacy. But I'm still somewhat overwhelmed."

On one program, she mentioned that the following day, the "class" would shape figures from pipe cleaners. Later, when she stopped into a drugstore, she overheard the proprietor apologize: "Sorry. We don't have a single one left. For some reason, everybody bought pipe cleaners today."

Miss Frances has had to put her foot down in regard to those letters appealing for individual advice, explaining with an educator's integrity: "I would be in the precarious position of attempting to advise parents I don't know about children I've never seen."

On her program, however, she doesn't hesitate to chide parents. For she is convinced a teacher cannot work with children unless she also works with their parents.

At the last five minutes of the telecast, she tells the small fry: "You know what time it is? It's time to get your mother. Uh, huh. If she's in the other room, go and get her. If she's sitting right beside you, just give her a big smile."

After a pause, she continues, "Thanks, boys and girls. You can go and play now. I'm going to talk to Mother."

Then she gives the parents a resumé of the session, explains what materials are needed for the next class, and offers helpful hints on rearing children.

Frances Horwich is noncommittal on her departure from academic halls to the spectacular sphere of television. But one gets the impression that video has become an instrument to expand her teaching. Via TV, she has brought nursery school fun and philosophy within the reach of multitudes of households, accommodating many that were unable to provide private preschool education for their offspring. And she has driven home—to many homes—her prime point: "Have fun with your children. By doing so they will be better behaved and happier children."

Gentlemen of the Press

A group of Washington newsmen once accompanied Franklin Roosevelt to the theater. After the show, a reporter thanked Secret Servicers for their excellent seats. The newsman was then informed that their pews had a strategic purpose. If a member of the audience attempted to shoot the President—the bullet would hit a reporter. —Walter Winchell

At the conclusion of the Boer War, European newspapers were eager to get human interest stories about returning British soldiers. One paper, in an effort to scoop its rivals, put a reporter on board the troopship in South Africa so he could have a story ready when the ship reached Southampton. A tug would meet the ship, and the reporter was told to place his dispatch in a bottle and throw it overboard when a signal was given from the tug.

All proceeded as planned. The tug arrived, the signal was given and the reporter tossed his bottle—as did nearly every man on ship.

At sight of the variegated array of bottles bobbing up and down on the waves, a storm of laughter swept the crowded sides of the liner. The reporter, it seems, had made one small—but fatal—error. He had boasted about the paper's ingenious scheme to the fun-loving soldiers. —Donald O'Shea

The editor of the *Dahlonega* (Georgia) *Nugget*, has an unusual method of answering complaints about unfavorable publicity. On his editorial page, he runs the slogan: "If you don't want it published in the *Nugget*, please don't let it happen." —*Tide*

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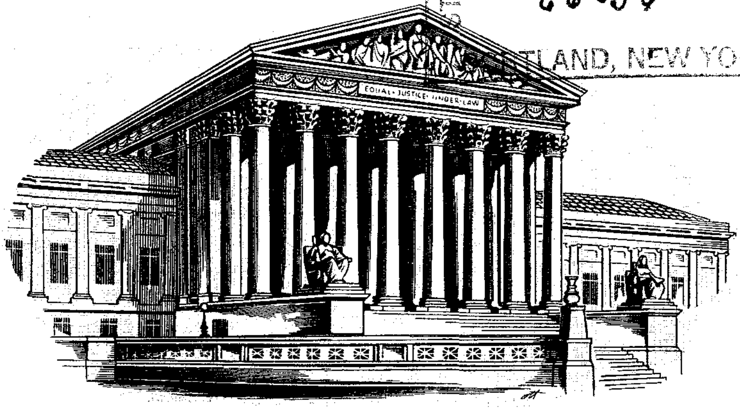


"No Justice Is God"

by Tris Coffin

The Supreme Court in Washington is an inspiring shrine for all Americans

Only a grassy stretch, a few brooding old trees, and a street rattling with trolley cars separates a temple of white marble from the Capitol in Washington. Its steps sweep up grandly as though to a throne and touch majestic pillars which transform men into dwarfs. Across its brow are cut deep into stone the words: "Equal Justice Under Law."

This is the Supreme Court, an institution as uniquely American as *The Battle Hymn of the Republic.* It is the third great power of our government. It protects free men from prejudices that flame and die; it dares to defy tyrants who demand all power in their hands.

A visitor with some imagination might think of the Supreme Court as a modern Olympus. The courtroom is like an awe-filling church with an immense high ceiling. The chamber has 24 columns of tinted Italian marble, deep red drapes hanging the length of all four walls, ponderous bronze gates and lattice on the sides, carved mahogany pews, and the long bench elevated so that a lawyer pleading a case looks up slightly to the eyes of the Justices.

On either side of the Justices, etched in panels of marble, the gods of law—Hammurabi, Moses, Solomon, Confucius, Mohammed and Blackstone—stare down in judgment.

At the stroke of noon from the large copper-framed clock above the bench, nine black-robed Justices enter in threes, through openings in the drapes. Clerks in frock coats and striped trousers bow low, and the Crier calls out, "Oyez,

oyez, oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States, are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this Honorable Court!"

The illusion that this is a mystic shrine where people pray in a strange tongue lingers while lawyers plead their cases with technical words and phrases. But it disappears swiftly when the Justices ask questions. Law and justice are human, instead of being creatures of pomp and ritual. Some questions from the Justices are blunt, to match the man in the robe; others are kindly, sarcastic, bored, labored—as the temperaments of the Nine behind the bench vary.

The Chief Justice, for example, resembles an old and tolerant owl. His deepset eyes, overhung with crags of white hair, are encouraging to young lawyers. He smooths the sharp questions of other Justices with an easy friendliness.

Another Justice, a lock of hair hanging over one eye, is an incurable romantic—the schoolboy who dreams of the life of a bold pirate while the class studies arithmetic. A third is an elder Puck, his eyes darting about impishly, his shrill voice asking teasing questions. Still a fourth is the factual-minded schoolteacher with a prim look, pince-nez glasses and dome-shaped bald head.

THE FULL TALE of the Court's human qualities is hidden in the hushed and splendid law library two floors above, and in the portraits of Justices adorning the walls of conference rooms. There, over the inner door of the lawyers' lounge, is a small portrait with a dramatic story.

Look closely at the old-fashioned painting—the clear eyes of a man who will not surrender, a determined yet not hostile jaw, a strong nose and wide forehead, the casual dress of one indifferent to personal show, and the same look of lonely leadership as that borne by Abraham Lincoln.

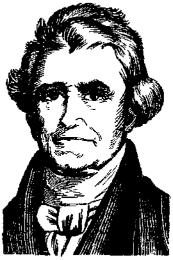
This is a profile of John Marshall, who was not afraid to find new paths and who stood by his beliefs against the tumult of the mob. Demagogues ranted against Marshall, excited crowds hanged him in effigy, and a President and Congress threatened him, but he stood like a rock. Today, thanks to him, the rights of men in the United States cannot be burned away by the fevers of politics or chained by would-be czars in public office.

The words that John Marshall spoke from the bench of the Supreme Court in the early, insecure days of the Republic are still alive: "The very essence of civil liberty certainly consists in the right of every individual to claim the protection of the laws whenever he receives an injury. One of the first duties of government is to afford that protection . . . "

Marshall was a backwoods patriot, with only a few weeks' formal schooling in law. He fought under George Washington and suffered the miseries of that forlorn army. He saw the Revolutionary troops held together only by their steady faith in freedom, while legislatures debated and wrangled endlessly and profiteers fattened in the cities.

Later, Marshall saw the French Revolution turn into an orgy of revenge and tyranny by the mob. From these experiences was born a conviction that "without a strong and practical government, democracy cannot solve its giant problems and orderly liberty cannot live."

PRESIDENT ADAMS, as one of his last acts, appointed his Secretary of State, Marshall, to the Court where he became Chief Justice. The court then was as weak as a sapling in a windstorm. It was loaded with Federalists, some of whom denounced the Jeffersonians in political speeches from the bench. Others were timid. None thought to say whether a law was legal. The Supreme Court only *interpreted.*



Marshall created a new and enduring philosophy—that the Constitution was a "superior, paramount law." The Constitution was like a house: the rooms and doors and closets could be altered to fit the needs and styles of new occupants, but only if this did not weaken the frame. Then the house would fall.

Marshall acted boldly at a time when the Supreme Court was under heavy fire. One Justice had been impeached by Congress. His political enemies waited for the slightest slip to accuse him. In the famous Marbury *vs.* Madison case, Marshall declared a law *unconstitutional* because it violated the Constitution. And to this day, this power of the judiciary over Congress remains inviolate.

Marshall's decision brought grumblings from opposition leaders, but it was too remote from daily life to rouse the people as did his trial of Aaron Burr. The suave Burr, a former Vice President, was persecuted as an act of political revenge. He was accused of treason: mob spirit demanded his head.

In court, Marshall condemned "public feelings which may be and often are artificially excited against the innocent, as well as the guilty . . . a practice not less dangerous than it is criminal."

When Burr was acquitted, Marshall was excoriated in the press and hanged in effigy by rioters. But he created a deathless principle that today protects the most humble of citizens.

IN THE ROOM next to the Marshall portrait, a twinkling old gentleman, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., looks from the wall with the good humor of one who loves and understands life. He sits black-robed in his chair, white hair neatly parted, gallant moustache flourishing grandly. Holmes' personality speaks in that moustache. It is not the stiff Prussian kind with the arrogant upturned ends, nor the dandy's slim, waxed adornment. This is friendly, and worn with the air of one who secretly enjoys the startled awe it creates.

The gift to freedom of this New Englander is not that he led the Court in great new decisions, for Holmes was the great dissenter, sparkling with wit and logic and a sense of his time. Holmes' gift was fourfold. He gave life and breath to law at a time when the Supreme Court had become stuffy with pomp. He threw open the door for reforms of the Industrial Age. He recreated a fervor for freedom of speech. And he presented us an undying faith in the future.

"Law is human," Holmes said. "It is a part of man, and of one world with all the rest. The very considerations which judges most rarely mention . . . are the secret root from which the law draws all the juices of life. I mean consideration of what is expedient for the community."

In showing that our Constitution is broad enough to serve new times, Holmes wrote: "A Constitution is not intended to embody a particular economic theory. . . . It is made for people of fundamentally differing views, and the accident of our finding certain opinions natural and familiar, or novel and even shocking, ought not to conclude our judgment upon the question whether statutes embodying them conflict with the Constitution."

After World War I, suspicion closed over men of differing ideas. One extremist, whose ideas of criminal anarchy were said by Holmes to be "a creed of ignorance and immaturity," attracted far greater attention than his foolish pamphlets when he was sentenced to 5-10 years' imprisonment for distributing them. When the case came before the Court, Holmes said:

"Congress certainly cannot forbid all efforts to change the mind of the country. . . . But when men have realized that time has upset many fighting faiths, they may come to believe . . . that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market. . . . "

Deep within him, Holmes had a glorious faith in mankind—a faith that can give hope today to men who are frightened by the horrors of war.

He said thoughtfully: "I do not pin my dreams for the future to my country or even to my race. I think it probable that civilization will last as long as I care to look ahead —perhaps with smaller numbers, but perhaps also bred to greatness and splendor by science."

Today's visitor to the big white building will sense that each Justice is a mortal, with the likes and dislikes that man is prey to, yet guided by an awesome sense of duty. Indeed, they should remember that one Justice, when he was asked the question, "What advice would you give future members of the Supreme Court?" thought a moment, smiled and replied:

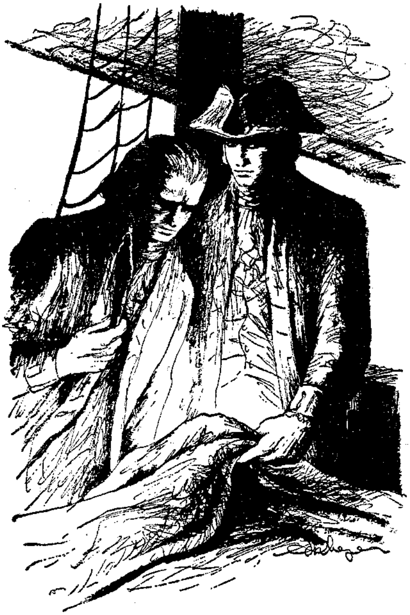
"I would remind him of what Mr. Holmes once said: 'No Justice is God. He is a man serving men.' "

Social Security

IF YOU THINK you're going to be happy and prosperous by sitting back and letting the government take care of you and your family—just look at the American Indian.

—*Quote*

The A-Bomb of 1775



by **Ed Dieckmann, Jr.**

A secret infernal machine saved Boston for Washington's Continental Army

ON A BITTER-COLD AFTERNOON in November, 1775, Captain John Manly of the American cruiser *Lee* looked up from the snow-crusted deck of the British ship *Nancy* to the secret agent who stood behind him.

"It's a fine prize we took," he said. "She's small, but her cargo will never reach Howe's Redcoats in Boston."

The other shivered and pulled the collar of his greatcoat higher. "You did well, Captain. General Washington will be very pleased."

Manly smiled. "Aye! Besides the muskets and powder, we got those . . . things."

"I'd like to see one of them," said the agent. "Faith, after all this intrigue, I'm curious."

Gingerly the two men crossed to a row of shapeless objects shrouded in canvas. The young captain unlashed the lines and drew back the covering of one.

A giant tripod was revealed, supporting a circular frame some six feet in diameter. Embedded in the frame were hundreds of tiny mirrors, prisms and reflectors. The thing itself stood a full eight feet high.

"Monstrous!" the agent said. "It's the work of madmen!"

Captain Manly closed the canvas. "Aye, sir. Yet according to the instructions we captured with them, they work. It's all there, very thorough and very inhuman."

Manly hesitated, then: "May General Howe sleep well in Boston town tonight," he said softly, "for tomorrow he'll not sleep at all. He'll know we have the *Nancy*."

Manly was right. Next day, General Howe dispatched this curious letter to the Lord Privy Seal in London:

"My Lord: By the time you receive this, you will no doubt be aware that the Colonial cruiser *Lee* has captured our supply ship *Nancy*. The circumstance is unfortunate, as it puts in the enemy's hands the means of setting the town on fire."

Howe's letter, with its undertone of panic, lifted the veil on a truly horrendous infernal machine. With diabolical ingenuity, 500 mirrors and prisms had been so mounted as to trap the rays of the sun. Accurately focused, this concentration of "sunfire" could set wooden buildings and ships aflame at a range of two miles—well beyond the reach of return cannon fire.

To this day, no one knows what mind originally conceived the "town-burning" machines. But with their capture, the stage was set for one of the strangest episodes in American history.

Washington's forces drew the noose tighter and tighter around Boston. Finally, on March 5th, the Yankees succeeded in capturing Dorchester Heights commanding the town. On the 17th, unexpectedly and unobtrusively, the British evacuated the city.

Military analysts debated the question: why did Howe surrender Boston without a fight? Years later, secret archives supplied the answer. Howe knew that just one sun-machine, mounted on Dorchester Heights, not two miles from the city, could reduce Boston to ashes.

But the crowning irony was yet to come, since the American high command a full two months before the evacuation had ordered the weapons dismantled. The very mirrors and prisms which Howe feared would trap his army in an inferno had already become playthings in the hands of children of the Colonies.

It may be that even today, an innocent-looking bit of mirror, hanging from a chandelier perhaps, or resting on a New England mantelpiece or corner whatnot and reflecting a home at peace, is part of the secret machine that, though never used, won the city of Boston for the Continental Army.

Marital Matters

CONSCIENCE IS what makes you tell your wife before someone else does.
—KENNETH STEIER

MANY HUSBANDS now take their wives to a nightclub instead of to a theater. That's about the only place that is still open by the time she is ready. —*Cape Argus*

THE BEST WAY you can surprise a woman with an anniversary gift is to give her just what she wanted.
—ARBUTH ARUNDALE

A MAN LEARNS the real value of cooperation as soon as his wife starts helping him do the daily dishes.
—O. A. BATTISTA

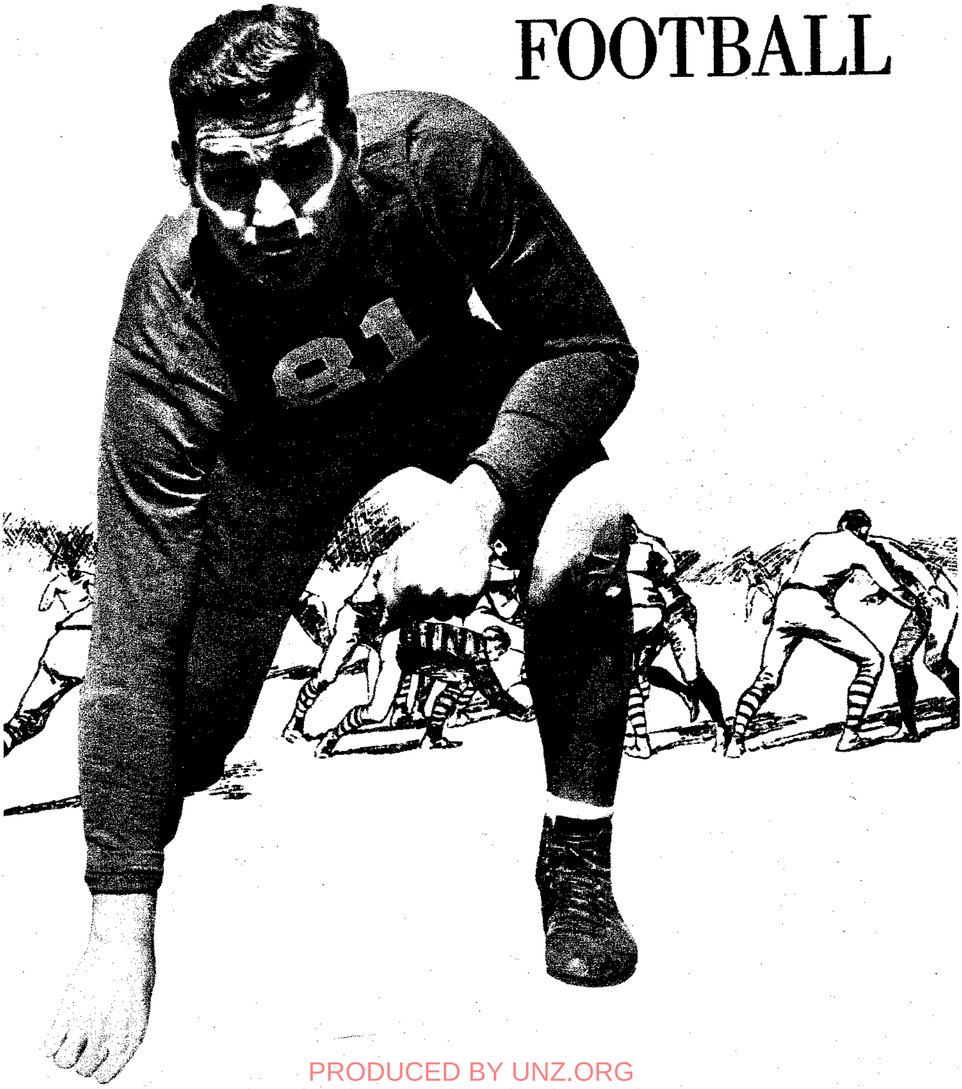
ANY HUSBAND can usually help his wife make up her mind by simply voicing his opinion.
—EDWARD H. DRESCHNACK

EXTRAVAGANCE is when a husband buys something—no matter how inexpensive—that is of no earthly use to his wife.

AN OPTIMIST IS a man who keeps the motor of his new car running while waiting for his wife to finish shopping. —*Pipe Dreams*

Picture Story

50 YEARS OF FOOTBALL



NO ONE IS certain how football came to America. There are those who say it has always been here in the guise of an Indian game like lacrosse; its resemblance to English Rugby is apparent. But the game we know today is uniquely American, its place on the American scene secure. From September until long after the snows fall, Saturday afternoon means the Big Game to millions; and to millions the names of Heffelfinger, Grange, Harmon, Kazmaier and other gridiron greats will never lose their luster. This year, more than 15,000,000 Americans—old grads, subway alumni and just plain football fans—will turn out to see their favorites do battle in a game that bears little resemblance to the scrambling, uncoordinated melees of 50 years ago. This is the story of how football grew up, of its heroes, and of the great games of yesteryear.

In 1913, Harvard played Princeton in a grandstand setting that looks quaint today.

BEFORE imaginative coaches like Alonzo Stagg and Pop Warner opened up the game with forward passes and trick plays, "The Flying Wedge" was football's basic formation. The ball carrier hid inside a human wall that bore forward with bruising momentum and impact.

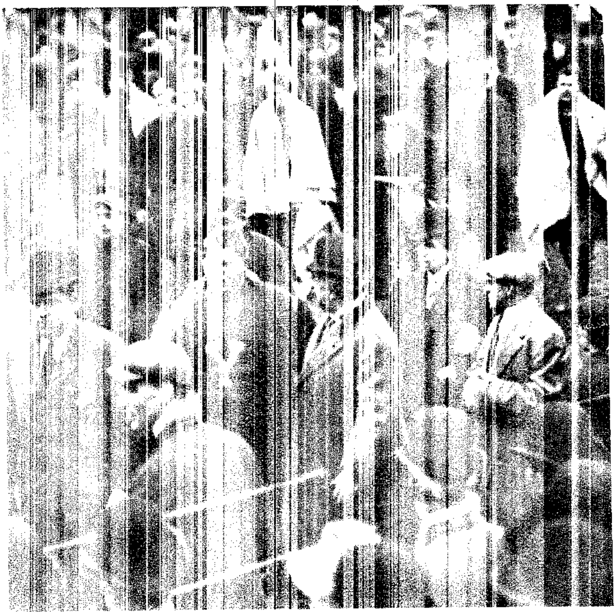
The end of the wedge made room for skillful defensive play. Tackling dummies were hit hard in practice, as was the opposition on Saturday.

The classic Army-Navy series began with a Navy triumph in 1890. The Cadets roared back and won their share of games until 1906, when Coach Dashiell taught his Middies to pass. The result: Army was confounded and Navy won, 10-0 (*right*).

THE GAME came under attack from those who pointed grimly at the growing list of gridiron fatalities—18 in 1905. Rules were haphazard and unenforced. While some players wore men-from-Mars noseguards, others perversely scorned all protective devices, including helmets. For a few dark months, it looked like intercollegiate football would die a-borning. Then President Teddy Roosevelt, an ardent sports advocate, called a White House conference. The outcome was a series of reforms and rules codification that cleared the way to a cleaner and infinitely more popular game.

Checkerboard fields enforced the ban on center rushes.

As the football fervor spread from the Ivy League to the Midwest, the kicker came into his own. Long before Charley Brickley of Harvard beat Yale, the educated toe of Pat O'Dea had made Wisconsin a football power. The dark-haired Australian could punt for 80 yards and drop-kick from any angle. Once, against Minnesota, he stood at midfield and kicked a perfect field goal. This so stunned the Gophers that Wisconsin won going away.

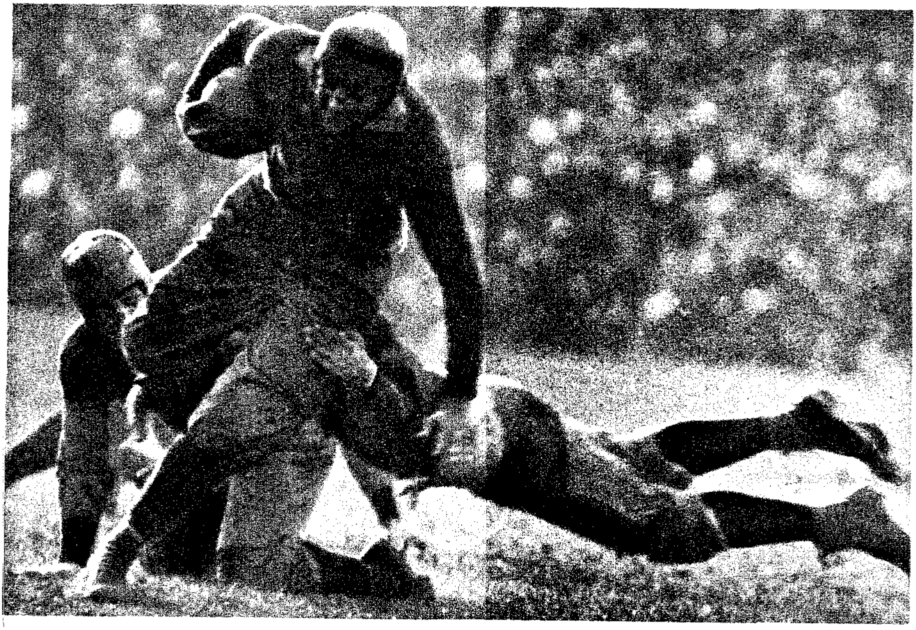


Thousands now turned out to cheer their favorites on.

EARLY DAY forward-passers were not the specialists we know today. They had to run, block, tackle, and they had to do it for 60 minutes of every game. Substitutions were virtually unheard of, and unless a man was carried from the field he stayed on it until the final whistle ended the game Pass technique was a basketball-type push shot or a lobbing toss that rarely went more than ten yards. The day of the 60-yard-passer was still ahead.

WALTER CAMP (*left*) did not invent football, but he is responsible for nearly all the innovations we associate with the modern game: the system of signals, the scrimmage line, and the rule requiring the ball to be advanced five (later ten) yards in three (later four) downs. He introduced the All-Americans, too.

1913 was Harvard's year against Yale: Brickley scored all their points on drop kicks.



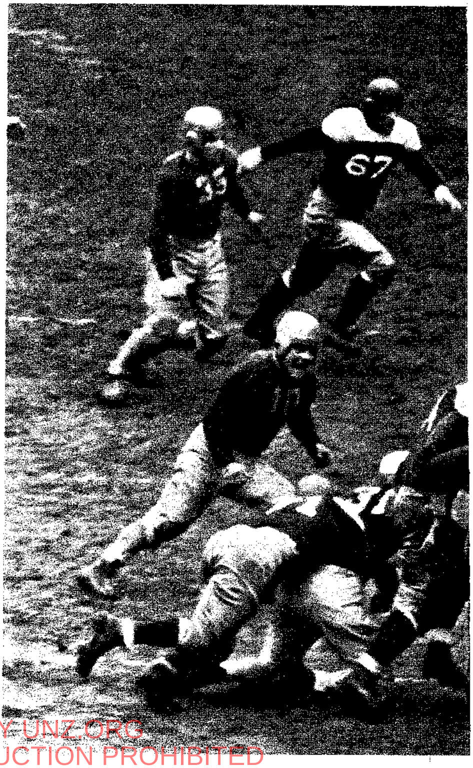
ALL OVER AMERICA, colleges were building magnificent new stadiums for the thousands of spectators who turned out each Saturday. The chrysanthemum was adopted as football's official flower, and the hawker, then as now, became a part of the pre-game ceremonies, like waving banners and parading bands.

In 1869, Rutgers played the first college game; in 1916, squad members met again.

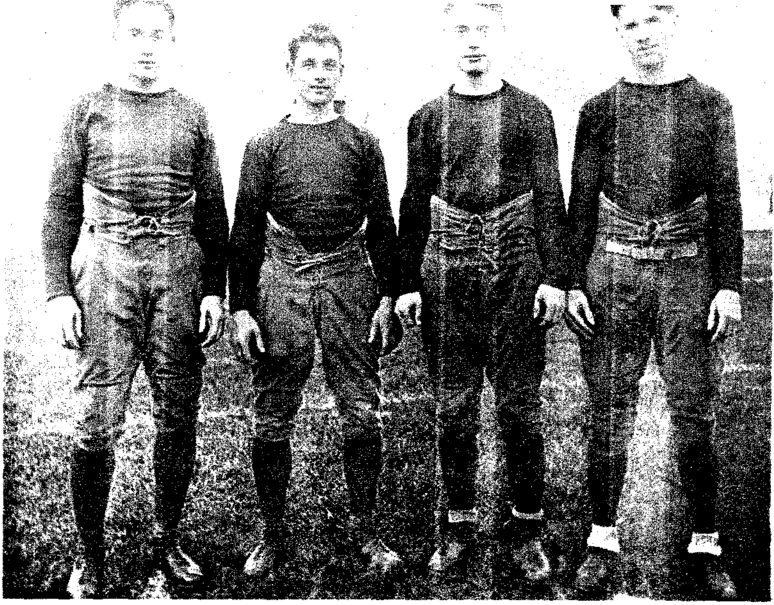
The Syracuse-Pittsburgh game of 1923 was held in Yankee Stadium, a practice to be

followed for other big games. Undefeated Syracuse won through in a tight contest.

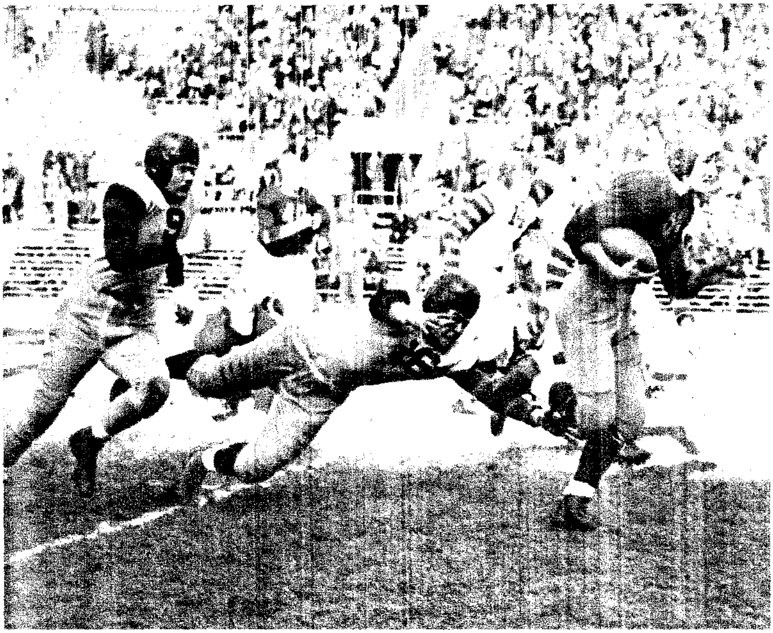
IN ONE memorable afternoon against Michigan in 1924, Illinois' Red Grange scored five times in five attempts. Named All-American three times, he later put professional football on the map.



THE GAME had come into its own, a contest of hard-hitting linemen, agile backs. On the offense, few backs could run with Notre Dame's Four Horsemen, while Fordham's Seven Blocks of Granite were favorites to hold that line.



Notre Dame's Four Horsemen: Miller, Stuhldreher, Crowley and Layden.



Michigan's Tommy Harmon ran his way to All-American honors in 1939-40.

THE EPIC MOMENTS in American football come in those once-a-year meetings between traditional rivals: Harvard and Yale, Columbia and Cornell, Notre Dame and Southern California, and, perhaps the keenest foes of all, Army and Navy. Midshipmen ask help from Tecumseh, their god of good luck; Cadets say a special prayer, too. Past performances mean little: in 1946, a heavily favored Army team came close to defeat, when the clock ran out on the Middies as they stood inside Army's five-yard line.

SOMETIMES there is as much drama on the bench as there is on field. Substitutes look beseechingly toward the coach. Victory and defeat are marked on the players' faces, as is the stunned disbelief with which Army accepted its upset defeat by Columbia in 1947, the Cadets' first loss in 33 games (*below*).

"There he goes!" someone shouts, and all eyes swing downfield to watch the back who has broken free and races for the goal line. Men have given everything to defend that line; others have reached superb heights in crossing it. Today, modern football has truly become the All-American game.

That Million Dollar Sandwich

by JACK DENTON SCOTT

Bill Rosenberg has made a fortune with his factory-catering service on wheels

A STAID BOSTON CITIZEN got so stirred up recently about a feature story in a local paper that he tracked down the man who was the subject of the article and threatened to punch him.

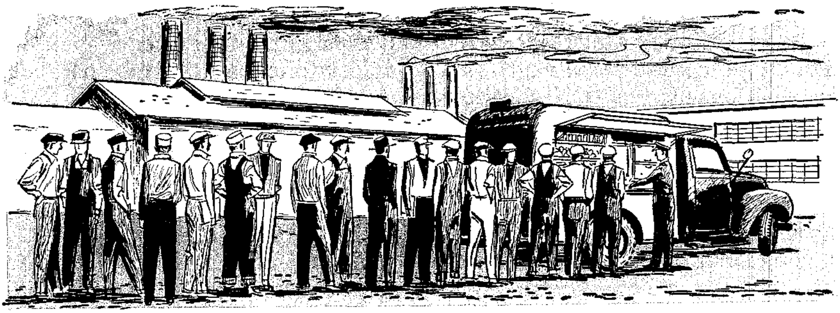
"Everyone knows that the favorite American sandwich is the hot dog," the irate Bostonian cried. "And *you* come out with a statement that the ham sandwich is." He snorted. "It's unpatriotic to talk like that!"

The man accused of being un-American because he pulled the hot dog from the top spot as America's favorite is tall, burly William Rosenberg. Before the argument was over, however, he convinced the irate hot-dog lover of two major points: (1) he thought the hot dog was indeed a fine and tasty item; (2) but the ham sandwich is really the favorite of most Americans.

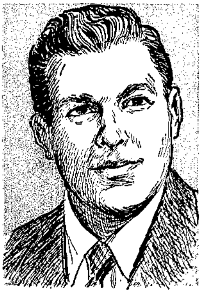
Bill Rosenberg knows the tastes of Americans because he has reached them through their stomachs. Nearly every day of the week he feeds a million people. Yet the people don't come to Rosenberg. He builds wheels around his restaurants and takes them to the factories of New England, so that the working man can get a decent meal at a reasonable price.

Bill remembers that the whole thing started one March morning in 1946. At 4 A.M. he walked into the kitchen of his home in Boston, Massachusetts, picked up a loaf of bread, slipped out two slices, lathered them with butter, added a generous piece of ham, applied a thin coat of mustard, and came up with something that has netted him a million dollars.

From that one ham sandwich has come a $5,000,000-a-year business called Industrial Luncheon Service, Incorporated, which in turn has sprouted ten corporations, a managing company and a realty com-



pany. That same sandwich has also put 150 Rosenberg restaurant trucks on the road, built 25 in-plant cafeterias, employed nearly 600 people, and added vastly to the health and comfort of the American factory worker.



Before Rosenberg constructed that fated sandwich, he had some living to do. Back in 1936, he was a truck driver for an ice-cream company. He did so well that the front office made him manager of what they considered a slow store in New Haven. It didn't stay slow.

At 21, Rosenberg was a top lad in the ice cream business: he kept 26 trucks busy with deliveries. Then, when World War II broke out, he went into the shipyards at Hingham, Massachusetts. Before long, he and that ham sandwich were to make news.

As many of the other workers did, Bill brought his lunch to the yards. But when it came eating time, his coffee was lukewarm, the sandwiches were dried out, having been made the night before.

Bill also noticed that production slipped when the men went across the street for a hot cup of coffee. Being a methodical fellow he sat down and figured out the number of wasted minutes, and decided that this time could be salvaged and production increased if the company would serve hot coffee, sandwiches and snacks right on the job.

Bill worked at the yard until 1945. Then in the company of two energetic young men he went to Connecticut again, the state where his good fortune had begun. There they put his theories about industrial lunches into practice. The first week they took in $500. In three months, Bill and his partners had raised the weekly figure to $5,000, and were going strong.

Studying the industrial situation and transportation problems in various sections of the country, Bill then selected an area near Boston, his home base. In January, 1946, he cashed in some war bonds, borrowed a little, bought a truck and rented a small building in Dorchester. As adviser and silent partner, he took in accountant Harry Winokur. Bill's brother Leon filled out the organization.

Each morning at 3 o'clock they shook themselves out of bed and started making sandwiches, including that famous first one. They also bought an ancient slicing machine, and worked up to 15 hours a day to keep abreast of the dribbles of small orders that came in. Pretty soon, they became discouraged; small sales from transient and sometimes insolvent sources would never develop into anything permanent.

Then one summer day Bill came rushing into the little headquarters on Quincy Street.

"I thought the heat had got him," Leon recalls. "His face was puffed and red; he looked like he had been running up a hill."

Bill had done just that—but the hill was called Success. He had landed his first big account, the Tubular Rivet and Stud Company, with 1,500 employees.

Three months later other accounts came to them. They expanded, then opened a branch in Providence, Rhode Island, which quickly supplied food service for four large textile plants. Now Bill decided to expand again.

He bought a 44,000 square-foot building on Hancock Street in Quincy and started sprucing up. An architect redesigned the building, taking ingenious advantage of every foot and using modern design and equipment. New automatic-wrapping machines with a brain, germ-killing ultraviolet-ray lamps, stainless-steel work areas, conveyor-belt sandwich operations—all these made headquarters of the Industrial Luncheon Service the most efficient of its kind.

Close to 150 trucks with uniformed drivers carry the food to every industrial section of New England and the Albany area. The meals on wheels leave their starting points at 6 A.M. every morning except Sunday, follow a precise route, serve breakfasts, luncheons, mid-morning and afternoon snacks in plants, factories and office buildings, and on construction projects. The trucks are reloaded at strategically located depots where supplies of hot food are kept ready.

IN THE BEGINNING there wasn't much variety to the menu. Then factories like the Government arsenal at Watervliet, N. Y., the Telechron Department of General Electric, Bird and Son, Loraine Manufacturing Company, Tubler, Rivet and Stud Company, Pneumatic Scale Corporation, and others made a larger menu a must. Now Bill's drivers serve more than 40 kinds of sandwiches, beef and lamb stews, chicken and pizza pies, spaghetti, cold salads, chop suey, and Rosenberg's jumbo sandwich, the "spunky roll"—an entire loaf of bread filled with an imaginative variety of fillings.

"Food is more than slapping meat and potatoes on a plate or putting a piece of meat or cheese between two slices of bread," Bill says. "Everything must be fresh and clean. The service must be good. And you must use seasoning and butter."

Not only are 4,000 doughnuts a day made right on the premises of Industrial Luncheon, but thousands of pastries, cookies, buns and rolls are also turned out daily.

The boss of the kitchen is head chef Daniel Tarullo, who recently returned from Europe where he studied food-preparation techniques. New and intriguing dishes and sauces are always turning up in the building in Quincy, and New England workers often find the big trucks dispensing dishes so unusual that the wives are apt to catch it when the well-fed males return home at night. Several upset spouses have called and had heated talks with Bill Rosenberg about the situation. He hasn't come up with the solution yet, but he's working on it. Perhaps lessons in cookery for customers' wives may be the answer.

If ham is the favored sandwich, then coffee can be considered the top drink. Even during the wilting days of August, Rosenberg's coffee is a brew in which time and thought are ingredients.

About four tons of coffee are poured weekly into the silvery-hued 100-gallon coffee makers which measure ten feet by three feet. Bill, and Harry Winokur, who by that time had become a full partner, dreamed up the design and the giant tanks came into practical being. Some 25,000 gallons of coffee are brewed each week.

At the Mid-Century Jubilee of Progress baked-bean dinner served on Boston Common, Bill offered his coffee-making services free. Sighs of relief greeted his offer, and the company served 12,000 cups. Some 25,000 cubes of sugar and 136 gallons of cream went along to the dinner in three Industrial Luncheon trucks. Bill and six of his supervisors handled the entire job.

Success hasn't touched Rosenberg in any evident way. His father works as food buyer "because he likes to be around people." He claims his son hasn't changed from the days when he was a truck driver.

"Success hasn't gone to his head," the father says, and the result is good management. Bill likes to taste all the new dishes he sells. "No matter what's in them," he says, "if they don't taste good to me, they don't leave the shop."

To be successful, Bill believes you must develop the personality that makes people want to work for you. Employee relationship is important, he says. Those in Industrial Luncheon Service who are willing to work soon become key personnel.

In four years, starting with nothing except the knowledge that people had to eat, Bill developed a business with a $2,000,000 a year income. Now it's close to $5,000,000. He came up fast, and he takes those who work along with him.

Bill likes to tell the story of a friend who went Communist. "He had the belief," recalls Bill, "that Americans were a put-upon people, and had to strike to save themselves and the rest of humanity.

"I usually didn't do much listening: I was too busy working. Then one day I brought this man to Quincy, sat him down in this office and gave him the facts.

"I asked him where else in the world could a guy like me, with no education and no special training, work himself into the position where he owned a $2,000,000-a-year business before he was 30 years old. I took him in the plant and showed him what we did, told him what I paid the people working for me. I introduced him to the 600 employees, then went back to the office and showed him my bank account."

Bill Rosenberg grins in recollection. "When I got through with him, I lost Russia a stooge and gained America a capitalist!"

Reunion

A TOUGH SERGEANT stepped before his platoon after a fouled-up drill. "When I was a little boy," he said in a gentle voice, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. But one day somebody stole them and I was heartbroken. My mother sought to comfort me, so she told me, 'Don't cry, son; you'll get them back some day.' "

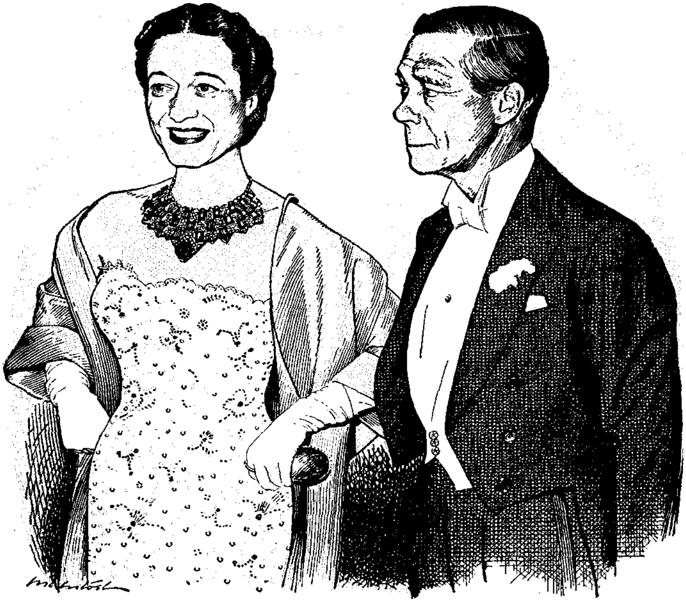
He paused and looked the rookies over with icy eyes. Then he stormed: "Mother was right! By golly, I've got 'em!" —*Wall Street Journal*

Book Condensation

THE WINDSORS IN WONDERLAND

From the new book, "Gone with the Windsors"

by **ILES BRODY**



HERE IS the story of the most celebrated couple of modern times, seen in the light of facts created by the Duke and Duchess themselves. If it is an indictment, it is drawn from the Windsors' own words and actions. If it is an exposé, it is the self-revelation of two people who have made it their business to live in the bright glare of world publicity.

—THE EDITORS

From *Gone with the Windsors*, by Iles Brody. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, Publishers. Copyright 1953, by Iles Brody.

The Windsors in Wonderland

THE TRUE STORY of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor cannot be told without clarifying one point right at the beginning: there was only one man who forced Edward VIII off the throne—himself. Yet millions have been led to believe that Prime Minister and Primate got together with the peers and, with the help of the British press, compelled the King to abandon his hereditary trust.

Today, there is a young Queen on the throne of England—a Queen who knows that the Sovereign *is* England, Britain, the Commonwealth; that a resolute monarch adds a sense of security to the subjects and thus cherishes and defends them; that there is only one course the Supreme Magistrate can follow—the path of duty.

When Edward VIII chose the wrong course, monarchy in England was in great danger of coming to an abrupt end—it was almost gone with the Windsors. The "royal throne of kings" was tottering when the King abandoned it to marry Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson. The King who thus abdicates and turns his back on his people cannot be remote from criticism.

Nevertheless, to a large number of Americans, the Duke still represents a hero and the Duchess a heroine—a romantic couple, mistreated and misunderstood in England. Many of these Americans still believe that he had to pay the price for falling in love with an American woman! Nothing could be further from the truth. When, as Prince of Wales, he visited America for the first time, his parents, King George V and Queen Mary, said "they would be delighted if he found a suitable wife in America."

For the objection was not, of course, that Wallis Simpson was an American and a commoner; the main trouble was that she had already divorced two husbands, which is not exactly a recommendation for a Queen of England.

True, there are more important problems in the world today than the Windsors. Communism menaces Christendom; dictators war on democracy; disaster threatens decency. But meanwhile, the aging couple present a grotesque spectacle, and utter amusing statements. For example, long ago the Windsors let it be known that they were "anxious to help some of the vital problems that beset the world."

One wonders what were the causes the Windsors have helped since this declaration was made—could it be that they had in mind the business worries of dressmakers and jewelers? As to the Duke's interest in the vital problems of his native country, when he arrived in New York after one of his visits to England, he gave an exclusive interview to Elsa Maxwell, the society columnist. She asked the Duke whether he was glad to go home.

"Why, Elsa," the Duke replied sharply, "home to me is where the Duchess is!"

The suffering of others is apparently of deep concern to the Duchess—in January, 1953, in the name of charity, she opened the "Duchess of Windsor Ball" at the Waldorf-Astoria. However, some people intimated that the affair served the purpose chiefly of publicity. She merely lent her name; she was abroad while it was being prepared; and her four gowns for the evening were paid for by as many sponsors. Whether in the name of charity or publicity, 66 photographers were at hand to snap the glamorous Wallis.

Her husband, too, receives from the cameramen as much attention as a movie star. But there is not a single photo that shows the Duke or his Duchess exerting themselves on behalf of their fellowmen, not a single account of their efforts to help a civilization in peril.

Theirs is a life devoted purely to personal pleasures. Friends, anxious to explain away their mode of living, are ready with excuses: "It's nobody's business how the Windsors spend their money."

In the case of less important figures, this would be true. People make money and naturally spend it the way they want to. However, the Windsors never had to work hard for their money. And as Prince of Wales, King, and Duke of Windsor, he has cost more to his country, formerly rich, today poor, than any other figure in history.

IT IS BOTH SAD and amusing to see a former King of England reduced by the woman he loves to "Little Man"—to the rank of a meek husband. What should one do, laugh or cry, when one looks at the ex-Caesar in the role of handbag-carrier, a sort of walking ornament?

One should neither laugh nor cry. One should look at the gracious Duchess whose profession seems to be what is called "Putting in the Grand Appearance." For, according to society columnist Cholly Knickerbocker, the Duchess is No. 1 in the list of the world's ten best-dressed women.

The Duchess, who seems to have a very alert conscience, realizes that her principal duty is to live up to her Nobel Prize of Fashion. Therefore, several times a week during her long sojourns in New York, she condescends to show herself to the populace, which includes valiant armies of sycophants, snobs and title-worshippers.

The Windsors have three favorite haunts in New York—Le Pavillon, The Colony and El Morocco. All three of them are restaurants—the best in town. However, since it is impossible to be at several spots at the same time, one may take The Colony as the typical setting for the Royal Entry.

Gene Cavallero, owner of the restaurant, knows how to produce atmosphere. When he is expecting the Windsors, he stands majestically in the small lobby, surrounded by his aides. The welcoming committee looks very much like paintings depicting Napoleon and his marshals pondering Borodino.

The lobby is also teeming with the elite, since it is an open secret that the Windsors are coming. Lady members of the smart set are looking impatiently toward the door. There is a feeling of excitement in the air. Ah! At last! The Windsors are here!

Naturally, the Duchess comes in first. The moment she steps into the lobby, her face lights up. Her smile is a judicious blend of intimacy and

reserve, uniting the mesmeric charm of an earthly woman with the aloof radiancy of a goddess. Her smile seems to say: "Hello, how very nice to see you again! Thank you for your admiration and homage."

Of course there is no applause; such vulgar demonstrations would be out of place at The Colony. The women who have met the Duchess are waiting with bated breath for a glance of recognition. When that supreme moment arrives, they execute the neatest curtsies on this side of the Atlantic.

This pirouetting mania of American women is the most curious phenomenon in the history of a country based on social equality. It may be but a small component of the whole Windsor legend. But it is significant. And disturbing. It is clear proof that many people, here in America, insist on living in a wonderland.

As to the Duchess, no picture ever did her justice. Somehow, the camera makes her nose and chin jut out. Her mouth, too, is exaggerated and becomes an elongated slit when not smiling. In reality her mouth is a marvel of perfection, and is fully open to inspection by the public when illuminated by the table candlestick in El Morocco's Champagne Room.

One of the wisdom teeth of the Duchess was removed years ago in Miami. This minor operation started rumors that she underwent a face-lifting under the cloak of dental surgery, and that the intricate business was performed by a wizard who did not possess a diploma.

Weigh this gossip carefully. Why should the Duchess go under the scalpel of a quack when she could engage the best plastic surgeon to fix her face? She had her appendix removed by the most skilful surgeon in New York. Early in 1951, when a slight operation was to be performed, a noted Edinburgh specialist was invited to fly to New York for consultation with nine other physicians. Would she, then, allow bootleg hands to tinker with her face? It simply isn't consistent.

The Duchess is not beautiful, but she is certainly a fascinating apparition. Almost always she is dressed in blue—Wallis blue. You will very seldom see her in the same dress twice; having served as a bedazzling prop in the Grand Entry, it is usually sold to an intimate friend.

The Duke trails behind his Duchess at The Colony. His erstwhile Majesty Edward VIII, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas King, Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India, is a short, frail and vacant-faced man. He looks a bit bewildered and somewhat bored; and despite a generally youthful appearance, gives the impression of a distinguished mummy.

By some odd travesty of fate that singles out certain physiognomies to play practical jokes on, Windsor resembles the late John D. Rockefeller, Sr., minus the shiny dimes that the petroleum Croesus used to pass around. The Duke of Windsor passes nothing around. Except melancholy.

One can't help pitying this hapless mortal who by chance was born to such high station, who, at one time, held one great lever to the equilibrium of the world in his hand, and who now appears as a middle-aged spouse, reverent and filled with domestic fear like any husband after 15 years of submissive marriage.

The ever-glamorous Duchess has never deviated from the smart feminine strategy that won the Prince of Wales the moment the two met. The then Mrs. Simpson, sizing up the situation and the man, spoke to the Prince as no one had ever spoken to him before—in a challenging, provocative manner.

She still does. Sarcastic phrases like: "Are you out of your mind?" "Don't be silly!" and "I'm not castle-bred as you are!" are frequent. Apart from this verbal flagellation, the Duke also receives other kinds of discipline.

Some time ago the Windsors were dinner guests of an American in Paris. Upon arrival, the Duchess, after the usual greetings, inquired: "Is —— here?" When the host replied that their good friend had not yet arrived, Wallis burst out angrily: "Extremely rude! She was fifteen minutes late for dinner last night at my house!"

When at last her friend appeared, the Duchess upbraided her. The lady apologized. She then pointed out that the Duchess, observing the night before that the friend's hair looked "like nothing on earth," had arranged for her own hairdresser to fix it. This artist of the coiffure had come late, thus delaying her. She was awfully sorry.

She then turned to the Duke with a confident smile and asked: "Sir, do you also think that I have committed a grave sin?"

Before answering, the Duke glanced at his wife. Then, frowning, he looked back at the culprit and said: "Yes. You oughtn't to arrive after Wallis. Extremely rude!"

In 1950, the Duchess suddenly dropped out of circulation. She was in a hospital, awaiting an operation, with the worried Duke in constant attendance. He was photographed on the hospital steps; his expression was one of anguish, and he had the full sympathy of the American public. Upstairs, the feeling was different.

The Duke sent his wife a daily gift of roses, and himself brought caviar. Ailing neighbors of the Duchess could not help overhearing this conversation:

"This caviar is salty."

"But, darling, this is fresh Beluga."

"It is salty, I tell you!"

"But it's the finest Beluga I could get, darling."

"This caviar is salty!"

"But, darling. . . ."

At this point a solicitous nurse closed the Duchess's door.

WHEN THE WINDSORS are in New York, their home is in the Waldorf-Astoria Tower. This is remarkable, for the bustling Waldorf affords about as much privacy as Grand Central Station. Members of café society wonder why the Duke and Duchess do not seek a quieter apartment.

Of course, the Tower is the quieter portion of the Waldorf, containing ornate suites, some of them occupied permanently by people in the public eye. The Windsors are transients; they have an understanding whereby they notify the management of their intended visit about two months before their arrival, in order to be sure of finding their usual suite, 28A, vacant.

The thirst of the traveler in the desert is as nothing compared to the thirst of hotels for the right sort of publicity. The publicity value of certain guests is so great that they sometimes receive a reduction of even 50 per cent. Or stay free.

The Windsor suite consists of a large living room, three bedrooms, three bathrooms, a dining room and a kitchen. Though the Duchess has spoken of her interest in housekeeping, and has permitted herself to be photographed with a prize-winning pie, she is rarely next to the oven, not even to prepare her husband's breakfast.

Reportedly, the Duke enjoys doing this chore himself, having only tea, toast and marmalade. And though he was once seen looking into a bookshop as befits an author, his great field of interest is the hardware stores. He is actually willing to walk miles in quest of a kitchen gadget such as a different egg slicer, a cream whipper or an orange juicer.

The ducal entourage in New York consists of two secretaries (one male, one female, one English, one French), a butler, a valet, a chauffeur and one French maid. One of the secretaries sleeps in the apartment; the other members of the staff have rooms in the hotel.

There is also the canine following. There were formerly five Companions of the Leash, bearing the humorous names of Pookie, Gremlin, Preezie, Bundles and Yackie. The Windsor dogs are mostly Cairn terriers. Park Avenue strollers know these dogs; as a rule the valet walks them, but sometimes the Duke does. Indeed, on Palm Beach's Worth Avenue, the outing is quite a procession—the Duchess (equipped with pink parasol) walks ahead, stopping to gaze in shop windows; then comes the Duke, wearing a polo shirt which would arrest attention even in Cambodia; and finally the obedient dogs.

As for food, the Windsors are fond of lamb chops, steaks, game—especially partridges and Scotch grouse—puréed vegetables, but are cautious when they reach dessert. They regard fat as a disgrace and are given to dieting. At such times the Duchess's breakfast consists only of lemon juice in hot water and yogurt, prescribed by her "doctor," Gayelord Hauser.

Here is one of the Windsor's typical café meals. On this particular night they had a frugal dinner, consisting of oysters Rockefeller, pressed wild duck with wild rice and vegetables, soufflé, and a bottle of Romanée Conti 1935, at $14.50 per bottle. After coffee the Duke had a spot of brandy; but as he seldom addresses the personnel in a restaurant directly, the Duchess called for it.

The spot of brandy always follows the evening meal, and with it comes the peak moment in the daily life of the former King-Emperor:

he produces from one pocket a six and a half-inch cigar, and from another his own matches.

This book of matches looks like the Duke's real autobiography. The cover shows the rampant lion and unicorn supporting a shield bearing an outsize "E," framed in the Ribbon of the Garter. The matches reveal a definite trend of thought: a harking back to the past, a yearning for the native land which the Duke first learned to know under its fairest, most romantic aspect. It suggests, too, that his thoughts may be not untinged by remorse.

Sometimes the note of reminiscence creeps into his conversation, and he will begin a sentence: "When I was King . . ." As the Windsors so often dine in public, the remark is familiar not only to café society, but also to the waiters.

On rare occasions the Duke does speak directly to the staff of a restaurant. Recently, when he discovered that the wine steward of a fashionable restaurant could speak German, he chatted with him in that language, which he loves to use. This departure from his usual reserve apparently had an upsetting effect, for at the end of the conversation, he so far forgot himself as to tip the astounded steward two dollars.

About this time, the New York *Daily News* ran a feature story containing various opinions on the Windsors:

> An Englishman who is close to the Windsors had this to say: "Wallis is an ambitious woman. Her whole life reveals that she has constantly sought the friendship of important people. What could be more understandable than her present let-down after becoming engaged to a King and finding herself married to an exile?"

This article indicated that the Windsors might be unhappy because the Duke had been unable to obtain a government post, even before the Churchill Government of 1951 came into power. It failed to point out that he had tried his best to get a job. There was in the New York *Times* a rather pathetic account of how he sought from Mr. Atlee "a suitable colonial governorship," entering through the back door of No. 10 Downing Street, the Prime Minister's official residence. His failure to get that "suitable" post, with its social standing, dignity and privilege, led to rumors of a rift between the Windsors.

An awkward situation had arisen. World War II was over, and protocol was reinstated. During the war, the Duke could become head of a colony—the Bahamas—for wartimes are extraordinary times; more important still, Mr. Churchill was then Premier, and all was arranged with his famous casual touch.

When bombs were falling on England, it was not obligatory for a representative of the King to appear at Court. After the war, however, the Duke, on receiving an appointment, would have to go to London to be officially received in audience.

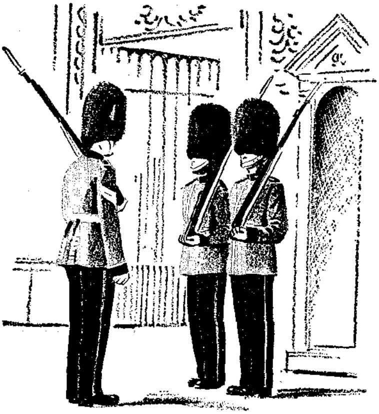
This audience might have been accompanied by a howl from Parliament. Moreover, the Duchess could certainly have insisted on her prerogative—the right of an appointee's wife to go with her husband to Buckingham Palace. This would have led the world to believe that Wallis was now on visiting terms with the Royal Family.

It has been suggested that this vain attempt to secure a governmental post, and the conclusion that the Royal Family remained adamant in its refusal to receive the still-hopeful Wallis, pushed the Duke to writing his memoirs, and the Duchess to her final attitude of defiance.

When wiseacres see in the columns that the Duchess again went out with a male friend, they remark: "Aha! She is sure to be swept off her feet by that dark man in the cards!" But there is no dark man in the Duchess's deck, and to the thoughtful observer, it is obvious there never will be. A completely complete woman, haughty and ambitious, who has always lived for herself, keeps away from the whirlwind of passion.

The Duchess finds gratification in recognition and security, in ostentation, and in being The Best-Dressed Woman in The World. She had one of the most amazing romances in history, and she intends to hold on to it. Who could come after a King of England?

Not that the Duchess is indifferent to men, or that men are indifferent to her. With them, her greatest asset is one of the best-known weapons in the female armory; she has the gift of making each man in turn feel that she is interested only in him. With other fascinating ladies she is naturally antagonistic; and she cannot bear that the flattery and attention she receives from men friends should be shared by other women.



Not long ago, a columnist writing for the New York *Post* asked her how she felt about younger women. "Poor dears!" the Duchess lamented. "They have all their mistakes before them."

Much of the Windsors' energy is spent in going from one place to another. But since the Duchess likes the Babel of New York, they always return to the Waldorf. When going to Europe or coming back to America, they do not fly, for, though the Duke is fond of air travel the Duchess dislikes it, and so they usually go by Cunard liner.

Although they do not own one, they love the exclusive atmosphere of yachts. They have had much experience of yachting, since owners either invite them on cruises or offer them the use of their vessels. Axel Wenner-Gren, the Swedish industrialist, was once such a host; the Windsors enjoyed his yacht during their sojourn in the Bahamas.

The next best thing to a graceful yacht is a private train. One of the Windsors' closest American friends is Robert R. Young, the railroad magnate. The exclusive Windsors frequently follow the travel trend of the tourist, except that they tour in majestic fashion, going in Young's private Pullman car to New Orleans or Louisville or The Greenbrier in Virginia.

In 1951, the Duchess seemed to seek tranquillity and even seclusion during her sojourn in Europe. This surprising change might have been due to any one of several reasons. The illness of King George VI had distressed his brother, and perhaps the Duke at last brought himself to tell his wife that in the circumstances, she must not appear in the gay places of Paris.

Further, his book had just come out in England, and her conduct might injure the sales. He himself was in need of care, reported to be suffering from ulcers.

However, the most probable reason for the Duchess's discretion was that the Windsors' old champion, Churchill, was once again in the saddle as a result of the General Election of 1951, and the Duke was hoping to obtain an official post. What position could be offered, no one could guess, but it was rumored that the Windsors thought that the ambassadorship to Washington would be suitable. The Duke certainly did not want another governorship on a God-forsaken island—on that point his wife was adamant.

But though the Duke went back and forth between London and Paris, he always returned empty-handed. Doubts had again arisen about the appearance of his Lady at Buckingham Palace. Eventually, the Windsor Team reappeared in New York, and as if to show its pleasure at the return of the beloved lovers, the Big Town was friendlier than before.

An air of gentle reminiscence hung about their frequent visits to El Morocco, where the Duke asked for certain Viennese songs so old that Karl Inwald, famous pianist who remembers all of them, had to pause for recollection. The Duke showed his pleasure by giving a copy of his own bookplate to Inwald, to be kept carefully in the latter's copy of *A King's Story*. The plate showed the Duke's coat of arms, with the Garter motto and his signature "Edward," all encircled by a gold frame.

The Duchess, too, has her memories. Perhaps it was the recollection of an impertinent member of Parliament which about this time led her to limit her innocent pleasure in looking for "something simple" in the shops of the New York dressmakers, milliners and jewelers. Or she restrained herself because Churchill was on his way to seek American aid; anything that might be misinterpreted as ostentatious display by the jealous minds of steakless Britons must be avoided.

In this harsh world, however, virtue is not always rewarded, and the Duchess's self-restraint does not seem to have produced the results she was probably hoping for. Churchill received the Duke at

Bernard Baruch's house, where the Prime Minister stayed as guest. Tactfully, the Duke arrived to see the statesman in an English Rolls-Royce. Onlookers speculated as to the owner of this magnificent chariot, and some hinted it was the property of Thelma Chrysler Foy.

The Duke had promised the waiting photographers that he would ask Churchill to pose for them, but he does not seem to have found the Prime Minister in an acquiescent mood, for there were no pictures. And if anything more than cigars and talk passed between the two gentlemen, the press was not admitted to the secret.

THE WINDSORS have always looked on their house at 85, Rue de la Faisanderie, Paris, as if they were owners, though in fact it belongs to M. Paul Louis Weiller, one of the richest industrialists in France, from whom they "rent" it.

In 1952, just as in every year before, the Windsors went back to this Parisian heaven, and the Rue de la Faisanderie, a sleepy little street inhabited by the elite, suddenly experienced insomnia. Its formerly peaceful nights were turned into day by the Windsors, who were giving the noisiest parties in Paris. Some of the oldest inhabitants even thought of barricading the street, but here, the automobiles of the Windsors and their cronies served as a sufficiently formidable barrier. Notable among the cars was a new station wagon, bearing on its door a bronze legend: "The Duke of Windsor."

Some members of the apprehensive elite were hoping that the Windsors would soon be on their way to the south of France, where they usually go after a stay in the capital. Formerly the ducal pair had a nice little place at Cap d'Antibes, the Château de la Croe, rented at an alleged $16,000 from Sir Pomeroy Burton, who in 1928 modernized it at a reported cost of $2,000,000. This sum does not seem so surprising when one learns that the Château has a swimming pool 250 feet long.

However, in 1950, the Windsors, who never play too long at any one place, gave up de la Croe. Since the untaxed pound sterling bought less than before, economy was in order. Money was needed for other things, such as modes.

The Windsors first proposed to move on to Cap Ferrat, which remains more select yet less expensive than Cap d'Antibes; and with them the world proposed to move, too—for, according to Elsa Maxwell, where the Duke and Duchess go, the world goes too.

Before embarking on the trip, the Duke celebrated the birthday of his wife in becoming fashion, presenting her with two charming gifts. He bought her one house, and leased another for nine years. Obtaining this real estate was a complicated business. The Duchess had always wanted a house which would be truly her own, in Paris, but she was very particular about the location, and wished it to be in that aristocratic quarter behind the Chambre des Députés. Finally she located an elegant and suitable place, Number 29, Rue Barbes-de-Jouet.

But alas! the place belonged to the Government, and the Windsors were momentarily stymied. However, M. Weiller, their host for so many years, came to the rescue. He presented to them the Minister of Education, and after the Duchess's charm had won the Minister over, the objections to the sale were set aside. The French Government even allowed the structure to go at the bargain price of $80,000.

The gift of this town house was indeed a selfless act on the part of the Duke, for he has always preferred to live in the country. So it was she who once more solved the problem, with her customary simplicity of approach, by suggesting that in order to satisfy the wishes of both, they should acquire two houses.

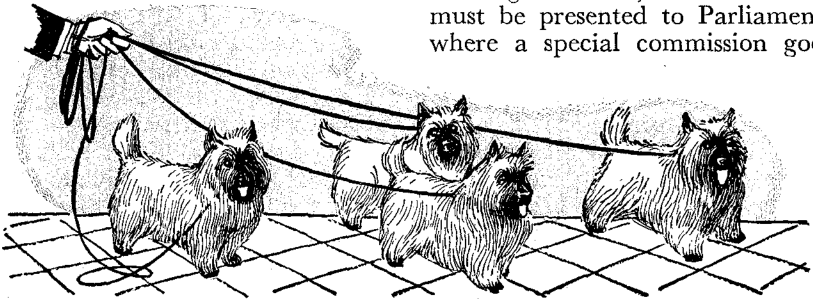
After much diligent search, in 1952 they at last found an ideal country place. In the Valleé de Chevreuse, not quite 20 miles from Paris, they came upon an ancient and beautiful home, partly remodeled by the painter Drian.

The most significant thing about the acquisition of their French properties by the Windsors was the tacit admission that they had now abandoned all thought of living in England. Wallis does not allow this to trouble her. Worrying is left to the press, which at this time was deep in the discussion of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. This is quite consistent with the report in the London press that the Duke had let it be known that until his wife was accepted by the Royal Family, he would not return to England. This may mean a very long wait.

So England is out, even as a temporary residence. The Duchess just could not go around there as she does in the U.S. or France. For one thing, the London shops do not afford, to a lady of her proclivities, the same scope as do those of Paris or New York. For another, all the Windsor glamor would bewilder, to put it mildly, a nation which is pondering the question of whether to wash with soap or eat it.

In these times, when practically the whole world has to fret about finances, one may find vicarious pleasure in contemplating the fortunes of a couple who have had few money troubles—until recently, for on May 22, 1952, the New York *Daily Mirror* carried a headline: "Windsor Off to Beg Queen 'Be Generous.' "

The Queen, of course, was Elizabeth II of England. During her father's lifetime, Windsor enjoyed an income of around $70,000 given him by his brother, but with the death of George VI, this allowance was in danger. Six months after a sovereign's demise, a new Civil List must be presented to Parliament, where a special commission goes



over the figures of the Royal expenditure.

Therefore, when the new Civil List was debated in August, 1952, the Duke must have been looking anxiously toward Buckingham Palace as well as toward Parliament. However, to judge by recent reports, his anxiety cannot have lasted long. Since the Duke has bought one house in France at a reported cost of 30,000,000 francs, and leased another for nine years, it seems safe to conclude that his income is secure. No doubt this is due to the filial piety of Elizabeth II, who is willing to continue her father's generosity from devotion to his memory.

The press has never reported the Duke as giving up part of the money he receives from Britain. As he does not live in England but in foreign countries, he is not required to pay British income tax; and as his income is not derived from the U.S., he presumably does not pay tax here. He would, were he a private person, pay in England some 90 percent of his income in taxes; for nobody in England today, outside the Royal Family, gets to keep more than $16,000 a year.

There have been quite a few versions of the fortune and income of the former King and his wife. One newspaper had it that Windsor inherited $4,000,000 from Queen Victoria; another set the sum at only $2,000,000. The wills of British royalty are never probated, so the private fortune of the Duke, inherited from his grandfather, grandmother, great-grandmother, and now from his mother, will perhaps never be known in detail.

The cost of maintaining the role of The Best-Dressed Woman in the World cannot be negligible. The Duchess buys about 100 dresses a year, and this alone must represent an expenditure of around $100,000. For while some of the gowns may cost a mere $400, others set her back over $2,000. This figure of $100,000 does not include furs, hats, shoes, lingerie, gloves, stockings or other accessories, and obviously no jewelry.

In the last year or so, the Duchess has bought very little jewelry. Members of the firm of Cartier have been heard to express regret about this; and when asked if the Duchess still borrows jewels for an important soiree, as she has done in the past, their sad sigh is unanimous.

"We wish that she would! Our trade knows no better manner of advertising."

The Duchess does not need to buy or borrow any more jewelry. Ever since she met the Prince of Wales, one of her principal hobbies has been collecting expensive baubles. Appropriately enough, a favorite piece is a beautiful pin representing the Prince of Wales' feathers—the famous badge of three ostrich plumes which has been the insignia of so many princes.

Probably the most valuable piece in her possession is the diamond a little less than one-half the weight of the famed Koh-i-noor which adorns one of the Crowns of the Queen of England. The Duchess rarely wears this stone. Back in World War II, the Windsors, while on a visit to the U.S. from the Bahamas, were invited by the president of an automobile company to see a film about the firm's war effort.

The Duchess's immense diamond sparkled brilliantly in the

darkened room. Next morning, New York papers reported this bright news alongside melancholy war bulletins, and ever since, Her Grace has been very circumspect in exhibiting her solitaire.

Wallis has an assemblage of jewelry for every day of the week, so that her gems may be perfectly matched with her gowns. It is attention to such minute detail which has won for her year after year the title of "The Best-Dressed Woman in the World."

The Duchess has complete matching sets of jewels—emerald, topaz, onyx, turquoise, aquamarine. She never wears the same set twice in succession, but there are some jewels she never takes off; these are her charm bracelets, given her by the Duke, with dangling bijoux carrying such legends as "To my Darling," "I will always love you," "My Sweetheart," and so on.

Little can be said about her rings, for most of the time she wears short gloves. But since her hands are not her best feature, presumably she does not wish to draw attention to them by wearing many rings.

While the Duchess is in New York, most of the most valuable jewels are kept in the vaults at Cartier's, but some are always accessible in the Waldorf's safe-deposit boxes. The Windsors often visit the outstanding New York jewelers, the Duke browsing around at Cartier's—buying very little, and inexpensive knickknacks at that—and the Duchess spending considerable time at Harry Winston's fabulous "House of Winston," or at Van Cleef & Arpels, her favorite jewelers.

The association with the latter firm, which may be called a sort of trade friendship, goes back a long time. When, in the 1940's, Wallis was criticized by the press for her continual buying of gems, her advisers warned that this was not the way to win the American public. So she let it be known, through friends, that her jewels were only lent by Van Cleef & Arpels.

This, the firm declared, was true in fact, adding that they would be happy to lend her a complete set of jewels to match every new ensemble, not only because they were grateful for her recognition but also because they, like Cartier, could not imagine a better business policy. It was also mentioned that the Duchess had recently spent with them $285,000.

Next to the art of Van Cleef & Arpel's, and of Cartier's, Wallis likes that of Schlumberger, Inc. This small but important firm is famed for its creation of Cellini-like pieces. But they are grieved to admit that the Duchess has never favored them with a purchase. On a dozen or so occasions, she has paid a late afternoon visit to the shop, shown a hearty interest in the jewels presented for her inspection, and, singling out one piece, or a whole set, has asked that it be sent to her Waldorf home.

Naturally her royal wish was complied with: the baubles were sent, along with a silent prayer that they would be bought. Invariably they were returned next day. But they had served their purpose. Customers of Schlumberger's would call and ask if the piece they had seen the Duchess wearing was the firm's work; and if so, was a similar piece available? It was.

The Duchess makes her really serious jewel purchases in Paris; on this the New York firms are agreed. There are several good reasons for this. First, the exchange rate must be considered: precious objects cost less in francs than in dollars. Second, the European jewelry-designing and hand-tooling art is on a much higher level than that of America. Third, the Paris press is not as clever as that of New York in finding out the details.

Moreover, a few years ago the finest jewelers of London and Paris got together and made a firm decision to stop lending their jewels to ladies, no matter how newsworthy. The practice had to be abandoned, because in Europe the flaunted baubles did not sell as easily as in America.

WALLIS WEIGHS consistently around 100 pounds, and she is the envy of all ladies who cannot keep a slim silhouette. She keeps her figure by almost constant dieting and attention to the advice of

her friend, Hauser, the nutrition faddist. Of course, the daily massage helps, too.

She has a perfect size 10 Tanagra figure, a little over five feet tall, with a 34″ bust, 25″ waist, 34″ hips measurements. Nowadays the Duchess loves strapless evening dresses, and there is no longer evidence of a flat chest.

Early in 1952, her light brown hair was dyed a modified Titian red by her New York coiffeur, Mr. Roger Vergnes. This latter gentleman dresses the Duchess's hair (which she always wears parted in the middle) every evening at her apartment.

Wallis favors big-flared short skirts for evening, for she likes to show her shapely ankles. These dresses are usually of tulle in two different tones, with one part of the dress superbly embroidered. In the evening she often wears pretty sandals made by Italian or Spanish shoemakers, the inevitable gloves, and a tiny purse for compact and rouge.

Wallis does not need brilliant color to make her the cynosure of all eyes. In the spring of 1951, Dior created for her a ball dress of dull white satin. With such a robe, elegance does not permit ostentation in accessories; so the Duchess wore, with this fairy garment—whose crystal broideries glittered like winter frost—only earrings and a stiff diamond choker. Its subtle simplicity of line could not disguise the value—about $60,000.

Although she wears glasses at home for reading, she never carries these when going out. Now and then she sports a beautiful, tremendous fan of ostrich feathers, but this is something she reserves for special occasions.

As to her collection of furs, that too is awe-inspiring—she owns full-length sable, ermine, mink and Russian broadtail coats and capes; also short ermine, mink and broadtail jackets, countless neckpieces and other sundry pieces. She is very much attached to a unique suit of broadtail, made for her in 1950 by Maximilian, famous New York furrier. This suit is of an easy cut, with a collar copied from a Chinese coolie's jacket, and with two small slanting pockets. Wallis wears this fur suit under a mink coat.

In the season of 1951-52, she made only one purchase at Maximilian's, a blond otter coat, but she is said to have regretted her decision, because toward the end of the winter otter was no longer exclusive or expensive.

One is puzzled to know why she should buy so many furs, for she is not often exposed to severe weather: when she ventures abroad in New York, the trip is usually short, and takes place in one of her special Cadillacs. She has two of these automobiles, one in New York and the other in Paris, both made for her by General Motors from designs that follow the graceful lines of a Rolls-Royce town car. She employs an English chauffeur.

Her hats are always off-the-face, worn as incidental little things. "The less hat the better," says the Duchess. But this does not refer to numbers—she has been known to order 45 at a time from the New York milliner, Florell, and 34 at Mr. John's (at $100 per hat).

Her shoes—she has rows of them—are the long-vamped type. She likes the handbags made by the American, Louis Coblentz. In 1951, she bought 15 Coblentz bags in Paris to bring back to the U. S. On being told that they also are on sale in every department store in America, she commented that copies are never as good as the French originals. Coblentz, the creator of the bags, was pained to see this in the columns, for Wallis's comments on fashion are very influential.

ALTHOUGH SHE MUCH PREFERS the dressmakers in Paris, the Duchess does patronize a few American houses. Her principal designer in New York is Mainbocher. She also goes sometimes to a showing at Hattie Carnegie's. Not long ago, out of 50 Carnegie dresses paraded before her, she picked 13 in about as many minutes. These gowns started at $450 and ranged upward.

She seldom goes to fashion shows, public or private; her appearance at the Carnegie showing was quite unusual. As a rule, the dressmakers send their new creations to the Duchess, and she selects at home. In Paris, she does go to the showings of the fashion giants; but neither in New York nor Paris does she go for the fittings. This important session always takes place at the

Duchess's house, whether in Paris, New York or Palm Beach. Fortunately, most dressmakers have on hand a plaster torso of the Duchess's figure, and some of the fittings can be done in the workshop.

When some of the more important corrections must be attended to on the Duchess's person, the saleslady who assisted her in buying the clothes, accompanied by a fitter, brings them over. But Wallis and the two other ladies do not long remain alone—the Duke often joins them, giving advice as to the raising or lowering of a hemline, doing away with a frill here or a ruffle there.

After the representatives of the dressmaker have finished, the Duke, with great courtesy, helps with tying up their parcels. And when the girls throw away some string, he picks it up and puts it in his pockets. "I save strings," he says with a little smile. "One never knows when one may need them."

Obviously all the Duchess's lingerie is handmade, mostly in Paris. However, even in New York, she is always on the lookout for that little out-of-the-way shop which produces the ultimate in underthings. Once, she heard about such a unique place, on West 57th Street. She telephoned the proprietress, a recently arrived French woman, asking her to bring her collection to the Waldorf.

The French woman politely refused. A lady who was in the shop when this conversation took place was aghast. "I should think you would find it a great honor to serve the Duchess," she said. The proprietress replied that it was an honor she could not afford.

Some tradespeople behave in the same irritating way. For instance, a well-known New York furrier said that he would rather not sell to the Duchess because he is not prepared to give special prices. For Wallis, just like every woman, welcomes bargains.

Some time back, she went to Bronzini's, New York haberdashers, and admired a man's weekend case. She asked the clerk the price, and when she heard it, emitted a little "Oh!" Later the same day, her secretary rang the shop and asked for the name of the manufacturer of the case. She then phoned the manufacturer, mentioned her name, and ordered one of the cases sent to her —of course, at wholesale price.

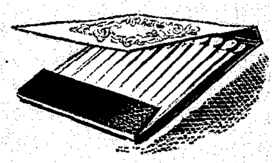
WITH SO LARGE a wardrobe and so many possessions, the Windsors' twelve servants seem to be direly needed. According to Elsa Maxwell, some time ago the Duchess remarked that she has to have the servant situation well in hand, because "I married a bell-ringer." But the evidence available shows that the Duchess also is addicted to ringing the bell and issuing commands.

Her former French staff complained that, on returning at daybreak from nightclubs, she would press all the bells, summoning the sleepy servants. In consequence they left her service. Nowadays, in France or anywhere else, it is not easy to replace a competent staff, a few of whom must at all times look after the Duchess's valuable effects.

Once a personal maid of Wallis's was asked about the secret of her famous mistress; what were the factors accounting for her allure and fascination? The maid replied, "Her

Highness is a most orderly, downright, pedantic person. There is no man who doesn't appreciate a lady's fastidiousness."

Her conversation, her quick repartee, her wit, and, most of all, her gift of concentrating wholly on the person to whom she is talking at any given time, were also listed by friends as tremendous assets, apart from her great flair for gastronomy, the last-named proverbially attractive to men. Wallis's conversation is breezy, setting the pace, tossing a subject up in the air lightly and letting someone catch it.



According to everyone who ever knew her, Wallis's talk and wit leave nothing to be desired. And according to the Duke, she is sparkling and exceedingly well-informed. These accomplishments, plus her impeccable looks and her desire to please the inner man, are sufficient explanation of any woman's ascendancy over any man. Her famous *bon mot* when playing bridge, "My King doesn't take any tricks—he just abdicates," is repeated in the newspapers every now and then, and justly so.

The Duke lives a rather different life. An hour or so with one of those American businessmen he admires, following tips on the market, looking over the quotations in stocks and bonds, and he has nothing more to trouble about for the day—or the next month or so—until another empty hour obtrudes itself in the almost ceaseless round of "pleasure," like a hole in time waiting to be plugged by something, anything.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to
work,

Shakespeare acidly observed. And how bitterly Windsor must feel the truth of these words! On the last page of *A King's Story*, he speaks of having become obsessed by a desire to take part in the chosen life in the "real world."

What is this "real world"? Presumably, for the Duke, not the world of unremitting attention to duty, of continual consideration of plans involving the welfare of millions, of exactitude in even minute details; the world of unfailing kindness, of rapturous attention to cathedrals and cornerstones, to cockneys and Cabinet ministers.

The "real" world into which the Duke has entered by his "own" free will is international café society, that glittering, gilded bubble floating above the stormy seas of history. It is the world in which the cause of Communism is helped, however unintentionally, by arrogant display, by festivals costing thousands of dollars, such as that party held in Venice where the gondoliers struggled with their heavy poles, upon the pretext of reviving international show and splendor in the threatened remnant of truncated Europe.

It is a world in which business magnates, who continue to ignore the claims of social justice and wise teachings, buy their fabulous toys of hotels and yachts, of glittering diamond necklaces and extravagant gowns, while the workers go home to their impoverished cramped rooms.

The Duke might have remained in a real world—that uncomfortable one in which his former subjects saw the war through, and his brother and sister-in-law saw it through with their people. When the Battle of Britain was going on and Buckingham Palace was bombed, some of the royal entourage suggested that the Princesses should go to Canada. The Queen's reply was simple but eloquent:

> "The King will not leave London. My daughters could not go without me. And I shall not leave the King."

THE DUKE is now 59. He has arrived at that age when a man begins to weigh his life and all that he has done with it, and to ask himself whether he has done anything worthy, if not of others' remembrance, at least of his own.

What can he remember? That having come to the Throne the most beloved of all Princes, the darling of a nation that would have followed him through hell-fire, or whom he might have conducted to "broad and sunlit uplands," he threw away the tiresome restraints of kingship, to gain—what?

The long, long trail that winds from New York to Palm Beach to Paris and the Côte d'Azur, through the travail of the cocktail party and the unending treadmill of the social round? There, one is trodden under a weight of weariness that, as experience goes to show, only becomes heavier as time goes on.

"Remember your position and who you are!"

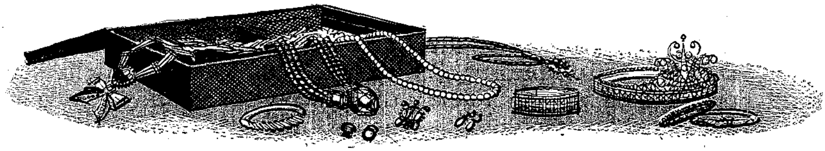
These words of fatherly caution must echo and re-echo in the Duke's mind. He forgot who he was, he abandoned his position, and the poor shadow of a king he has become now struts the stage of publicity on the way to dusty death.

Meanwhile, the royal line stretches out before his mental gaze: George VI . . . Elizabeth . . . (with Charles to come) . . . All like the spirit of George V: candid, dutiful, hard working—and beloved.

The sensations of the Duchess as she, too, arrives at the age of self-assessment, cannot be pleasant. She has been very near to a crown. How much more bitter is almost to have attained than never to have been near the prize!

The Coronation of Elizabeth must have brought to the Duchess's mind thoughts of the might-have-been. Press discussions of her absence at the Coronation were merely academic. The mere sight of the Crown upon a youthful brow "fresher than May" would surely have seared her eyeballs.

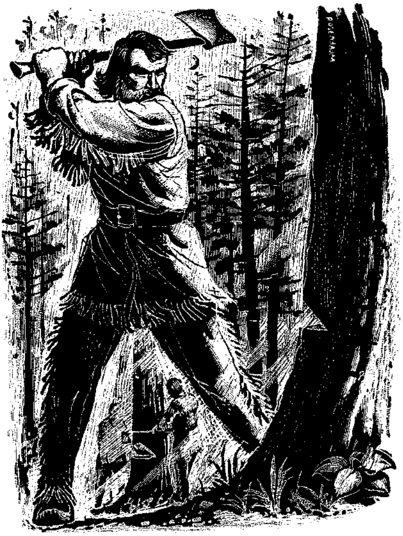
With all her sympathy for young women, because, "poor dears, they have all their mistakes before them," the Duchess of Windsor could not hope to patronize a Sovereign whose mistakes, whatever they may be, will certainly not include throwing her Crown over the windmill.



"It's Only a Dog"

by **Ben Nelson**

Where did Robbie Willcox get strength to accomplish his superhuman feat?



THEY WERE A STURDY BREED, old Hopson Willcox and his five sons who came on horseback over the mountains from Exeter, in Rhode Island, to settle along the upper Chenango in York State in the summer of 1795. The sons' names were Robert, Hazard, John, Lillibridge and Russell.

Expert woodsmen and hunters, they cleared five farms, built log cabins and broke the good black earth of the Chenango bottoms.

The five sons prospered, and through the next century Robert begat Samuel who begat another Robert. With this Robert, Robbie everybody called him, the blood of his line seemed to thin out.

He was a tall, swarthy man and strong, shaggy as the old half-blind spaniel bitch forever at his heels, but a pious man, slow spoken, and gentle as a woman.

Robbie was never much at keeping his place up like the others. Flowers and weeds together grew head high in the front yard, and if his stock didn't come down from the hill pasture to be milked, he wasn't one to go after them.

His cousins laughed at him behind his back and called him shiftless. But he knew unerringly the riffles where fat suckers could be snared in the spring, and where the pa'tridge roosted. And at sunup on a good hay day, like as not with his crop half in, any nephew or grandnephew under eleven could expect to hear the rattle of pebbles against his windowpane.

"Get up, boy," he'd call in his soft, slow way. "They'll be bitin' good down there at the bend this morning."

And off he'd go, the small boy and the old dog at his heels, to one of the sun-flecked pools under the willows where the big bass waited.

Though Robbie wasn't much at mending his fences or keeping his stables clean, there was no axeman more sought after when the men went into the woods to cut timber when the snows came.

His dog followed him even then. She never ran about, yapping at squirrels, but lay down in the lee of a pile of logs out of the wind and watched Robbie with her soft spaniel eyes while he worked.

One day, during a thaw, a pile of logs settled suddenly and there was a terrified yelp from the dog. Robbie got there first and found her pinned to the ground by the key log.

"Take a holt here," he said, and together the three men took hold and lifted, but the pile couldn't be moved.

"Again," Robbie said.

They really put their backs into it, but still they couldn't release the little dog.

"Just once more—"

"Her back's probably broke, Robbie," one man said, straightening and shaking the sweat out of his eyes. "Let me give her a clip with the axe. She's old."

The other nodded. It was their decision, final. They figured to have done enough.

Robbie looked down at his dog and she whimpered a little, her soft eyes pleading.

"No," he said.

The men shrugged as he laid aside his heavy jacket and wool cap. He walked slowly around the butt of the key log, measuring it with his eye. Then he kicked away snow for a foothold, planted his hobnail boots firmly and lifted until the muscles of his neck were white with strain. But the log lay there inert under the burden of the pile above it, and the other two turned away so as not to see the bitterness of the big man's defeat.

The dog whimpered again as Robbie stood up and eased his back. They could hear her tail thumping against some loose bark.

Robbie dug with his boots for another hold.

"Aw, give off, Robbie," one of the men growled protest. "It's only a dog."

"No."

Steadfastly, sure of purpose, Robbie bent and gripped the log. He looked upward at the leaden sky for just a moment and his lips seemed to move and there was a pleading on his face which said even more than words.

Then he gritted his teeth and lifted. He lifted, they say, until there was a gush of blood from his nose and mouth—and with a rustling and a faint rending sound the pile gave.

The dog came out with a yelp, frolicked a bit for sheer joy, then ran to Robbie, who stood sucking in great gulps of air, and thankfully licked his hand.

To this day along the upper Chenango, old-timers tell with awe about the lift Robbie Willcox made—but they say a hand bigger than his own was in it.

Friend in Need

AN INQUISITIVE NEIGHBOR was unable to hide her curiosity any longer. One afternoon, she approached the pregnant woman next door and asked her point blank, "Are you going to have a baby?"

Smiling sweetly, the lady answered, "Oh no, I'm just carrying this for a friend." —JACK BELL (*Miami Herald*)

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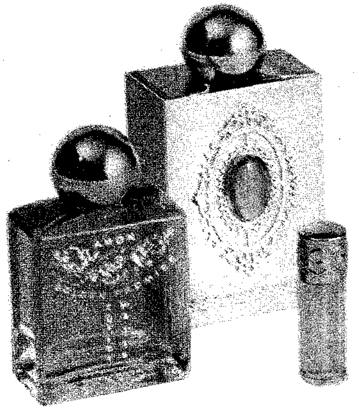
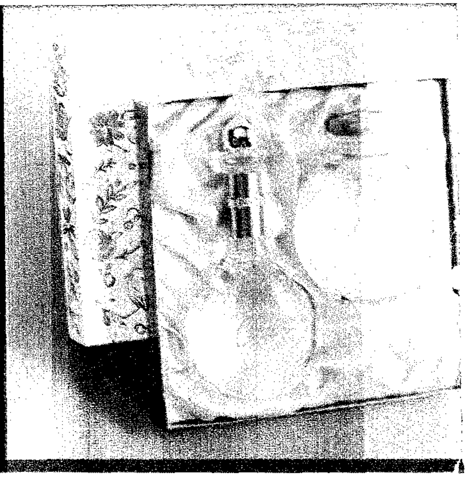
Advertisement





Golden Jewel . . . A precious gift of Toilet Water with purse size flacon of Perfume in enchanting Golden Promise fragrance. **$2.75**

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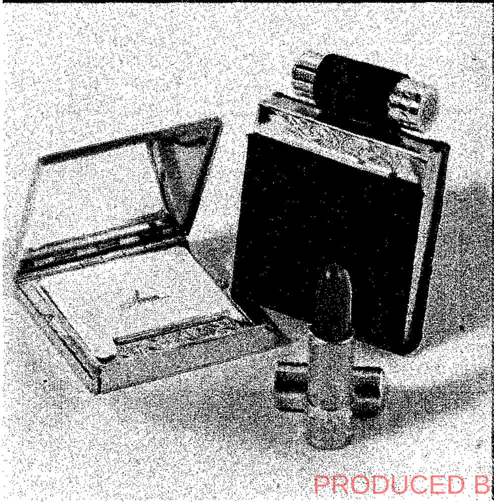
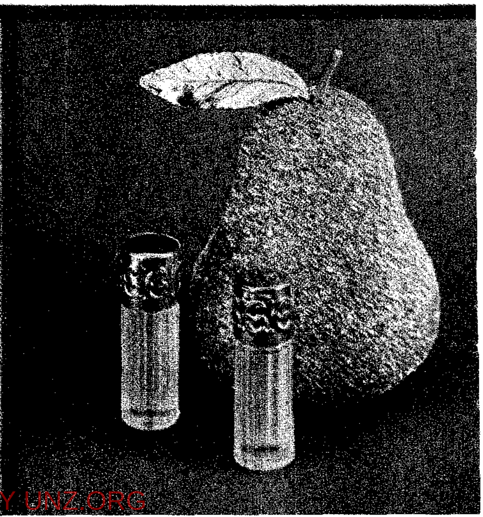
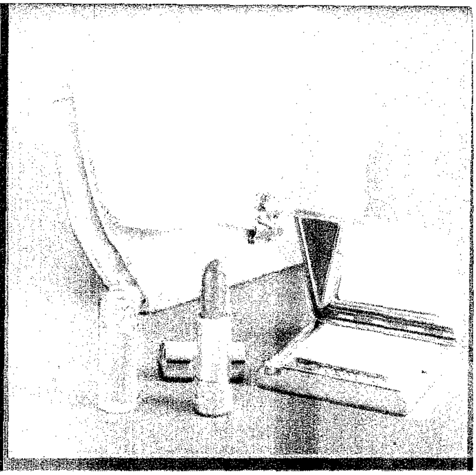
Precious Pear . . . Avon gift to set her eyes sparkling on Christmas morning. A golden pear holds two 1-dram bottles of Perfume in any scent. **$2.75**

Avon Christmas Gifts







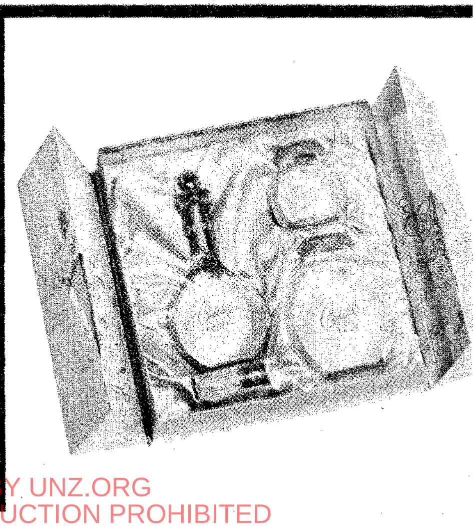
High Fashion . . . A luxurious black faille jewel box fitted with DeLuxe Compact, Lipstick, Compact Rouge and a dram of Perfume.
$10.00

Evening Charm . . . Fashionable envelope evening bag holds DeLuxe Compact, Lipstick and a dram of Perfume. Brocade or black velvet.
$10.95

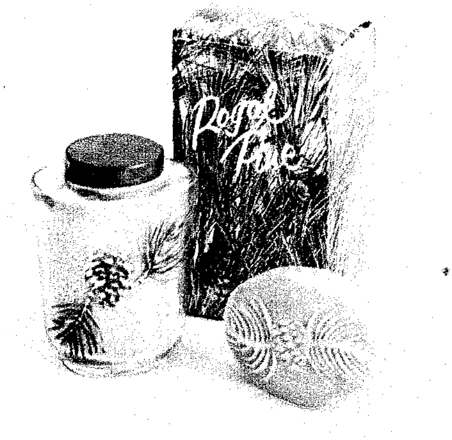
Cotillion Enchantment . . . Delightfully fragrant and popular Powder Sachet and Perfume are set in delicately tinted satin. **$3.00**

Cotillion DeLuxe . . . Winged-top box opens to reveal Cotillion Powder Sachet, Talc, Cologne and Perfume nestled in soft satin. **$6.00**

. a family tradition since 1886



Rose Petals



Merry Christmas
AVON
HAND CREAM
AVON
HAND CREAM

Rose Petals . . . To a Wild Rose Cream Lotion and the new To a Wild Rose Bath Oil. Both in 4 ounce size. **$2.15**

Miss Quaintance . . . A timeless choice, ever welcomed! Delightful Cream Lotion and Body Powder in spicy Quaintance fragrance. **$1.95**

Royal Pine . . . A colorful gift combining Bath Salts and Bath Soap in invigorating and lasting pine scent. **$1.25**

Hand Cream Duo . . . Prettied-up in a charming package for holiday remembrances . . . doubles of Avon's wonderful, softening Hand Cream. **$1.10**

Avon Gifts are so useful!

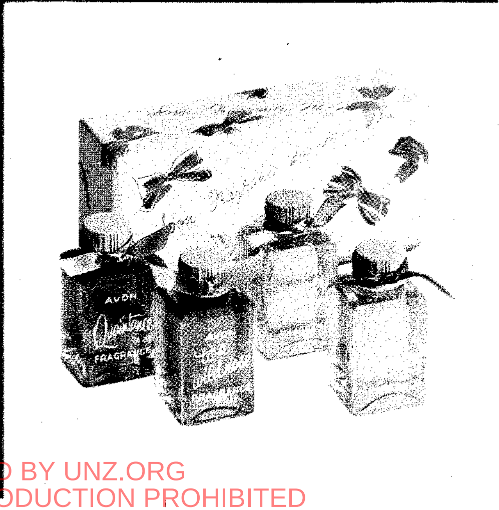
Avon Gifts are moderately priced!

Christmas Angels . . . A heavenly gift to tuck into a Christmas stocking! Cream Sachet in any scent; Lipstick in any shade. Set of two. **$2.00**

Avon's Beauty Dust . . . Cloud-soft powder for after-bath luxury with a tuck-in gift of matching fragrance. Available in all five Avon fragrances. **$1.75**

Cotillion Perfume . . . Exciting new gift . . . 3 drams of Perfume exquisitely packaged to carry your wishes for a "Merry Christmas". **$4.50**

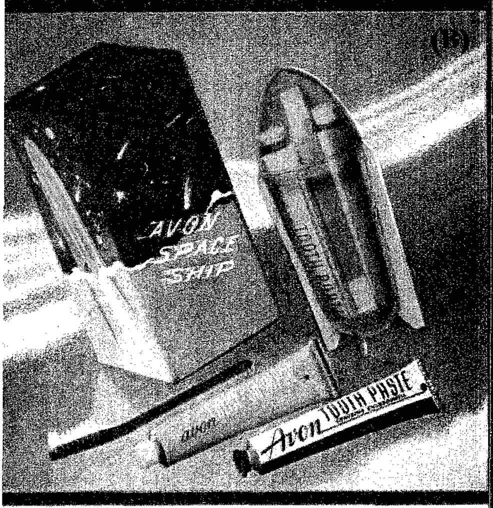
Fragrance Tie-Ins . . . For women who like a change . . . Avon's four most popular fragrances to suit her every wish for every occasion. **$2.50**



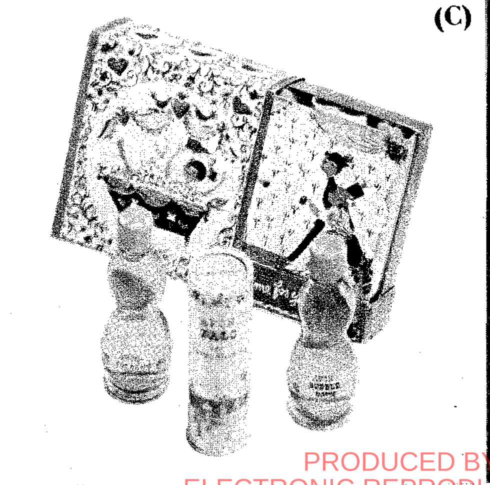
(A)

CREAM LOTION
AVON
POLISH REMOVER

(B)


AVON SPACE SHIP
TOOTH BRUSH
Avon
Avon TOOTH PASTE

(C)



(A)

'N Everything Nice . . . For young manicures: Cream Lotion, Polish Remover, Nail Polish, manicuring stick and two emery boards. **$1.50**

(B)

Space Ship . . . Creme Shampoo, Chlorophyll Tooth Paste and Tooth Brush in a plastic container for making milk shakes. **$2.10**

(C)

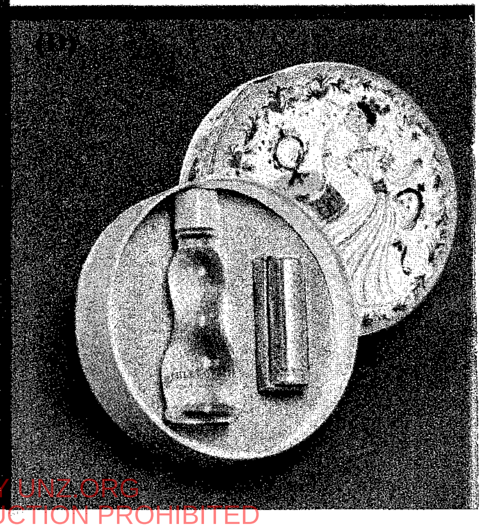
Young Hearts . . . Charm the young with this 2-ounce bottle of Cotillion Cologne, Talc and 2 ounces of Bubble Bath Liquid. **$1.75**

(D)

Honey Bun . . . Happy choice for a sweet little girl: ½-ounce bottle of Cotillion Toilet Water and Pomade Lipstick. **$1.19**

Avon Gifts .

(D)



(E)

Bo-Peep . . . a trio of purest lanolin soap bars carved like gamboling lambs . . . for a lamb of a child! **$1.00**

(F)

Parade Dress . . . Soldiers in cut-out adorn a box of Cream Hair Lotion, Dr. Zabriskie's Soap and Avon Shampoo. **$1.19**

(G)

Rain Drops . . . Cream Lotion, Pomade Lipstick, and Cotillion Cologne in an umbrella-styled handbag a small girl will love! **$2.95**

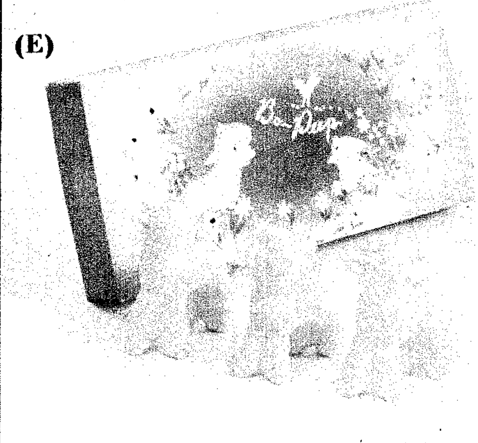
(H)

Kiddie Kologne and Kiddie Bubble Bath . . . A gift to please the very young . . . toiletries capped with a kitten's head! Kologne, **$1.25**
Bubble Bath, **$1.10**

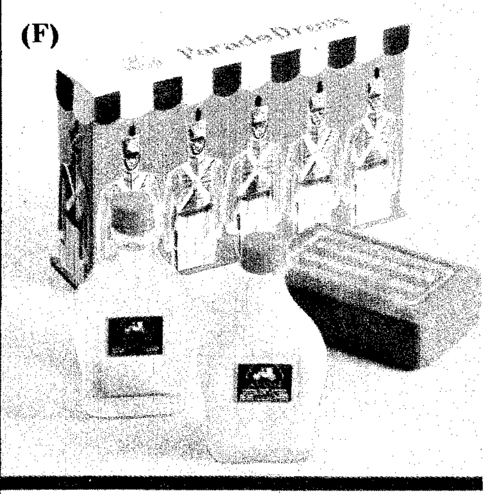
. delight young hearts!

when the cats
away the mice will play
when the cats
away the mice will play

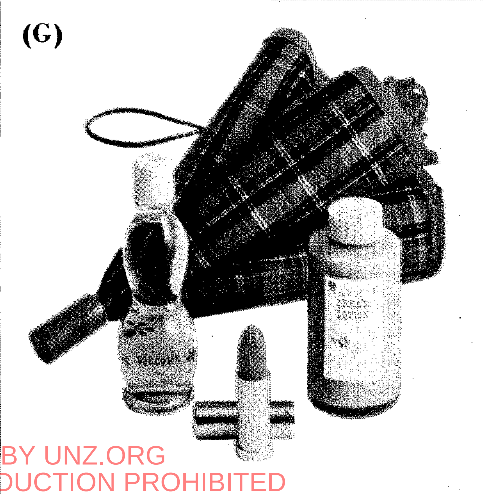
(E)



(F)


Parade Dress

(G)



(A)

QUARTETTE
AVON
LATHER SHAVING CREAM

Avon Gifts please men!

(A) ***Quartet*** . . . As gay as the barber shop quartet that inspired the package, this clever gift will please every man. **$2.20**

(B) ***Before and After*** . . . Cologne for Men, Cream or Liquid Hair Lotion packaged in nostalgic Gay Nineties motif! **$1.69**

(C) ***DeLuxe Trio*** . . . Avon's compact travel kit containing Hair Lotion, Deodorant for Men and woodsy-scented Cologne for Men. **$2.25**

(D) ***Traveling Kit*** . . . For the man who is going places. Contains everything he needs for at-home or away good grooming. **$7.50**

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(B)

COLOGNE FOR MEN

(C)

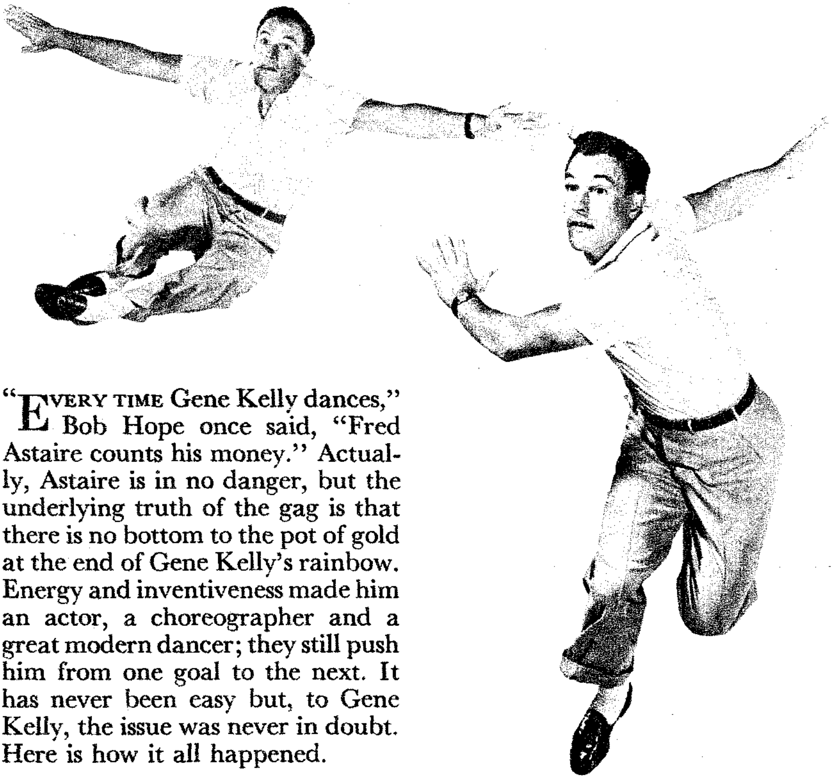
(D)

TALC FOR MEN

Picture Story

GENE KELLY:

Man in Motion



"EVERY TIME Gene Kelly dances," Bob Hope once said, "Fred Astaire counts his money." Actually, Astaire is in no danger, but the underlying truth of the gag is that there is no bottom to the pot of gold at the end of Gene Kelly's rainbow. Energy and inventiveness made him an actor, a choreographer and a great modern dancer; they still push him from one goal to the next. It has never been easy but, to Gene Kelly, the issue was never in doubt. Here is how it all happened.

Gene hated his earliest dancing lessons . . .

. . . until they got him into school plays.

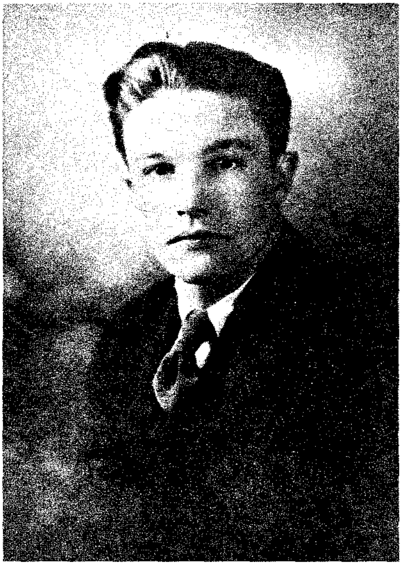
A BOY WEARING a Buster Brown collar and bound for dancing school is a natural target for the jibes of his contemporaries. But to ten-year-old Eugene Joseph Kelly, each taunt was a red flag: Pittsburgh's Highland Park rang with the sounds of his battles-for-honor.

In high school, however, the lessons began to pay off. Gene walked away with the best parts in class plays; the prettiest girls clamored to dance with him at parties. Those who had jeered now came around for lessons.

Gene began haunting vaudeville houses, studying every dancer who came to Pittsburgh—"The quickest way to learn is to watch someone

He taught gymnastics in a YMCA camp.

Dancing school was "ten girls and me."


At 16, Gene became a local celebrity.

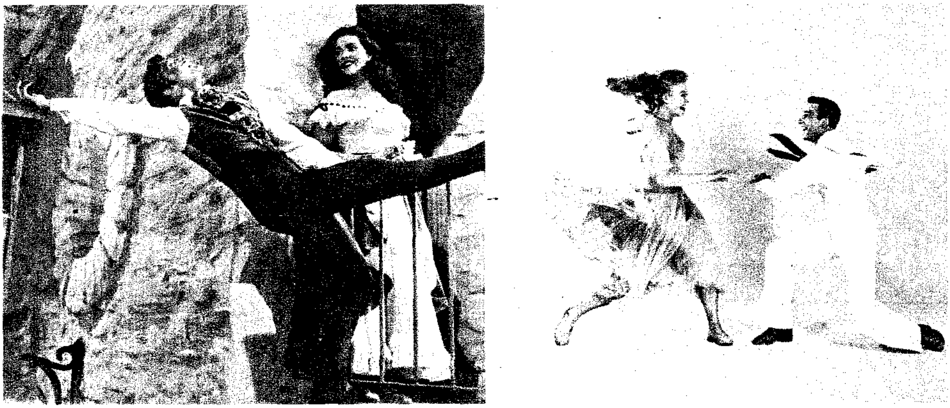
who knows what he's doing"—and, midway through pre-law school, made a startling announcement: he wasn't going to be a lawyer, after all. He was going to be a dancer!

The first stop, naturally, was New York and a part for which he was remembered, if at all, as one of the six young men to whom Mary Martin sang *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*. Then, in 1940, George Abbott cast him in a play called *Pal Joey*. It was, as they say on Broadway, a star-maker — Van Johnson, June Havoc—but, after his performance as the despicably irresistible Joey, the biggest star of all was Gene Kelly.

Critics called his Joey great theater.

Now the movies sought him and, after a year as Joey, Gene signed with M-G-M and went to Hollywood. To films in which he starred with Judy Garland and Frank Sinatra, he brought a kind of glib-footed lightness and roguish charm.

But he had no desire to be typed and sought dramatic parts, too. Critics, re-evaluating the man with the flying feet, applauded him in *Cross of Lorraine.*



He worked indefatigably—"Even when he plays volley ball, it's with dance steps"—and evolved an "open, strong kind of modern dance." One of his leading ladies once called his movie dance rehearsals "Beverly Hills boot camp."

He wrote screen plays, directed dances and, in *An American in Paris,* played the lead and did the choreography. The result: it won the Academy Award.

One day, the studio got a revolutionary request from Kelly: he wanted to make a dance picture without dialogue, without story line, and he wanted to make it in Europe. With the green light, Gene Kelly's status at M-G-M was marked.

And so the work began. Auditioning some of the world's finest dancers, Kelly did the choreography as he went along, improvising, working as never before. *Invitation to the Dance* may well turn out to be his most notable achievement.

Close by, as she has been for 12 years, was Betsy Blair who, as a 16-year-old dancer, applied to dance director Kelly for a job. "I proposed to her at five in the morning shortly thereafter," says Gene. "We've been a duet ever since."

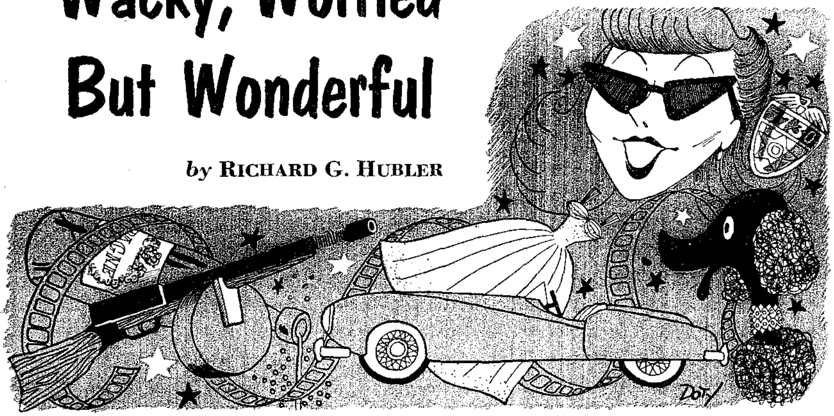
There is laughter in their white house in Beverly Hills because the boyish eagerness that endears Kelly on the screen is part of him in real life, too. To Gene, Betsy and their young daughter Kerry, every day is an adventure eagerly met.

On Gene Kelly's investments in energy and imagination, life has paid good dividends. What next? "I can't think of a time when I won't want just to dance."

Even Californians Admit That Beverly Hills Is . . .

Wacky, Worried But Wonderful

by **RICHARD G. HUBLER**



VISITING BEVERLY HILLS for the first time, an anthropologist reported of its inhabitants: "As they drew near us, they began to howl like wolves."

The men, he went on, were bronzed and clean shaven, below normal height, with low foreheads, tiny eyes, flat noses and large mouths. The women had straight hair with fashionable bangs and used a great deal of paint to prevent sunburn, for social affairs, and especially when they were in love.

The families, he declared, were the smartest and wealthiest in the area. Sickness was treated mostly by psychological practitioners or resorting to an endless number of steam-baths. The natives used a good deal of tobacco and were habitual gamblers and drinkers.

Such were the observations on the now-extinct Beverly Hills Indians, made by the Franciscan friar, Father Crespi, of the Spanish expedition which discovered the spot in California in 1769.

The community is still proud of being an elegant tribe sufficient unto itself. Like a golden, 5-square-mile, liver-shaped island in the midst of the smoggy 454-square-mile sea of Los Angeles, Beverly Hills retains its own peculiar individuality. Its 30,000 citizens form a distinct unit, with their own schools, clubs, police and fire force, oil well, Boy Scouts, mansions, mayor, chamber of commerce, council, 70,000-volume library, post office and newspapers. They pay one of the lowest tax rates in California for their sixth-class city, although their incomes may be unofficially rated as among the highest not only in the state but in the world.

Beverly Hills became famous in 1926 when, in one of the smartest publicity stunts of the century, Will Rogers was elected honorary mayor. Installed in drizzling rain, Rogers declared that all the budding town needed for progress was a little scandal and a few murders.

Today, it has an international reputation for exclusive smartness—but it is growing as overcrowded as a slum. A sample dilemma is the fact that the residents own 4,000 more cars than their garages will hold—most of them Cadillacs, Lincolns or expensive foreign jobs. With only a few exceptions, vertical buildings of more than six stories are forbidden, and the city can expand only horizontally.

With virtually no industry except a large furnace plant, Beverly Hills does a roaring business of $120,000,000 a year in retail sales. A traffic of 300,000 cars a day is shunted through its main streets, while its eight banks boast $200,000,000 on deposit.

The business of the citizens is largely concerned with the production of motion pictures—possibly 200 film notables live in the town—as opposed to the "private people" who run the solid core of business, ranging from crafting swank dog collars to confecting dress styles which rival Paris.

With an estimated average yearly income of $15,000, homes that range into the stratosphere above $50,000, more than one telephone per person, one and a half cars per family and 1,200 swimming pools, Beverly Hills is entitled to the chic reputation it has acquired.

Its 96 miles of wide streets and boulevards and 38 miles of alleys are patrolled constantly and quietly by the 70-man police force—one of the 15 radio cars cruises past a specific point every half-hour. The officers break up necking parties by sitting and waiting behind the love-feast or by turning their spotlight on it. Strollers are often picked up and politely asked their business; if they have no alibi, they are escorted to the nearest bus station.

The streets, most of them curving and maze-like, are wide and sometimes centered with cycle and bridle paths. Many are named for trees—such as Elm, Pine, Laurel, Palm—and are generally carefully planted with the proper species.

SOCIETY IN BEVERLY HILLS is divided into three parts. The first is the rapidly-vanishing cult of the native Californian set; the second consists of the movie people—actors, writers, directors, producers, agents; the third comprises the businessmen and *nouveaux riches* from the East.

None of these mix any better than oil and water, and social life on the distaff side consists largely in straining to get to the top (those already there devote their time to charitable enterprises). The tactics involved consist of holding expensive shindigs, cocktail jamborees, genteel school ceremonies and, on occasion, the passing of the long green.

The parties run to scores of cases of champagne, swimming pool fall-ins and solid gold souvenirs. The decorations sometimes consist of thousands of fresh roses or hundreds of bunches of hothouse grapes. A moderately good free-for-all costs $20,000.

A fourth, and little known, element of Beverly Hills is that of the gangsters and shady folk attracted by the wealth and independence of the community. Most of these have criminal records and are either hiding out or engaged in such lucra-

BEVERLY HILLS
POLICE

tive trafficking as dope, gambling or prostitution.

As late as six years ago, Buggsy Siegel, the Western czar of Murder, Inc., made Beverly Hills the unobtrusive headquarters for West Coast syndicated crime. His murder—still unsolved—in the sittingroom of his girl friend, Virginia Hill, was considered a considerable affront to the people of the town and a special crusher to Chief of Police Clinton H. Anderson.

"We've only had two homicides in the last 25 years," says the affable Chief. "The other was a housemaid who was killed by her husband, whom she had deserted."

Miss Hill commented: "It looks so bad to have something like that happen in your own house."

The point which upset everyone was the fact that the Siegel murder violated the city's unwritten law: if you want to blow your horn or blast your tommy-gun, go somewhere else to do it. It was the violation of this protocol which shocked Anderson, especially when the mob had all the length of the lurid Sunset Strip, right next door, to do it in.

These acute splits in municipal personality have been a boon to psychoanalysts and doctors. "It costs me $70,000 a year just to keep my suite and laboratory open," says one, "but it's worth it."

There is one doctor to every 48 persons, one of the highest ratios known anywhere. Most of them make a comfortable living by being specialists, many of them specializing in ailments of the gastric system which result from high tension. The "head-feelers"—as the professional devotees of Freud, Adler and Jung are vulgarly known—have zoomed from four in 1945 to 90.

The tastes of the citizens are sometimes peculiar but not unusual. With ten bookshops, the largest sellers are often risqué cartoon and joke books; but with seven churches, the sale of the modernized Bible equals and often surpasses this. Occasionally some residents order "20 or 30 feet of books" to fill up a space in their homes or offices.

Though the dress of the men is informal, casual and loud—two-tone suits, bright print shirts, loafer shoes, sport coats and no hat—there is a quiet air of genteel snobbery evident in the field of women's wear. Only sable will cause one female to look twice at another; mink is something worn with slacks to walk the dog. It is notable that some of the more extreme gowns shown in the shops—at prices that sometimes reach well into the thousands—are actually worn to social functions.

Attention is often hard to get, even with the most obvious devices —as in the case of a producer's wife who turned up at a cocktail party with a huge, blazing diamond clip on a jet-black suit. No one mentioned it.

The matron stood it as long as she could, then leaped to her feet. "It's stifling in here!" she cried dramatically. "I guess I'll have to take off my 14-diamond, platinum $11,500 clip!"

The most exclusive meat shops turn up their noses at Western beef; one or two sport a sign ONLY EASTERN MEATS SOLD HERE. A $300 order for backyard barbecue filets is common, but sales are higher on the once-plebeian corned beef.

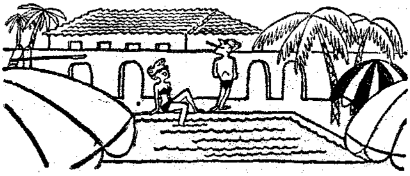
One drugstore in the heart of town advertised a shaving brush for $250 and a hairbrush—"one of three in the world"—for $500. Barbers in the more elite shops receive $5 and $10 tips. Among the 2,175 registered pooches, there are $30,000 poodles and $2,500 dachshunds.

In the realm of hobbies—after golf, swimming, tennis and various indoor sports such as bridge, gin rummy and canasta—the denizens of Beverly Hills are suckers for any new game, generally playing it for fantastic sums and with even more fantastic feuds afterward.

LIKE MOST SUCH WEALTHY developments, Beverly Hills has had a long, intricate and fascinating history behind its façades of greenery and stucco. After its discovery, the aborigines were chased off, and Beverly Hills was Mexican-granted to Maria Rita Valdez—a descendant of the original guide for the discoverers.

In 1822, it consisted of about 4,500 acres, watered by two streams from Benedict and Coldwater Canyon. It was called Rancho el Rodeo de las Aguas and covered roughly the present area of the city.

It developed slowly. By 1841, there were only 1,100 people in Los Angeles and about 30 in Beverly Hills. Used to graze black Mexican cattle, the ranch was raided by Apaches in 1852, and three persons were killed on the site of the present women's club.



The ranch was sold two years later to a couple of Western entrepreneurs who paid $500 in cash, $500 in notes—and $3,000, 27 years later. The deal started off a series of exploitations that included a brief oil-drilling craze and a sheep-raising fad.

In 1887, some land promoters took over and sold lots on the pledge that a canal would be dug from the middle of the "town" to the sea. The 1893 panic left a lonely railroad station standing in the midst of a vast field of wilted beans.

In 1906, the whole was purchased for $670,000 by the Rodeo Land & Water Company and organized as "Beverly Hills" on January 23, 1907, in honor of Burton E. Green, president of the company, who named it after a place called Beverly Farms in Massachusetts.

The first private home was built in November of the same year by Henry C. Clarke, but development lagged until it was selected as a home-site by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and this started a fashionable boom. The building of the Pickfair mansion on the highest foothill overlooking the town was a great occasion. It was Doug who suggested a wall about the place to keep out *hoi polloi.*

From 1922 until 1930, Beverly Hills, like Florida, enjoyed an increasingly frenzied boom—population booming 2,486 per cent—which prompted Will Rogers to opine: "Everybody round here sells, nobody buys to keep. What's worrying me is who is going to be the last owner." When Rogers himself settled down, he bought a ranch outside Beverly Hills proper.

When the Depression arrived, the town went through it with flying colors. It had surmounted a water problem by drilling its own wells; a cement plant had been excluded from the neighborhood; and the failure of one bank was offset by another that stubbornly refused to close its doors even at the admonition of the Government.

Stock brokers found the town a fertile pasture (there are now 20 of them). When a contracting firm complained it was losing $54 on a $75,000 contracting job, a city official dug down and paid the difference in cash on the spot.

In 1930, Beverly Hills claimed about 17,000 inhabitants—a number which has almost doubled in the last twenty years. Most of the motion-picture stars who built within its confines came there because they were attracted by the notion of having large estates within easy distance of the sea and the beaches. At a pleasant elevation of 200 to 961 feet above the waves, the sun was fine and smog was unknown.

Some of the settlers were George Burns and Gracie Allen (with her hundreds of bottles of rare perfumes), Edward G. Robinson (with his genuinely important collection of modern French painters), Joe E. Brown (with his special room of autographed athletic trophies), Ginger Rogers, Wallace Beery and Lionel Barrymore. Not all of these stayed, but a few old-timers still profit from their original real-estate investments in the area.

Some of the most spectacular estates remain, such as the 20-acre Pickfair where Mary and her husband, Buddy Rogers, still live. The showplace, however, is still the estate of the bespectacled comedian, Harold Lloyd, the second largest in Southern California. Its 25-room house has 27 telephones, a stream for canoeing and a private nine-hole golf course.

Beverly Hills these days harbors more motion-picture executives than it does actors or actresses. The air of glamor which once invested the city has largely vanished, to be replaced by one of solid and secure prestige. Most of the present estates are in the foothills of the mountain backdrop, above Sunset Boulevard, one of the well-known streets of the U.S.

South of Sunset, the acreage is much less per house, but the architecture and landscaping is no less striking among the Beverly Hills "middle class." Still further south, below the streetcar lines of the Pacific Electric railway, lie smaller homes and apartments; and even below that the bungalows, more apartment houses and inferior rungs of town society.

The heterogeneous and marvelous architecture of Beverly Hills resembles that of a pastry chef gone mad. There is every possible range of style and treatment—from Provincial French, early American, Aztec, Egyptian, Roman, Southern plantation, Mediterranean, Spanish, Colonial, Georgian, and in more recent years a tendency toward cathedral and esoteric modern. Each is executed with finesse. The money lavished upon them is as apparent in the gimcrack work as it is in the rain-gutters.

The landscaping features a noticeable lack of any long-time growth; there are few great trees except the originally-imported palms and eucalyptuses. The effects of quick massed growth and color are everywhere evident. Geraniums and multi-colored ivy are used for ground cover as much as lawn.

The children raised amid such a sumptuous atmosphere have a certain amount of precocity, and are far from unaware of their parents' fame, importance or wealth. Their audiences at the functions of the half-dozen private schools, four grade schools, the $700,000 high school, and/or kindergartens are likely to represent assorted millions in talent or cash. A favorite rope-jumping rhyme that is currently popular among the small fry is: "Don't step on a crack, you'll break your mother's Cadillac!"

The younger daughter of a movie star once queried her mother about a friend: "How did she know she was going to have a baby?" The mother was left breathless by the response of her older child: "Silly! It was in Louella Parsons' column. She can read, can't she?"

The administration of Beverly Hills is done for love rather than money. Five councilmen are elected for either two or four years, and one serves as mayor. None is paid.

As a result of the sedulous conservatism of this continuing group, the town has a collection of extraordinary city ordinances. The law requires a lawn for each residence; no tree may be chopped down on pain of imprisonment or fine; no "unseemly" noises must be emitted after ten in the evening; FOR SALE signs in residential areas must not be larger than 10 by 20 inches.

According to the normal California complex, the weather of Beverly Hills is supposed to be subtropical ideal. The average is claimed to be 72 in the summer and 52 in the winter. Rainfall is estimated at 18 inches a year, but this is sometimes deceiving. Unindoctrinated residents have been known, on rising, to look out at the impeccable sunshine and shriek: "Another lovely day!"

Beverly Hills residents themselves sometimes complain about the effete life. Though their high school has a magnificent gymnasium with a swimming pool beneath a hydraulically-parted basketball floor, it seems that the pupils of the school are "too gently reared" to win football games.

Even though Christmas trees may be decorated with ermine tails at Yuletide and the apartments in one of the two great hotels of the town rent as high as $1,000 to $1,500 a month, Beverly Hills has no hospital. And there is not much spontaneous human nature present: few children are born in Beverly Hills, and the number of infants is said to be only half that of pets.

And, since the town has no cemetery, no one is buried there either.

Color-Conscious

A BULL MAY BE DUMB but he understood the red flag long before the rest of the world did.

—DAN BENNETT

Race Against Ruin

by **DON MCNEILL**

LOUIS REMME felt fine as he sat down to breakfast in Bremond's Restaurant, a favorite eating place in Sacramento, California. The day before, February 2, 1855, he had sold his cattle herd for $12,500. He had deposited the money where he thought it would be absolutely safe, in the Sacramento branch of the famous Western banking house of Adams & Company, receiving a $12,500 gold certificate redeemable at any Adams office.

After breakfast, Remme opened his newspaper: the San Francisco branch of Adams had failed, which meant that every other branch would automatically close. He had to get his certificate to a branch which had not yet heard the news of the San Francisco failure; that would have to be in a city having no telegraphic communication with the rest of the country.

Portland, Oregon, was just such a place. No one there would know of the bank disaster for six days, the time required by the *Columbia* to make her regular run from San Francisco to Portland.

"Can I still make it?" he thought. If he rode the *Columbia*, the news would ride with him. Before he even got off the boat, word of the failure would have been shouted out to the city. Somehow, he had to beat the *Columbia* to Portland—700 miles away.

But how? On horseback? No man could ride that grueling 700 miles in six days. Besides, Remme did not even have a horse.

Remme then hurried to the Sacramento wharf, barely catching a stern-wheeler to Knight's Landing, 42 miles away. Nearly three days later, he was approaching the Oregon border, riding night and day, buying fresh horses when he could. From Yreka, he rode to Hungry Creek, Bear Creek, Jacksonville.

By the fifth day, he had reached the city of Eugene in his race against ruin. Dawn of the sixth day found him, saddle-weary but determined, nearing French Prairie. At 10:30 A.M., he rode into Oregon City. Only the Willamette River separated him from Portland.

By noon, Remme had found a boy willing to ferry him across the river. Soon after, the weary rider presented his certificate at the Adams office and requested payment. The agent checked the certificate, found it in order, and handed Remme $12,500—just as a cannon boomed.

"What's that?" Remme asked.

"That's to tell us the *Columbia* is coming up the river. She'll be docking in an hour."

Don McNeill is toastmaster on *The Breakfast Club,* ABC-radio, Monday through Friday

The Trouble with Women...

by CARL H. WINSTON

Both sexes can learn a few important things from this typical American fable

"THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN," said Joe Meeker, "is they're always making big fusses over nothing. Right now they're upstairs getting their coats and hats . . . a simple thing, but they'll complicate it so, and talk so much, they'll forget to come down. It's 12:30 now; I'll bet it's 1:00 before they get down."

The occasion was the Spauldings' dinner party, which had come to a close. The husbands were huddled in the foyer, waiting for their mates to gather their garments.

"What I mean," Joe went on, "is when you ask a man to do something he either tells you to jump in the lake—or he does it. Tell a woman to do something, and she takes a week to prepare. The other day, my wife asked me to drive her to market. I said all right, and two minutes later I had the car out. Half an hour later she was ready."

"What was she doing all that time?" asked Bill Spaulding.

"She was chasing the cat to put him in the cellar, covering the couch with paper so the dog would not jump on it, turning down the thermostat, collecting old bottles to return to the store, checking her shopping list, changing her dress, combing her hair, fixing her face."

"Why couldn't she do those things first?" asked Ralph Lowry.

"Because she's a woman, that's why," said Joe.

"The trouble with women," said Bill, "is they always hear noises and smell something burning."

"Well," said Joe, "I did read recently where scientific tests proved women have keener senses."

"That proves my point," said Bill. "Women have such keen senses they can even smell smells and hear noises that don't exist. At least once a month my wife wakes me in the middle of the night because she *knows* either the house is on fire or a burglar is after our silverware."

"Has she ever been right?" asked Walter Foster.

"No," answered Bill, "and that's what worries me. One night she'll be right, and I won't believe her."

"The trouble with women," said Ralph Lowry, "is they think they've always got to look like a picture in a fashion magazine. My wife gets a run in her stocking and she almost dies of mortification. Things like that don't bother men."

"That's right," Joe agreed enthusiastically. "Take me. If I go out needing a shave in my own neighborhood, it doesn't bother me because everybody knows me. And in a strange neighborhood, I don't care because nobody knows me."

"But not women," said Ralph. "A woman feels she's got to look nice for strangers, better for friends and best for her enemies. A woman lives in constant terror that someone will have a low opinion of her because her hair is stringy or because she's wearing last month's dress. Seems to me men want to be judged by what kind of fellows they are, not by what clothing store they patronize—and how often."

"The trouble with women," said Walter Foster, "is they're always buying bargains. Take my wife. Last week she heard there was a shop in Centerville that was selling velveteen for three cents a yard less than here in town. She burned up three gallons of gas and put 50 miles worth of wear and tear on the car in order to snap up that steal. She bought three yards."

"That's nothing," put in Ralph. "My wife bought a brown handbag that was reduced from $13.95 to $9.95. Then she discovered she had nothing to wear with it, so she got a complete new brown ensemble. Cost: $88. Her sharp eye for bargains set me back $97.95."

"Which just goes to prove what I always say," concluded Walter. "What I always say is that the most expensive habit a woman can acquire is saving money. The one thing a woman can't seem to understand is that you save more money by *not* buying something than you do by buying it at a bargain."

"The trouble with women," said Art Cooper, who had remained quiet up to that point, "is they're always rapping their dearest friends. You watch a flock of girls at bridge or something. They have a gay old time slicing up one of their innermost group; then when that very girl makes her appearance, they fall all over each other telling her how grand she looks and how crazy they are about her."

"Men are different," said Bill. "If two men don't like each other, they give each other a wide berth. And if one guy finds something to criticize in a friend, he takes him aside and tells him. He doesn't throw the subject on the floor for open discussion among a select little group of 12 or 14 people."

"The trouble with women," said George Carr, "is that they are all the time stewing and fretting over things they can't do anything about. If it's a rainy day, a woman looks up at the sky 50 times and keeps saying: 'Isn't it terrible . . . why doesn't it stop . . . how can I put out my wash?' "

"Men are naturally more philosophical," said Joe Meeker, "they accept things better than women. A man says, 'All right, it's raining,' and goes in to watch TV, or take a nap or something."

"Women are fretters by nature," continued George. "They're unhappy if they haven't got something to be unhappy about. My wife is a good example. She was complaining something terrible about a headache, so I made her take a couple of aspirins. The headache disappeared. You'd think that would be the end of it, wouldn't you? Not with my wife. She got on the phone and called three girl friends and sat for an hour telling them what a frightful headache she *did have* before it went away."

"Fretters is right!" exclaimed Ralph. "I remember a picnic we went on last summer. All my wife did all morning was fret that we'd forget something. She packed and repacked, checked and rechecked.

"Well, we got out to the picnic grounds and she checked again. Everything was there. For about fifteen minutes she didn't say a word, just sat there looking sad. Then all of a sudden her face brightened and she said, 'I know—we forgot the ketchup!' Funny thing is, she uses mayonnaise and so does little Susie. Tommy and I are strictly mustard men. But she was happy—'We forgot the ketchup'!"

"The trouble with women," said Joe Meeker, "is that a woman feels called on to express an opinion on whatever occurs, whether she knows what she's talking about or not. She feels as long as she can put her two cents' worth into a conversation, she's really living. If a man hasn't got something to say about a subject, he keeps quiet."

At that moment Margie Meeker came down the stairs. "My goodness," she said, "it's half-past one. I hate to break up the party, but we girls have been patiently waiting for 30 minutes."

Sharply, she looked over the group of husbands in the foyer. "The trouble with men," she said, "is that you stand around all the time, talking shop. Can't you talk about anything else?"

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WRITE TO: ***James M. Foster, Dept. 263, 488 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.***

WLW—Voice of the Midwest

by MARTIN ABRAMSON

Public service blended with showmanship makes it the top independent station

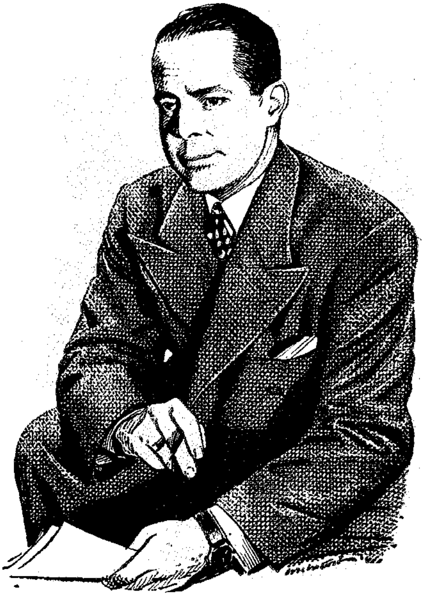
AN EDITORIAL in a Midwest newspaper ignited the spark. "Will television make America a nation of ignoramuses?" it asked.

Then it went on to denounce TV as a time-consuming ogre that never permitted any child to get his homework done and thus was a despoiler of our school system. A few days later, the paper printed a stream of letters from readers, many applauding its stand and demanding action.

In a buff-brick building on Crosley Square, Cincinnati, a stocky, mild-mannered man was also convinced it was time for action. After conferring with his staff and a group of educators, he made a grant to local Xavier University to determine for the public exactly what TV was doing to children's education. But a firm agreement was made prohibiting the man financing the survey from having any connection with it.

The astonishing thing about all this was that the man was James D. Shouse, chairman of the board of the Crosley Broadcasting Corporation and head of Cincinnati's WLW, largest and most successful independent TV and radio operation in the country.

In some broadcasting circles, there was a good deal of consternation over "Shouse's Folly." Behind closed doors, angry charges were made that WLW was out to cook both its own and the industry's golden goose. Shouse stood firm.



"Our station belongs to its stockholders, but it also belongs to its public," he said. "If TV is really hurting our kids, we've got a responsibility to do something. Right now, everybody's talking about the situation, but nobody has the facts."

During the survey, the daily habits of 1,000 representative children in 16 schools were placed under the sociological fluoroscope. The results showed that children listen to too many mystery programs and often stay up too late, but they also proved that TV's diet has no real effect on learning or achievement.

"WLW performed a notable and selfless service for the community, in line with the best traditions of the free press and radio," observed Prof. Walter Clarke of Xavier, who directed the survey.

It is this kind of high-spirited enterprise, as well as an intimate concern for the grass-roots Midwesterner, that is largely responsible for WLW's enviable record in broadcasting. It has received a record number of 27 national awards for "public service," "program excellence" and "patriotic leadership." Its powerful transmitters carry its programs into seven Midwestern states and reach more than one-tenth of the country's population. In all, it invests $1,000,000 and 1,000 hours of air-time each year in public-service programming. Meanwhile, it has raised millions for charity drives.

Primarily, the WLW public-service function is performed by hard-hitting dramatized programs which bring community problems into the living room, via TV and radio. "You can't just lecture to people if you want them to understand what's going on," Shouse points out. "You've got to use showmanship."

WLW staffers spent almost a year planning "The 13th Man," a prize-winning documentary series analyzing the problems of the one out of 13 people in America who has reached 65. A similar prize-winning series, called "A Time for Planting," delved into the problems of the Midwestern school system. WLW was first to experiment with TV as an aid to giving classroom lessons on a mass scale, and first to teach history classes by dramatic presentation of famous events.

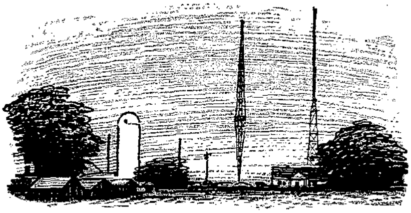
Unlike other stations which have fought the FCC proposal to allocate TV channels to educational groups, WLW has strongly supported the idea. It has even offered to donate the use of its tower to any new educational station in its area, thus saving $100,000 in construction. If all this seems to make it an auxiliary arm of the school system, you can blame it on Shouse. He was a schoolteacher before he became successful in the highly competitive broadcasting business.

"Jim never really left the classroom; he just packed it up and took it with him," his associates say.

WLW is also one of the few stations in the world to own a farm. Called "Everybody's Farm" and covering 137 acres near Mason, Ohio, it is a working unit, rather than a showcase. "It was my feeling that since we had such a large farm audience in the Ohio Valley, the best way to serve them was to go through the same experience they were going through," Shouse says.

"Everybody's Farm" is supervised by an agricultural expert and is tilled by a tenant farmer. Agricultural leaders from all over the country visit Mason to discuss rural legislation, new techniques for raising poultry and crops, and new cultivation methods.

WLW's close ties with the country's "Bread-Basket" resulted in an unprecedented cross-Atlantic mission a few years ago. American relief agencies abroad had reported



alarming new ut drought and famine in Europe, but a visiting ional committee in ports were exaggerated. figton, where demands for e pouring in, the atmosphere me highly political. WLW de ded to clear the air.

It selected three people with no axes to grind—a typical housewife, a typical farmer, and a typical grocer—and sponsored them on a tour of the famine areas. They were asked by Shouse to find out whether there was widespread hunger, and what Americans could do to help.

They reported to WLW audiences by two-way transatlantic programs, by short-wave and cabled reports, and by taped recordings which were flown to Ohio and cut into farm programs. When the trio came back, their reports helped to swing Congressional appropriations for famine relief.

WLW'S SUPERIOR RECORD of public service is matched only by its outstanding success as a commercial entity. "The over-all philosophy behind WLW is what you might call enlightened self-interest," says Robert Dunville, president of the station. "We do things for the community because they're worthwhile, but in the end, we do all right for ourselves, too."

Proof is the fact that WLW outstrips every other station in its area in listening audience. Last year, it banked over $1,000,000 in profit, a record for an independent station.

Unlike many other local stations, WLW spends a small fortune in developing its own programs and personalities. It boasts one of the largest talent staffs in broadcasting; many of its staff musicians are members of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, and it runs its own vocal school and talent clinics for performers. Also it scouts the Midwest for recruits, mostly via its "Star Search" contest, staged annually in 190 theaters.

Although WLW is far from New York and Hollywood, its graduate roster includes Jane Froman, Rosemary Clooney, Red Skelton, Doris Day, the Mills Brothers, the Ink Spots, Red Barber, Eddie Albert, Janette Davis, the Charioteers, Singin' Sam and Fats Waller.

Nearly all the big stars nourished by WLW registered their strongest impact on *Moon River*, a midnight program with strong emotional appeal. In 1930, Powel Crosley asked Ed Byron, program director (later the creator of "Mr. District Attorney"), to put together a sign-off program featuring inspiring poetry by Keats, Shelley and Guest, blended with soft organ music and songs of love and hope. Byron wrote a special *Moon River* theme poem, and the program quickly became a popular sleeping and relaxing medium in the Midwestern radio area.

In 23 years, *Moon River* has woven a strange spell over thousands of lives. Letters pouring into the station paint such portraits of love that sprouted and grew, of broken romances knitted together, of loneliness and misery dispelled by an inspiring program, that one begins to envision a real-life river, gushing healing waters over emotionally torn bodies.

Other programs that WLW originated in the early days of radio have given the station an unusual record of "firsts." It broadcast the first "whodunit" program, the first hill-billy entertainment, the first Negro spiritual, the first news-flash technique for public announcements. It created such pioneer dramatic programs as "Famous Jury Trials" and "Roses and Drums." It also aired the first regular soap opera, "Ma Perkins," which is still running on the CBS network and still features Virginia Paine and Charles Egelston, original WLW stars.

Currently, the station's most popular attraction is Ruth Lyons, a blonde, fortyish bundle of saucy irreverence who alternately clowns, charms and browbeats her way into the affections of her TV audience. Famed in the Midwest as a "female Godfrey," she emcees a 90-minute daytime variety show called "The Fifty-Fifty Club," which boasts the incredible total of 28 sponsors.

The oddest part of WLW's history is that the station was founded not as a mass medium but merely for the ears of one person. In 1921, an engineer named Dave Conlon, who worked in Crosley's toy factory, built a crystal radio set for Crosley's young son. In those infant days of radio, there were only a few stations in America and none near Cincinnati. So the boy couldn't hear anything.

To remedy this, Crosley had Conlon build a small transmitting station in the pa[illegible] called the station 8[illegible] later hit on the name o[illegible] home. He first thing WLW broadca[illegible] Year phonograph recording of S[illegible] *India*, which Crosley played for [illegible] benefit of a few crystal-set owners in the neighborhood.

By 1925, WLW had grown to 5,000-watt strength and was the most powerful regularly operated station in the world. By 1934, it was permitted to build a 500,000-watt superpower transmitter, unequalled anywhere.

A few years later, Crosley retired from radio. At that time, Shouse, a native of Kentucky, who became a sales executive for CBS in Chicago after giving up teaching, replaced him as president.

Although WLW's 500,000-watt transmitter has been idle since the FCC ordered the station to revert to 50,000 watts some years back, it is kept in readiness for instant use. Shouse sees this superpower unit as a vital tool in the event of an attack on the U. S. "Bombing raids may cause most of the radio stations to give up, and it would be necessary to have a couple of superpower stations to blanket the country," he points out.

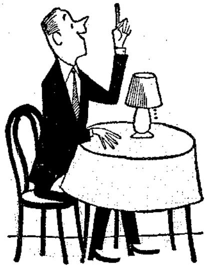
In this eventuality, the "Voice of America's Heartland" would become the voice of the country.

Apt Analogy

TAKE A PIECE OF WAX, a piece of meat, some sand, some clay and some shavings and put them on the fire. Each is being acted upon by the same agent, yet the wax melts, the meat fries, the sand dries up, the clay hardens and the shavings blaze. Just so, under the influence of identical circumstances and environment, one man becomes stronger, another weaker, and another withers away. —*Tales of Hoffman*

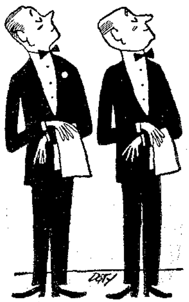
A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

WAITER . . . PLEASE!



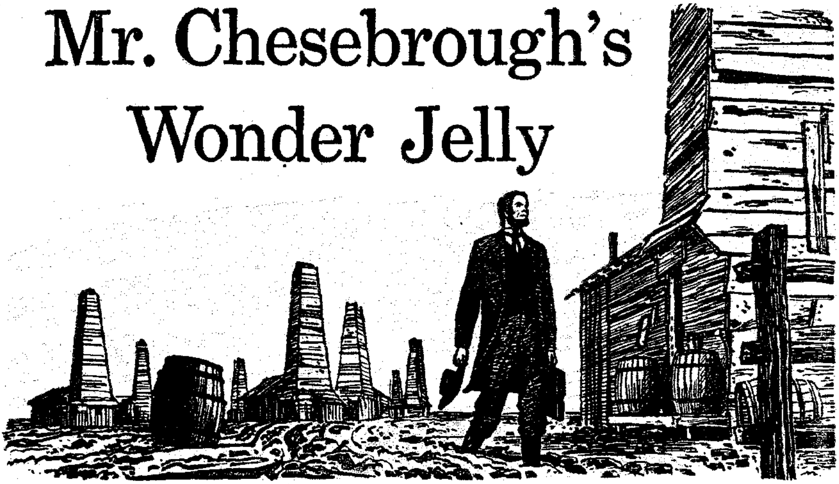
Ted Mack, genial host of the "Original Amateur Hour" (NBC-TV, Saturdays, 8:30 to 9 P.M. EST), spends much of his time on the road, touring with his show. *In the course of his travels he* has eaten in restaurants in hundreds of cities and towns, sampling the menu *from avocado to zander.* As quizmaster, Ted challenges your knowledge of food with this quizzical "bill of fare."

(Answers on page 163)



1. How much food is consumed per capita in the U.S. in a yearly average?
   a. 800 pounds; b. 1,100 pounds; c. 1,500 pounds.
2. Which of the following is the staple food of the largest number of people in the world?
   a. rice; b. bread; c. potatoes.
3. Where did macaroni originate?
   a. Italy; b. Germany; c. Asia.
4. How did "Porterhouse steak" get its name?
   a. After James Porterhouse, a cook at the court of Queen Victoria; b. After it was made popular by the proprietor of a New York porterhouse, a place where porter and other malt liquors were sold; c. Because it is as large as a "porterhouse," the gate house of a city.
5. Why is the ice cream dish with syrup called a "sundae"?
   a. It came to us from the Sunda Islands; b. It was originally called "sundry ice cream," a different kind of sweet dish; c. It was originally called a "Sunday soda," made with syrups, when the city fathers of Evanston, Ill., passed a law forbidding the use of soda on Sunday.
6. If somebody in a restaurant ordered a "Prairie oyster," would you know that he wanted:
   a. a non-alcoholic cocktail with a floating egg yolk; b. a vegetarian *hors d'oeuvre;* c. Texas horseradish with catsup.
7. Corned beef is beef that has been:
   a. cooked with cornstarch; b. pickled in brine; c. smoked and cured.
8. What are capers?
   a. unexpanded flower buds of a Mediterranean plant, preserved in vinegar; b. eggs of a tropical river fish, preserved in vinegar; c. the seeds of a California perennial herb, preserved in vinegar.
9. The term "sautéed" indicates food that has been:
   a. boiled; b. deep-fried in oil or fat; c. fried quickly in little grease.
10. When your menu says "brisket of beef" it refers to:
    a. the cut of beef; b. the size of the portion; c. the tenderness of the meat.
11. If you ate a shaddock, you would be eating:
    a. fish; b. a citrus fruit; c. a sausage.
12. What substance gives Worcestershire sauce its color?
    a. mustard; b. soy bean; c. paprika.
13. Dill, used to flavor dill pickles, is:
    a. a vegetable; b. a mineral salt; c. a special vinegar.
14. When you are served tapioca, you are eating:
    a. a starchy food product, made from the roots of a Brazilian plant; b. a starch, made from East-Indian corn; c. a synthetic gelatine.
15. If the sardines in your can had escaped the net and reached adulthood, they would be called:
    a. pilchard; b. herring; c. mackerel.

Mr. Chesebrough's Wonder Jelly



by **Mort Weisinger**

Throughout the world people are continually discovering new ways to use Vaseline

THIS YEAR, people the world over will use millions of pounds of a substance that is tasteless, colorless and odorless. They will use it in a thousand different ways, almost none of which its inventor had in mind. The substance is Vaseline petroleum jelly, a miracle semi-solid that can be found in almost every medicine chest on earth.

Movie stars use it to simulate teardrops. Artists use it to preserve paint brushes. Long-distance swimmers use it to protect their bodies from cold waters. Magicians dab it on playing cards to effect tricks. Big-league ball players rub it into their gloves to make the leather more pliable. Blind folk use it to keep their fingers soft to help them read Braille. And wise motorists coat the terminals of their car batteries with it to prevent corrosion.

Robert Chesebrough, the 19th-century chemist who concocted the first petrolatum salve which he sold under the trade mark "Vaseline," thought that an inexpensive healing balm whose added virtues were non-rancidity and near-invisibility would fill a medicinal vacuum. But Chesebrough brought down many more ducks than he knew were flying. His customers invented almost countless uses.

Some use petroleum jelly by the ton, like the razor company that coats billions of blades in order to insulate against rust. Others use it by the gram, like the photographer who smears it on a negative to eliminate scratches. But whether utilized by the pound or the ounce, it's a safe bet you occasionally use a tiny glob of the versatile Vaseline jelly for a purpose never dreamed of by its original perfector.

Mother knows that a thin layer will remove from furniture white spots caused by a wet glass; rubbed into cloth, it will make lipstick stains vanish. Father uses the jelly in his workshop, to make unscrewing of nuts and bolts easier. In the winter, he dabs it on the car windshield to prevent frosting. During house-painting time, he achieves paint-drip insurance by applying it to doorknobs, hinges, chandeliers and other metal fixtures.

The remarkable ointment has won friends and influenced people from the Poles to the Equator. Vaseline jelly was Peary's companion during his Arctic treks, and it didn't freeze even at 40 degrees below zero. He once said that the five items he most needed in the Far North were his rifle, skis, a chocolate bar, a Bible and a jar of Vaseline. Others report that in some jungle regions, natives use the jars as legal tender, because the substance does not turn rancid under the tropical sun.

Among the biggest customers are our military services. Millions of packets of sterile gauze, impregnated with the jelly, are used in burn treatment and surgery, but it is a foxhole favorite for other reasons. GIs use it to massage aching feet, to keep hair in condition, to lubricate and rust-proof firearms, to soothe itching skin, to protect leather equipment from mildew, and as a substitute for shaving cream.

TODAY, MOST OF US take the product for granted, but up until 80 years ago it was nonexistent. Like steel, vulcanized rubber, dynamite and many other products of our civilization, it was discovered by accident. The story began one summer day in 1859, when Robert Augustus Chesebrough, struggling 22-year-old Brooklyn chemist, heard newsboys shouting reports of a fabulous Colonel Drake who had made an oil strike in Pennsylvania.

In his laboratory, young Robert had specialized in one field—learning how to refine cannel oil into kerosene. But a new era in fuel was on the way, now that America had discovered rich, natural petroleum. With his kerosene business threatened, young Chesebrough thought he might turn his refining know-how to the petroleum field. So the rangy, curly-headed youth invested his savings in a railroad ticket to Titusville, Pennsylvania, heart of the oil boom.

The young chemist strode over the rutted oil fields, eyes sharp, mind alert.

"Thinking of buying this land, governor?"

He started, and saw in front of him a grimy little man in overalls. "Just having a look around," Robert answered.

"You're fortunate, friend," said the man. "I've work to do." Then he lowered himself down where oil-pumping equipment was throbbing. With a scraper in one hand and a piece of waste cloth in the other, he began scooping and rubbing away at the pump rods.

"Rod-wax!" he complained bitterly. "Biggest nuisance in the oil fields."

He went on to explain that "rod-wax" was a paraffin-like oil residue which had to be scraped off regularly or the shafts would not function properly.

Giving the now shiny rods a final rub, the chatty little fellow clambered up beside Robert. "Still," he sighed, "the Almighty put everything here for a good purpose—even 'rod-wax.' The boys curse about it fouling the pumps, but if they accidentally burn or cut themselves, they come running for the stuff to rub on themselves. And it works like a charm!"

When Chesebrough returned to his rooming house in Brooklyn, he carried a box filled with the bothersome "rod-wax." That night in bed, wrestling with insomnia, he recalled that throughout the ages, oils had been used as a skin remedy. The young chemist concluded that while natural oil had not proved itself a miracle panacea, its place in medicine could not be pushed aside as an old wives' tale.

To the sleepless Robert, it appeared just possible that there might be some ingredient in the waste "rod-wax" which possessed special medical qualities superior to the benefits bestowed by natural oil, and that there must be some way by which to duplicate the concoction in the laboratory.

In the months that followed, Chesebrough painstakingly evolved a process which enabled him to extract a concentrated residue from petroleum. The final result was a tray of white, translucent jelly.

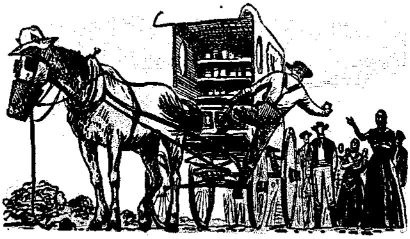
To test the healing powers of his new balm, Chesebrough became a human guinea pig. He inflicted scores of cuts and scratches upon his person; he seared his hands with flame and acid. Each of these wounds he anointed with his novel embrocation. Pain was supplanted by satisfaction as the strange new emollient soothed and healed his multiple lacerations.

All his life, Robert Chesebrough was to carry scars as a result of the weeks he was his own guinea pig. To round out his experiments, he would patrol areas where construction men, ditchdiggers and bricklayers worked, prevailing upon them to mend their occupational hurts with his salve. When they reported beneficial results, Chesebrough knew he was in business.

The young chemist chose the word "Vaseline" to identify his new product. Although the word was arbitrarily coined, it is believed it comes from the German "*wasser*," water, and the Greek "*elaion*," olive oil, because Chesebrough thought that crude petroleum was formed by the decomposition of water in the earth and the uniting of the hydrogen (evolved by this decomposition) with carbon.

Soon, Chesebrough was able to raise enough capital to set up a plant to manufacture his product in great quantity. Now he was ready for his first sales effort. He sent samples to physicians, apothecaries and scientific societies, then sat back waiting for orders. Instead, he received polite replies, occasionally sweetened by a request for more free samples.

Undaunted, Chesebrough embarked on what was probably the first giveaway campaign in history. Obtaining a mare and a wagon, he loaded up with thousands of one-ounce sample bottles and set out for



upper New York, doling out a bottle to every person on the route, stopping at country farms to supply the woman of the house. The last link in each area was, of course, the local druggist, who would inevitably feel the demand created by the samples.

Chesebrough's wagon junket proved so successful that he put the whole operation on a road company basis, deploying a dozen other horse-and-buggy hawkers to work villages in New Jersey and Connecticut. By 1870, he was able to obtain registration of the trade-mark "Vaseline" for his petroleum jelly. Within a few years it became a national household brand, and the public was buying jars of the healing salve at the rate of more than one a minute.

Chesebrough's faith in his new product was confirmed when the medical profession accepted it as a major development in the preparation of curative ointments. The balm earned special respect in January, 1912, when the Equitable Life Assurance Building in New York caught fire, burning many of the occupants. During the fire, which took six lives, pounds of the jelly were requisitioned to ease the agony of the casualties.

Since then, the product has been recommended as treatment for minor burns by the Army, Red Cross and Civil Defense agencies. It is considered especially helpful because it keeps the burned area sealed off against air-borne infection and, when combined with a sterile pressure bandage, decreases the loss of essential fluids.

Stunts, campaigns and word-of-mouth recommendation inevitably won international fame for the word Vaseline. In 1916, Chesebrough officials were puzzled to note a phenomenal rise in the sales of their product to Russia. Investigating, it was learned that countless Russian peasants had discovered that petrolatum, when added to the oil burned in their holy lamps, eliminated choking smoke fumes.

A similar sales spree for petrolatum swept China in 1917. Again the Chesebrough brass was baffled by the upsurge, until their agents informed them that it was due to Sun Yat-Sen's liberation of the Chinese people. One of his first edicts was that all coolies remove their mark of subjugation—the pigtail. Clipping their queues, millions of Chinese found themselves plagued by the bristle which stuck out at the base of the scalp. Grooming hair with the ointment proved the best way to control the bristle.

Once, when a new company employee winced at the report of natives in India who buttered bread with the jelly, Chesebrough found nothing disturbing at the thought of such a weird delicacy. "Young man," he roared, "our jelly is good enough to eat. I've eaten pounds of it myself!"

This was no lie. So great a faith did Robert Chesebrough have in the therapeutic value of his product that he swallowed a spoonful every day of his life. Although the medical world hailed it as a great balm for surface conditions, Chesebrough personally considered the stuff a cure-all for everything from asthma to ulcers.

In his late fifties, ill with pleurisy, he made his nurse anoint him with the substance from head to toe—

and promptly recovered. Chesebrough died in 1933 at 96. On his deathbed, he boasted that he owed his longevity to his habit of taking a daily dose of the jelly.

Actually, it is perfectly harmless if taken internally. Indeed, its flavorless edibility has endeared it to foreign food industries. Confectioners abroad, for example, use it to preserve the luster of chocolates and to keep gum pastiles soft.

Today, the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company sells more than 69,000,000 jars a year to more than 100 countries of the world. Petroleum jelly is also bought in bulk by cosmetic houses, which use it as a base for beauty creams, and by pharmaceutical companies, which compound the jelly with wonder drugs into ointment form. Chesebrough also does a brisk business in a dozen other related items, ranging from Vaseline Hair Tonic to Vaseline Lip Ice.

In order to meet the global demand, besides its two American plants in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, and McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania, Chesebrough operates plants in Canada, England and South Africa, and is building another one in Australia.

Meanwhile, customers are constantly writing the company, relaying new uses for the product. A famous sportsmen's club recently reported that blobs of it serve as excellent bait for rainbow trout. And a prominent sculptor revealed in an interview that he always applies a coat of the jelly to his subject's face before pouring on plaster for a life mask.

Although the firm has 14 filing cases packed with letters from appreciative customers, one backhanded testimonial has become a Chesebrough legend. It came from the sheriff of a small-town jail.

"Please cancel our regular order," he wrote. "During the past few months, two of our inmates stole the supply from the prison dispensary and, by greasing their bodies, were able to wriggle through the bars of their cells. We don't want to encourage any other such slippery characters."

Just for Sports

CITATION MAY NOT HAVE BEEN the greatest racehorse that ever lived, but he is the biggest money winner—for his owner, that is. During his career of a little over four years of racing, Old Cy started 45 times, of which total he won 32 races, and earned $1,085,760 for his owner, Warren Wright.

The horse did not do so well for his backers, though. If you had risked $2 on the nose in each of his starts (one race was a "walkover" on which no bets were taken) you would have invested $88. At parimutuel odds, Citation would have returned you a total of $99.50, for an $11.50 profit. That same $88 invested in a savings and loan association at 3½ per cent would have yielded approximately a $13 profit.

There's a moral to be gleaned from all this: only horses beat horses!

—ANITA SCHLOSSHEIMER

SIGHT-SAVER, M. D.

by **OTIS CARNEY**

A 73-year-old Chicagoan has preserved the sight of thousands all over the world

OUT OF THE DARKNESS came the voice Henry Laslo remembered from the operation . . . a voice telling him to open his eyes so he could see.

See? Henry Laslo trembled. For 17 years, since the age of 40, he had been totally blind. All the other doctors had told him he would never see.

"Go ahead, Henry," the voice said. "Open your eyes."

Dazzling brightness seemed to stab into his brain as, suddenly, strange shapes leaped at him, bringing back a forgotten world. He sobbed in disbelief.

Then, as heavy lenses were fitted over his eyes, the world came slowly into focus and he saw smiling down at him the man who had freed him from darkness.

That man was Dr. Oscar B. Nugent, world-famous surgeon, who has spent his life conquering the dreaded cataracts which, in advanced stages ~~like Laslo~~'s, are the greatest single cause of blindness.

A pioneer in this most intricate of all surgical fields, Dr. Nugent has performed some 15,000 eye operations. He has evolved three operative techniques, as well as designing the 14 instruments needed to carry them out, his Axis-Traction operation being now generally regarded as one of the most successful techniques ever devised for the removal of cataracts. During 35 years with Chicago's Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, he has trained 2,000 specialists from various countries.

"Fortunately for our field, Dr. Nugent has always been a stubborn perfectionist," one of his students, now a prominent surgeon, says. "Refusing to accept earlier hazardous techniques, he slowly evolved his own, perfecting them until he had a proven record of success. His teaching and his methods have materially reduced the failures and inefficiencies too long associated with eye surgery."

The resolute Scotch-Irishman, now 73, had to overcome poverty, and undergo a long medical apprenticeship before he felt ready to challenge the infinite complexity of the eye.

Nugent himself is a striking contrast to his remarkable record. Friendly, casual, humble, he gives the appearance of a clumsy farmer rather than a scientist whose dexterous fingers hold the key to sight or blindness. Apparently oblivious to the tensions of his work, he is an expert at preparing his patients for operations, joking with them in the slow, drawling manner of his rural boyhood.

"He kids so much," an assisting nurse confides, "that you never really know when he's serious."

Once the operation begins, however, Dr. Nugent's weatherbeaten, lined face becomes a study in total concentration. And such is required, for as he probes behind the tiny cornea of the eye, his chances of error are staggering.

His scalpel must move in an area hardly bigger than a cluster of pinheads; his stitches must be made with sutures so fine they cannot even be felt between the fingertips. He has no second chance, for let a scalpel falter in the eye and the damage is irreparable.

"Eye surgery," the doctor explains, "is like walking a tightrope. It takes a lot of experience before you can learn the delicate balance and timing." Nugent's own technique is now so highly developed that he can perform his incredibly complicated cataract operation in slightly under 23 minutes.

THE CATARACT has constantly threatened the sight of man from his earliest beginnings. It affects any age, and can be caused by such widely different circumstances as congenital defects, nutritional changes, disease, injury or senility. To cataract sufferers, full vision can be restored only by surgery.

In simple terms, the cataract condition means that the tiny crystalline lens behind the iris of the eye has lost its transparency. Because its minute fibers have become white or even black, the lens no longer filters a clear image to the retina, or optical recording plate.

The problem of cataract surgery is that the lens is more than twice as large as the aperture in the delicate iris through which it must be removed by the surgeon. The problem would be the same, for instance, if you had a fifty cent piece in your box camera and had to draw it out through the very small shutter without damaging either coin or shutter.

Over the years, the Nugent method of accomplishing ~~this difficult~~ feat has been 99 per cent successful. In fact, more than half his patients, when fitted with glasses to replace the lens they have lost, can enjoy vision of 20-20 or better.

Dr. Nugent's inventiveness has touched almost all phases of eye surgery. For the treatment of strabismus, or cross-eye, he devised a technique of putting a control suture in the optical muscles, thereby training both eyes to work in tandem. Through this method he has recorded 94 per cent success, yet he still pleads with parents that surgery is *not* the only correction for cross-eyed children.

"Too many parents," he says, "grow accustomed to a cross-eyed child's condition and put off doing anything about it."

Such attitudes are unforgivable, he adds, for experience has shown that over half of all cross-eye cases

can, if treated early enough, be cured by orthoptic training.

Though now internationally renowned in his field, Oscar Nugent never forgets the inauspicious beginning of his medical career. Born one of eight children on a poverty-stricken Illinois farm, he learned his first surgery in a cowbarn at the age of ten, replacing his father as a veterinary when the latter became so rheumatic he could no longer hold a scalpel.

Resolving to enter medicine, he began a desperate struggle for an education. Though farm work prevented him from attending school more than three months out of each year, he managed to cram and cajole his way through high school, graduating first in his class at the age of 21.

To pay his way through college, he planned to spend every other year teaching in a country school. But the local board of education thought differently: they failed him on the teacher's examination. Angered, he borrowed $60, tutored at night, and failed the exam again.

His career was at a standstill. What was worse, the money meant a small fortune to his family. But by working on a hay-baler for three months, he repaid the entire amount, then set out for Chicago with $8 in his pocket.

There he held a series of jobs, frugally saving from each. He ate for as little as 20 cents a day until he struck a bargain with a dentist in the tough Halsted Street neighborhood: in return for protecting the dentist's office from vandalism, Nugent would get free lodging.

Under the dentist's tutelage, he learned to make gold crowns and dental bridges, a skill which eventually paid his way through three years of medical school at the University of Illinois. Going broke just short of graduation, he returned to full-time dental work in order to scrape up enough for a year's night course and eventually a degree. Still dissatisfied, he took another dental job at higher wages, finally returning to the University of Illinois where, two years later, he became a doctor for the second time.

After a futile few months of general practice in Chicago, he took the advice of a friend and went off to get his medical experience as a country surgeon in North Dakota. Within seven years he was back in Chicago, married, and a member of the staff of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital.

Driven on by a desperate urge for perfection, he traveled to Berlin, Barcelona, Prague, Vienna and London to study the techniques of the great foreign surgeons. Photographing, studying, observing accepted surgical procedures, he became convinced he could evolve more efficient ways of operating on man's most priceless organ.

In 1926, he saw a chance to get the experience needed for invention. Uprooting himself from a comfortable future in Chicago, he moved to the Shikarpur clinic in India, where, for no salary whatsoever, he became assistant to the renowned eye specialist, Dr. Henry Holland.

Due to its glaring sun, vegetarian diet and generally poor health conditions, India has more cataract sufferers than any nation in the world, and for Nugent it was an ideal proving ground for the techniques he sought to develop. Working day and night in the blistering heat, he completed 2,200 operations in six months.

Still feeling that he had not learned enough, he returned to India six years later, this time performing about 2,800 operations and developing his skill to such a degree that he completed as many as 91 cataract extractions and 47 other eye operations in a day.

Thousands of future sufferers were to profit from this. In the case of Henry Laslo, for instance, Oscar Nugent's experience in India enabled him to make an almost instant diagnosis, and complete a successful operation. For what had kept Laslo blind for 17 years were rare, black cataracts. Though others had failed to recognize them, Nugent had diagnosed and removed no fewer than 200 from his Indian patients.

Dr. Nugent still sees over 10,000 patients a year, and operates every morning at the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, where he became medical director and chief of staff in 1940. He neither drinks nor smokes, but relaxes with a game of golf, a sport which he formerly played at club-championship level.

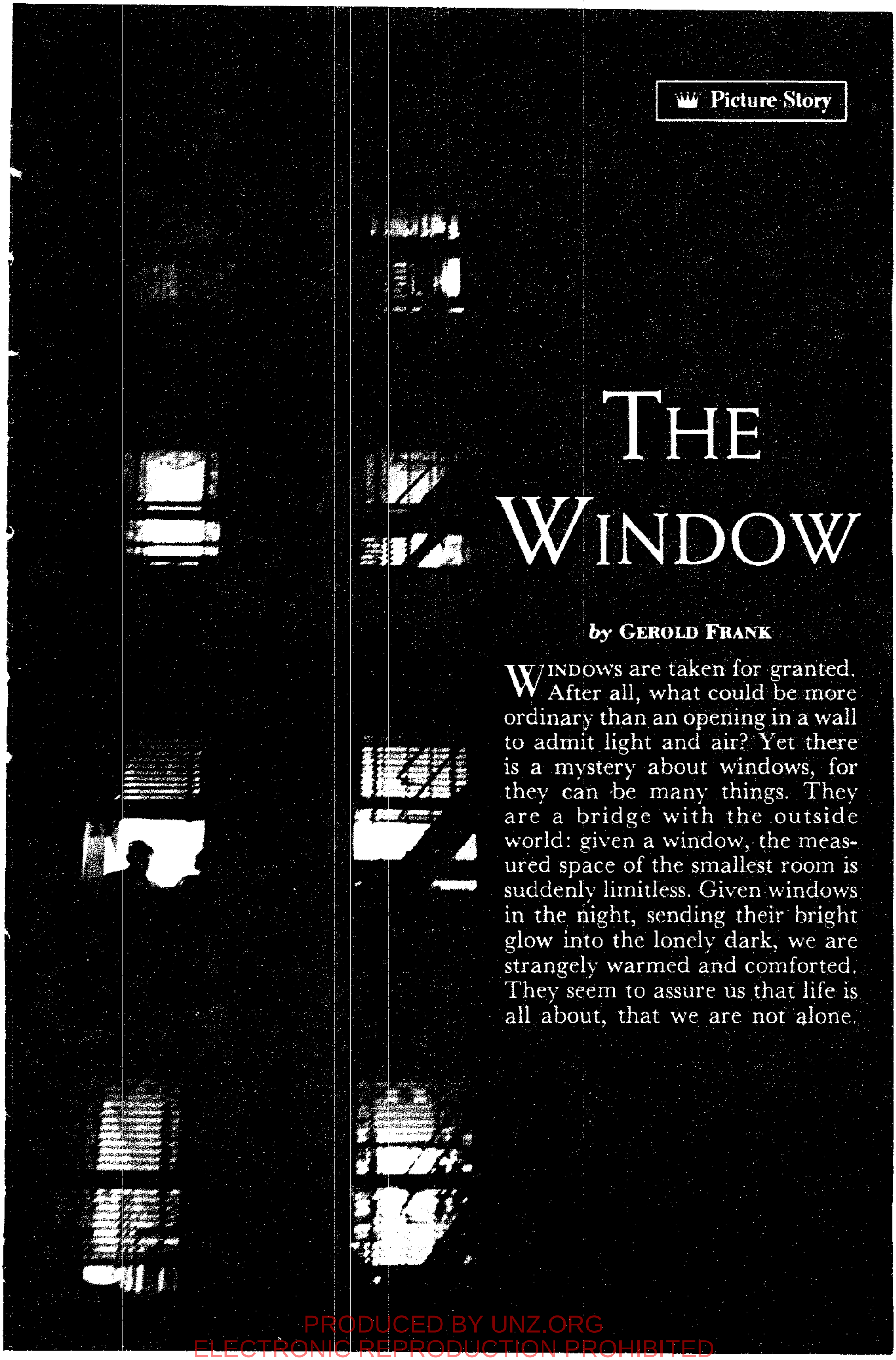
Oscar Nugent still regards the eye with awe-struck admiration. "The more we study it," he says, "the more we appreciate what a truly remarkable organ it is."

Today, dozens of new surgical techniques are taking the mystery out of the eye and the despair out of blindness. Thanks to eye-savers like Oscar Nugent, cataract sufferers everywhere can hope to look out on a bright new world.

What's Your Phobia?

Acrophobia—Fear of Height
Agoraphobia—Fear of Being Alone in Large Open Spaces
Aichmophobia—Fear of Sharp Instruments
Ailurophobia—Fear of Cats
Anastomophobia—Fear of Joining
Androphobia—Fear of Men
Astrophobia—Fear of Celestial Space
Autophobia—Fear of Solitude
Claustrophobia—Fear of Closed Spaces
Gephyrophobia—Fear of Bridges
Gyneophobia—Fear of Women
Hemophobia—Fear of Blood
Hydrophobia—Fear of Water
Kenophobia—Fear of Large Open Spaces
Keraunophobia—Fear of Lightning and Thunder
Lalophobia—Fear of Speaking
Ophidiophobia—Fear of Snakes
Phobophobia—Fear of Being Afraid
Pyrophobia—Fear of Fire
Siderodromophobia—Fear of Railways
Taphephobia—Fear of Being Buried Alive
Thanatophobia—Fear of Death
Toxicophobia—Fear of Poisons

—*Crookes Rx-Ray*



Picture Story

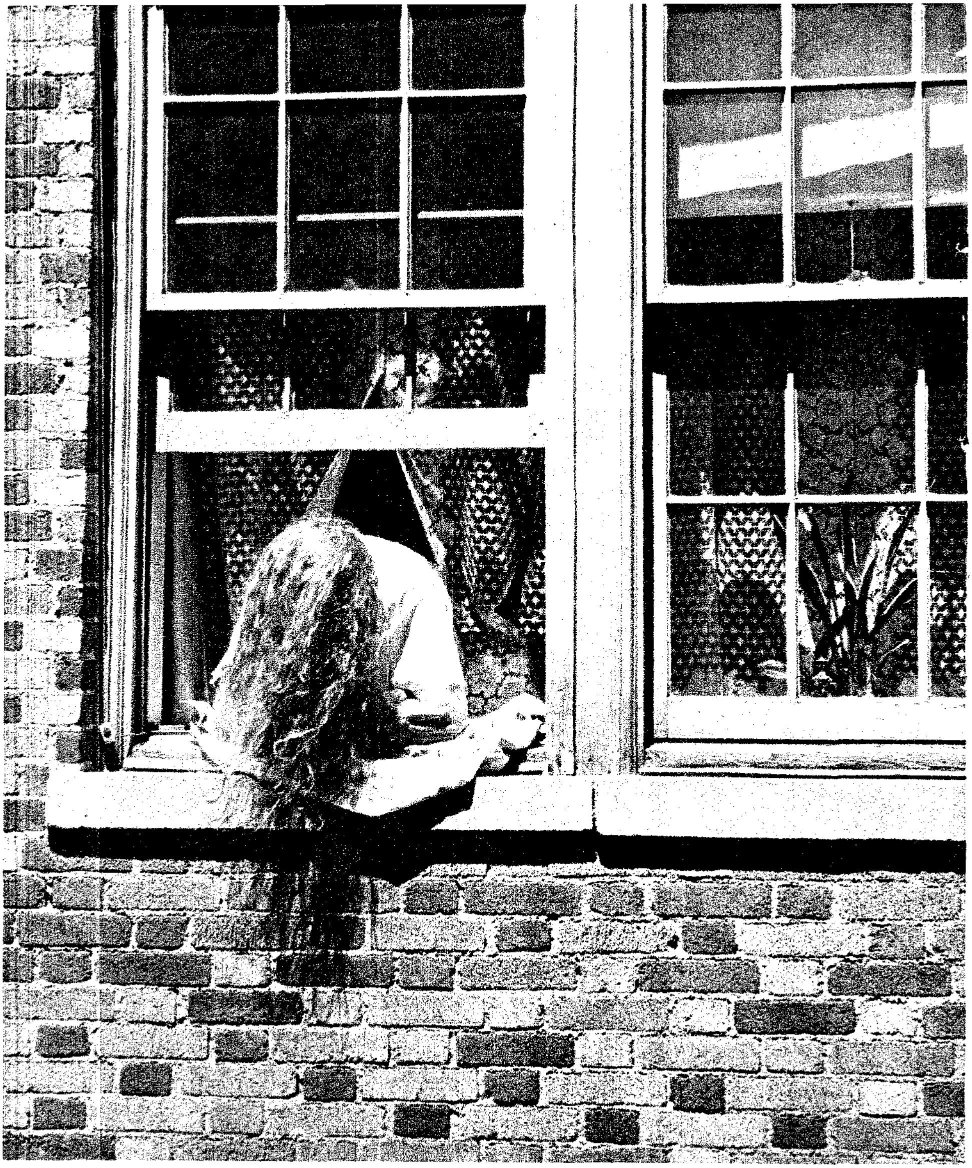
THE WINDOW

by GEROLD FRANK

WINDOWS are taken for granted. After all, what could be more ordinary than an opening in a wall to admit light and air? Yet there is a mystery about windows, for they can be many things. They are a bridge with the outside world: given a window, the measured space of the smallest room is suddenly limitless. Given windows in the night, sending their bright glow into the lonely dark, we are strangely warmed and comforted. They seem to assure us that life is all about, that we are not alone.

A window can be as remote as a palace, as privileged as a throne. And there is a regal indifference about those who watch from old windows, patient as fate, all-seeing above the endless human drama of the street.

Of course, much depends upon the watcher. For some, a window is a magic casement opening on wonders yet unfathomed: he who climbs its sill sees faëry worlds no mere conqueror of Everest could match.



For others, windows are no more or less than what they were built to be. Is this window mullioned or transomed, vaulted or scrolled? This woman asks no questions. It gives her all she wants: a place in the sun.

Sometimes, when adventure calls mightily to one's blood, and high and perilous deeds await, the window can be a villain, caging the dauntless and the unafraid, making even the gayest room a prison.

And sometimes a window can be deep as a dream, broad as memory itself, a private world inhabited by one. Who has not sat by a window in the rain, bemused, alone, lost in a gray mood on a gray day?

A window has a fine disdain for the thin, sharp line that divides here from there. In its proper place, it easily merges in with out: indeed, no playwright could set a happier scene for Hail—and Farewell!

And finally, there are windows which must deny their steel and glass. For little whiles they're mountain tops, and shaded dells, and wooded banks, and all things marvelous, for those who marvel in themselves.

Go to Venezuela—and Get Rich!

by Oscar Schisgall

Caracas is the center of a boom that needs Yankee know-how and enterprise

"I don't see how any American with imagination and energy can avoid becoming wealthy here."

This is what my Venezuelan friend said as we stood on a mountain top, looking down at the army of laborers toiling on the Autopista, the new highway that will run from Caracas to the sea.

One of the most expensive road-building jobs ever attempted—it is costing approximately $4,500,000 a mile—it spans great chasms and bores through mountains. Yet it is only one small item in the mammoth $2,300,000,000 construction program in which Venezuela is currently engaged.

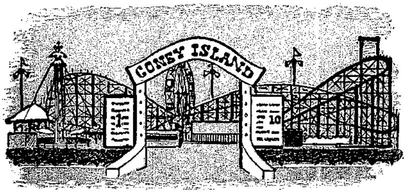
"Never," my friend went on, "has there been so spectacular a business boom here as we are having now. That is why 23,000 Americans have already poured into this country. The opportunities here are fantastic."

He was not exaggerating. When you put $2,300,000,000 into circulation for construction, there is bound to be a chain reaction on all types of business. There is a growing market for bulldozers, tractors, automobiles, electrical supplies, office supplies, insurance, clothing, frozen foods, refrigerators and a thousand other items.

Since Venezuela is only four hours by air from Florida—eight hours from New York—Americans have rushed in to fill the demand. It is difficult to name an American enterprise that is not in some way represented.

Caracas, the capital, is the center of the boom. With a population of only 700,000, the city is nevertheless spending $700,000,000 on new streets, new buildings, new residential areas. The layout is putting most metropolitan areas in the U.S. to shame, for it has been planned the way American cities *should* have been planned. For instance, the main street, the Avenida Bolívar, running through the heart of the city, is almost twice as wide as New York's Park Avenue.

The most modern of concrete buildings rise on either side to a height of ten stories, while two 26-story buildings are under construction. Ramps lead down to a substreet level on which there is parking space for thousands of cars. Below this there is still another level



—a tunnel that channels through-traffic from one side of the business district to the other.

As for the far greater national program, this includes new harbors and airports (one of them, the Palo Negro, will have runways longer than Idlewild's). It includes hundreds of public buildings in dozens of cities, and thousands of miles of highways with networks of tributary roads; 12 big hospitals and 30 smaller medical centers; more than 100 new public schools; three great universities. In the interior it includes far-flung irrigation projects, hydroelectric developments, and the electrification of new mining and agricultural regions.

All this is being done simultaneously and without any increase in taxes. The greater part of the costs are met by the nation's income from oil, iron and other concessions, for in each case the concessionaires, most of them American, have to split their local profits 50-50 with the Government.

And though oil is the basic reason for Venezuela's prosperity, the present boom has attracted more than 350 other American enterprises to the country. Many of these are personal rather than corporate and represent the flourishing of American ingenuity when presented with opportunity.

Jack Reynolds, an American, was one of the first to realize that growing prosperity would result in an increased opportunity to sell life insurance. He established an agency which, in the past five years, has become one of the busiest in Caracas.

Life insurance is a comparatively recent concept to most Venezuelans and offers practically virgin territory that is now being exploited by 20 foreign agencies and eight domestic companies.

"It's true that only a small percentage of the people down here buy insurance," Reynolds says. "A great part of the rural population is still illiterate and poor. But the urban people who do buy insurance think in the big sums that come with prosperity. In the U. S., the average policyholder carries a coverage of $3,100. In Venezuela, our average is $12,500. I have on my staff a 25-year-old girl who writes an annual total of $1,250,000 in policies."

Jules L. Waldman came to Caracas to represent Steinway pianos. A prodigious reader, it occurred to him that the growing colony of Americans would swell business at an American bookstore. He became a partner in one, bought complete control later, which proved to be an inspired move.

Today he owns a chain of nine stores, plus the largest of the two English-language newspapers in Venezuela, *The Caracas Journal;* plus a Spanish-language magazine; plus having agencies for American phonograph records, record players and musical instruments.

Another American, Samson Diamond, took a vacation trip in 1952 and went to Venezuela to inspect the holdings of phosphate firms in which he had long owned stock. Ill health had caused him to retire from the advertising firm with which he had been associated in the States. But what he saw of Venezuela's boom seemed to revive his health and spirits.

He stayed to open an advertising agency. Within a month his restlessness had expanded the enterprise to include the building and selling of billboards. Then he heard that the city of Barquisimeto would soon celebrate its 400th anniversary, and this gave him a typical American idea for a good public-relations program.

Diamond was given the contract by 14 foreign oil companies who pooled funds for the construction of a huge exhibit to show what oil had accomplished for Venezuela. He hired architects, designers and economists to plan and build the exposition, which was completed in six weeks at a cost of $250,000.

The show was so successful that he is now building a similar exhibition for construction firms. Nor is that all. His advertising firm, Publicidad Nacional, has already entered new fields. In June of 1953, Venezuela's first TV station went into commercial operation. Recognizing opportunity, Diamond has set up a staff which is learning with him the peculiarities of TV programming and public acceptance in Venezuela. Advertising clients are anxious to budget funds for TV, and Diamond predicts a sound future for his agency.

Samuel Bakerman, a New Yorker, is another proof that American imagination and enterprise pay off. Bakerman decided that Venezuelans might enjoy the thrills of American amusement parks — roller coasters, Ferris wheels, shooting galleries, merry-go-rounds, scooter cars and so on.

He acquired a few acres of land, brought in his equipment and constructed an electric sign that blazed "Coney Island." Since Caracas has 52 weeks of summer weather during the year, this is not a seasonal venture. It is thronged every weekend, as are parks in two other towns, and Bakerman reaps a handsome profit from his idea.

AMERICAN WOMEN, too, have found the gates of opportunity wide open in Venezuela. Consider the cases of Andrea Pierce Stone of Boston, and Virginia Weilert Gluski of Rochester, Minnesota. The former came to Venezuela to marry an American; the latter to visit her father, who headed the Firestone offices in Caracas—though she, too, stayed to be married. Both young women had this in common: they were competently-trained, experienced dieticians.

As part of a national health program, the Government of Venezuela is fighting disease and malnutrition by trying to improve the eating habits of its poorer classes. Since there were few dieticians in the country, both Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Gluski were offered jobs by the Government's Institute of Nutrition.

They undertook the work—first in their spare time as a humanitarian gesture. For more than two years at the Institute, the two women helped supervise the free feeding of 40,000 school-children every day, 16,000,000 healthy dinners a year served to laborers in government-operated restaurants, and daily free breakfasts given to more than 3,000 pregnant women in every part of the country.

In addition, Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Gluski helped to plan the menus for the armed forces, for the police and other government employees. And in whatever time they had left, they ran classes and wrote textbooks to be used in training Venezuela's dieticians of tomorrow.

THE ISOLATED CAMPS of the American oil companies offer a different kind of opportunity to American women. Practically every one of these camps maintains an infirmary and a small American school for the children of employees. They have a constant need for American teachers and nurses.

"But we can't keep them on the job," the superintendent of one oil camp complains. "The instant teacher or nurse arrives, hundreds of young engineers begin clamoring for dates. The boys are starved for the company of American girls. The result is that the average girl is married within four months and we have to cable to the States for replacements."

Almost every American firm in Caracas is clamoring for office help—secretaries, clerks, typists. English-speaking girls with some knowledge of American business methods are rare indeed; and if, in addition, they happen to know enough Spanish to serve as translators, they can virtually name their own salaries.

There is an important factor to remember about all this. Once Americans have lived in Venezuela for 17 months, they no longer have to pay taxes to the U. S. Treasury on the first $20,000 of their annual earnings there. This in itself is a bonanza.

True, they pay Venezuelan income taxes, but these are remarkably low, running from 1½ per cent on 10,000 bolivars a year ($3,000) to 4 per cent on 100,000 bolivars. The rate continues to rise with income, but to pay the very maximum tax of 26 per cent, a man would have to earn more than 28,000,000 bolivars, or better than $8,000,000 a year.

It is hardly surprising that at the American Club in Caracas, the words you hear most frequently are, "All I ask is five good years here!"

Not that all is milk and honey for Americans. If their earnings are high, so are their expenses. A house which might cost $20,000 in the U. S. may cost upward of $40,000 in Caracas. The rent on a modest four-room apartment runs between 500 and 1,000 ($300) bolivars a month.

Automobiles, new or used, are expensive. It is cheaper for an American to buy a car in the States and take it down with him than to buy one in Venezuela.

Food is high, too—a good restaurant dinner comes to around $7 a person. And clothing, most of it imported, costs approximately twice as much as it does in New York.

Then there is the matter of joining a golf club. This is not merely a social luxury. Americans say, "If you want to mingle with top-level Venezuelans, those you have to know in order to do big business, you're virtually forced to join a club. It's an indication of social caste."

Joining a golf club is expensive. The Caracas Country Club requires you to buy a membership share costing the equivalent of $12,000! The newer club, the Vale Arriba, is somewhat more modest. You can join for a fee of only $6,000.

But Americans in Caracas generally grin over these prices. "You can't earn money unless you spend money," they tell you.

HOW LONG WILL the boom last? Americans and Venezuelans agree that it has just begun, that the full development of this mineral-rich nation must take at least half a century more.

Some sections of the country are still primitive wilderness. But out of that wilderness, explorers have brought gold and industrial diamonds, iron ore and manganese and phosphates and scores of other minerals; and there are geologists who insist that the greatest oil deposits, those under the jungles, have not yet been touched.

Flying over enormous stretches of jungle far up the tributaries of the Orinoco, a Government official pointed out scores of waterfalls, several 15 times as high as Niagara.

"Some day we will turn those into hydroelectric power," he said. "We will build airstrips here and roads. The development of the interior will be our next construction program. The jungle is the Venezuela of tomorrow."

Meanwhile, 23,000 Americans are making the most of what Venezuela offers today. You hear them say, "I've never worked so hard in my life!" But they say it with zest and enjoyment and an air of prosperity. Listening to them, you get the impression that American enterprise is having the time of its life in Venezuela.

Faces in Danger

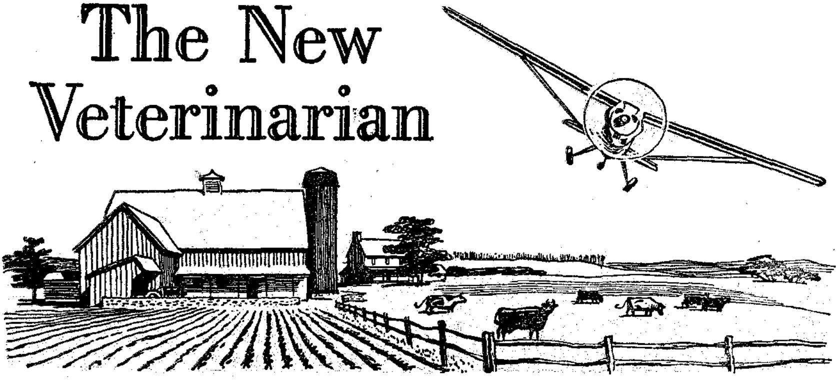
A STRANGE THING about covering World War II with a camera was the fact that pictures actually taken under fire often looked phony. One of the most realistic pictures ever taken, one from Tunisia that showed men advancing through artillery bursts and played up big in the newspapers, proved later to be a fake, taken during maneuvers in Louisiana.

We ran a cover picture on *Yank*, showing troops taking cover on the beach at Eniwetok right after the landing. None of them seemed excited, and some were smiling at the camera. We received countless letters charging that the picture was a posed fake. Actually, the photographer was killed by mortar fire a few minutes after he took the picture.

At Cape Gloucester with the 1st Marine Division, Dick Hanley, a *Yank* photographer, wanted to take a shot of some machine-gunners who were in position only 15 yards from the Japs. "Go ahead and do it," one of the Marines said. "If they get you, we'll get them." So Hanley crawled out of the hole, turned his back on the enemy, and took the picture.

We never published it. It looked as if it were taken on maneuvers in Louisiana. —JOE MCCARTHY in *Off the Record* (Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

The New Veterinarian



by LAWRENCE LADER

He utilizes everything from antibiotics to airplanes to serve his animal patients

DR. C. A. MOHR, a veterinarian of Sapulpa, Oklahoma, got up in the middle of the night some 40 years ago to answer an emergency call from Sim Griffin's ranch. The doctor, pushing his horses to the limit, made the 15 miles in his buckboard in two and a half hours, and saved Griffin's ailing cow.

Not long ago, another emergency call came in from the Griffin ranch. This time Dr. C. A. Mohr, Jr., who had replaced his father as the local veterinarian, arrived at the Griffin ranch in a matter of minutes—in his white Consolidated Vultee Stinson, equipped with a portable x-ray unit, sterilizer, inhalator, and a refrigerated unit filled with serums and antibiotics.

Dr. Mohr and his plane symbolize the amazing revolution that has taken place in the veterinary profession. Back at the turn of the century, the average veterinarian had a one-room office and operated on a simple table. Today, there are 1,500 animal hospitals throughout the country, gleaming with stainless-steel operating tables and filled with expensive equipment.

The investment in some animal hospitals with a complete layout of laboratories, surgery, x-ray, dog runs and examination, bathing and clipping, isolation and kennel rooms, may run over $100,000. One large New York veterinary hospital, handling over 10,000 cases a year, has a staff of five veterinarians and two technicians who work solely on x-ray and laboratory analysis.

Hollywood, quite naturally, is dotted with the most palatial hospitals of all. Set far back on sweeping lawns with expensively terraced gardens, they are generally in white stucco, modern or sometimes styled like English manor houses.

Some have ambulance service, lady nurses, and even maternity wards where owners can ogle their pets and new offspring through hygienic glass windows. The ultimate touch is a deluxe rest home where cats relax in their own bungalows with private rooms, landscaping, and dinnertime concerts.

A number of veterinarians have equipped their automobiles with two-way, short-wave radios, enabling them to keep in constant touch with their offices and answer emergency calls at a moment's notice. There are still active veterinarians, however, like Dr. Robert S. MacKellar, Sr., in New York's Greenwich Village, who were practicing back in the days when the vet was known as a horse doctor.

He compounded his own medicines—fever mixtures, colic and physic balls, all packaged in large capsules which were shoved down the horse's throat. A horse was treated for a bone growth with a firing iron, and cured of an assortment of ills by being bled with a fleam or sharp knife.

Today Dr. MacKellar, like thousands of other city veterinarians, rarely sees a horse. His booming practice in dogs, cats and other pets employs almost every modern surgical and medical technique that can be found in the most up-to-date human hospitals.

Today's veterinarian gives his animals blood tests, heart tests and diet checkups. He uses an oxygen tent for pneumonia and post-operative cases, gives medicine by intravenous injection, and performs his operations under nerve-block drugs that make them as painless and effective as any performed in human operating wards. His whole hospital, in fact, is a replica of the best human hospitals, down to such details as "kennel-side" charts that hang from each patient's kennel.

The tremendous increase in the number of veterinarians is one more index of this boom. Over 60 per cent of all currently practicing veterinarians started in the last 14 years, according to the Medimetric Institute. In 1940, there were only 12,000 vets in the country. Today there are 16,500—160 of them women—the majority specializing in household pets or in a mixed large and small animal practice.

The sale of drugs for animals, too, rose from $81,500,000 in 1939 to $156,300,000 in 1951, with the large drug companies making a special effort to create new veterinary drugs. Nembutal sodium solution, for instance, occasionally used by medical doctors, was originally developed for veterinarians. And many antibiotics and vaccines available for the treatment of humans are commonly found on the shelves of animal hospitals when the supply is adequate.

ONE MAJOR REASON for this veterinary boom is that people have more pets today than they did 30 years ago. What's more, they are willing to spend a lot more money on them. One woman is known to have paid $350 for a gold filling for her Boston bull's tooth. Another dog owner, told by her veterinarian that x-rays revealed a bladder stone, insisted on paying for the services of one of the most eminent urologists of human medicine, whom she had persuaded the vet to call in for consultation.

All this, naturally, costs money. A routine call on an average veterinarian today, for example, usually means a $5 bill—not far different from a visit to your family doctor. An average operation runs anywhere from $25 to $75. But in the

high-priced centers of animal care like Hollywood, the simple process of clipping and grooming a dog can cost as much as $50.

The boom in the veterinarian profession has not been confined to pets alone. The tremendous increase in the value of livestock has given to veterinarians in rural areas a crucial role in the nation's food supply.

Twenty years ago an average cow was valued at being worth about $30. Today good Guernsey breeders cost $300 to $500, with prize stock running as high as $5,000. Some 185,000,000 head of livestock roam the nation's pastures with a total value of 11 billion dollars, which is almost twice the value of the steel industry.

Protecting this wealth against plague and disease has become such big business that large cattle owners like the King Ranch in Texas engage their own private, full-time veterinarians.

Some 1,500 veterinarians in the Bureau of Animal Industry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture wage a constant battle against animal disease and infections. Years back they wiped out the menace of cattle fever in the Southern states. Hog cholera, which once destroyed whole herds of swine, has been brought under control—as has tuberculosis in cattle, which only 25 years ago endangered the nation's milk supply.

The medical care of small and large animals has not only risen almost to the level of human medicine and surgery, but in some cases has even outpaced it. The Stader splint, for instance, was developed by Dr. Otto Stader, a veterinarian. Consisting of metal pins with an outside supporting bar to hold the broken bones, it proved so effective on animals that the Navy used it on fracture cases during World War II. In time, it was officially adopted throughout the armed forces.

The practice of getting a patient out of bed as soon as possible after an operation, followed today by most hospitals to prevent adhesions of the wound or embolism, actually stems back to the veterinarians. And more and more of them are playing an increasingly important role in cancer research.

The development of the veterinary profession has followed human medicine so closely that now veterinarians treat animals for allergies and even neuroses. One veterinarian, seeking for days to discover why a dog patient became ill every time he saw his master, finally found the animal was allergic to fresh paint. His master's office had been repainted recently and the fumes still clung to the man's clothes, sickening the dog at the slightest contact.

One veterinarian, Dr. Irving Zimmerman, has even applied a standard psychiatric technique—electric shock treatment—to the treatment of a highly neurotic dog.

The veterinarian, in fact, is engaged in a constant struggle to keep up with the unique medical problems of his patients. A Georgia vet had a baby llama with an upset stomach. Doctors at the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital in New York had to care for a baby hamster with a nosebleed, and a monkey with a case of city jitters.

Dr. J. Y. Henderson, former chief veterinarian of the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus, once had to treat 30 elephants for abscesses of the ear and file the tooth of a Russian bear while the trainer and his wife held the animal's jaws open.

THE WELL-STAFFED and equipped veterinary college is actually a fairly recent innovation. Following the establishment of veterinary colleges in France in 1761 and in England in 1791, the first institution in America, the Veterinary College of Philadelphia, admitted its first students in 1859. But it was not until around 1900 that the great veterinary colleges at Cornell, the University of Pennsylvania and Ohio State were founded.

At first, the veterinary student could enter with only a grammar or high-school diploma. But today, two years of college plus the regular four-year veterinary course are required. The standards of admission, teaching and facilities are practically as high as those of the finest medical colleges.

Even non-veterinarians like Dorothy Gray, once an important manufacturer of cosmetics, have gotten into the act. Having sold her business a few years ago, she settled down on a farm near Amenia, N. Y. There she soon realized that animals had problems her experience in lotions and skin creams might be able to solve.

At calving, for instance, many cows developed swollen udders which prevented full milk production. So Dorothy Gray got to work and developed a salve which reduced the swelling and allowed the cow to be milked with ease in a short time.

After orders for the salve came in from all over the country, she added two more products—an iodine ointment intended for cuts and scratches, and a preparation to relieve skin troubles like cowpox and ringworm.

"Maybe she's no veterinarian," said one neighboring farmer, "but it takes a mighty smart woman to make the switch from cosmetics to cowsmetics."

The Difference

MY NEIGHBOR'S six-year-old son, who started school about four months ago, offered to let me color a picture in one of his coloring books while he did one in another book. Almost before I had started, it seemed to me, his picture was finished.

"You are much quicker than I am," I said. "See—I've only gotten so far with mine!"

He looked at my partially-colored picture and then at me, evidently a little puzzled and also a little concerned. Then he said with charming consideration, "Well—yes—but then you see, I go to school!"

—MRS. E. M. WATSON (*Christian Science Monitor*)

What Happened to Dorothy Arnold?

by **LAWRENCE ELLIOTT**

After 43 years, the disappearance of the beautiful Manhattan girl remains a mystery

THE DAY SHE WAS BORN, her name automatically went into the Social Register; her parents were notables in New York; she grew up possessing all the things most girls dream about—beauty, talent, riches, prestige.

Her name was Dorothy Arnold, and before she was 21, she might have married any one of half a dozen most eligible suitors. But one day in 1910 she suddenly vanished from a crowded street and thus launched the greatest mystery of the 20th century.

Millions of people sought her—plain citizens as well as detectives and police. Thousands of dollars were spent in a search that reached from the U. S. to Europe, the Far East and Australia. However, all the efforts were in vain, and today, as in 1910, no one has been able to answer the simple question: what happened to Dorothy Arnold?

It was an unusually bright day for December, sunny and crisp with the promise of Christmas. Noon shoppers crowded Fifth Avenue. Just after 1:45, a tall, striking girl walked out of a bookshop near the corner of 27th Street, two packages under her arm. Furs and an expensive hat set off her brown hair, sea-blue eyes. For a moment, she hesitated on the sidewalk.

"Dorothy. Oh, Dorothy!"

Hearing her name called, she turned and saw a girl her own age pushing toward her through the hurrying crowd.

"Hello, Gladys," she said.

"Whew!" said Gladys breathlessly. "I'm on my way to meet Mother at the Waldorf, and I'm already 15 minutes late. I just wanted to tell you that I got your invitation to your sister's party, and here's my acceptance."

She thrust an envelope into the girl's hand and, with a hasty wave, dashed into the crowd.

The girl stood staring at the envelope. At last, she turned south into 27th Street. After a time, the sun sank behind the buildings and the avenue grew bleak with cheerless winter.

Uptown, at 79th Street, night fell on an ornate brownstone mansion—the residence of Francis R. Arnold. The distinguished importer was gazing at his watch and muttering, "Where is Dorothy? It's late." His wife rose from her chair and glanced nervously at the clock on the mantel.

The Arnolds ate their dinner in silence, then moved to the living room. "Perhaps you'd better call her friends," he said.

The mother went to the telephone. When she came back after making several calls, she said, "No one knows where she is."

The Arnolds didn't notify police that night nor next morning when Dorothy still failed to appear. Instead, Dorothy's brother, John, called his attorney, John S. Keith.

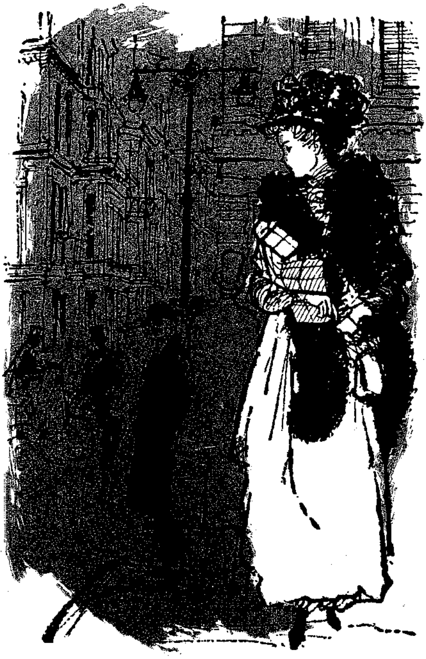
Soon, the lawyer stood in the paneled living room and listened, shocked and silent, as Francis Arnold unfolded the brief facts: "She left here at 11:15 yesterday morning. She said she had some shopping she wanted to do."

"Have you called the police?"

"No. I want you to assume full charge of the investigation. And try to keep this from the newspapers at all costs."

For a moment the two men stared at each other. Then Keith said, "I would like to see her room."

On the second floor, the sun streamed into Dorothy's room. Her dresses hung neatly in the closet; a picture—"Bryn Mawr, Class of 1905"—stood on the dresser. In a drawer, Keith found a packet of letters, bearing a foreign postmark. They were all from a man named Griscom.



"Perhaps he would know . . ." the lawyer began.

"He would know nothing!" Arnold interrupted.

After a few more questions, Keith left the Arnold home. Days later, weary and shaken, he returned to the brownstone. "I could find no trace of her," he told the father. "I must have help."

"Put private detectives on it."

"I need *your* help. Who is this man Griscom?"

"He's a man Dorothy knew for a while," Arnold said tonelessly, "but he's in Italy now."

"Perhaps she went to join him?"

"No," said Arnold brusquely. "She . . . wouldn't do that."

"Let me cable him. We have to be sure."

That evening, Keith cabled George S. Griscom, Jr., Florence, Italy: "Dorothy Arnold missing. Family prostrated. Cable if you know of her whereabouts."

Now Pinkerton detectives went to work. They wirelessed liners that had left New York harbor since December 12. Railroad stations were checked, as was every hotel within 300 miles of New York. Finally, confidential circulars were sent to police across the country, posting $1,000 reward for information leading to Dorothy's discovery.

On the 31st, Griscom replied: "Know absolutely nothing." Then, a week after Christmas, John Arnold and his mother surreptitiously boarded a liner for Europe.

On January 5, Arnold acceded to repeated urgings and called in the New York police. Detective William J. Flynn, a painstaking officer, began the search by examining the reconstructable past of Dorothy Arnold—and a totally unexpected picture began to take form. All at once, the girl described by her father and family as a well-bred young socialite took on new and complicating dimensions.

It began with some information from Dorothy's friend, Edith Ashley. Together, the two girls had registered at a Boston hotel two and a half months before Dorothy's disappearance. Their room had been engaged by Griscom, who himself had been registered at a hotel nearby. The day before she left Boston—Griscom left the same day—Dorothy pawned her watch, two of her bracelets and two rings. Then she returned to York Harbor, Maine, Edith's summer home.

Now Flynn turned to the missing girl's other friends. At last, the real Dorothy came through:

She was an aspiring writer who had sent short stories to various magazines. When the family mocked her efforts, she began writing secretly. In September, she rented a box at the downtown post office. A clerk reported that she had received bulky envelopes from magazines and many letters, some of them from Italy.

In the fall, Dorothy had sent a new story to McClure's magazine. Then, on November 23, she left for Washington to stay with a friend, Theodora Bates. Next morning, Theodora brought Dorothy a rolled envelope that had been forwarded from her secret mailing address in New York. Dorothy looked at it mutely. That night, she walked into the New York brownstone and impassively answered questions from her family: "No, Mother, I only went down for a day. I didn't plan to spend the weekend."

Later that night, while the family slept, she sat up in the room and wrote a letter: "McClure's has turned me down. Failure stares me in the face. All I see ahead is a long road with no turning. *Mother will always think it was an accident.*"

Next day, she mailed the letter to Griscom in Italy.

In the next weeks, Dorothy busied herself preparing for her sister's coming-out party on December 16. On December 9, she closed out her bank account by withdrawing $36. On the morning of the 12th, Dorothy was ready for another shopping trip by 11:15. She wore a blue suit and a blue coat.

Gladys King was later to report to Detective Flynn that Dorothy had appeared perfectly natural when they met near 27th Street. She did remember that Dorothy had turned south as she waved good-bye. That was the last anyone knew—or would tell.

THE SEARCH continued. The lake in Central Park was dragged—without result. Police visited resorts, roadhouses and farms hundreds of miles from New York City. New cemetery plots were inspected. Every female prisoner in the city jails was checked. Marriage-license bureaus were alerted. A dragnet was spread across the country—and yielded nothing.

Six weeks after Dorothy walked into the unknown, Detective Flynn came to see her father. His voice was grim: "Mr. Arnold, unless we can release this story to the newspapers, there is nothing more the police can do. We cannot find your daughter until the whole country starts looking for her."

The next morning, headlines blared "Dorothy Arnold Missing"; "New York Social Figure Disappears without Trace."

Soon the "clues" began flooding in. They were all worthless. Amateur detectives peered at brown-haired females in streetcars and stores; newspaper readers "recognized" Dorothy in 100 cities from coast to coast. More than $100,000 was spent on a relentless search. Meanwhile, John Arnold and his mother, her anguish apparent even beneath a veil, arrived at the Angleterre Hotel in Florence. They went directly to Griscom's rooms, and almost at once, angry voices were heard. Then there was a smacking noise within, and the crashing of furniture. A moment later, Mrs. Arnold and her son reappeared in the lobby. In his hand, young Arnold carried a bound packet of letters. Three days later, mother and son sailed for home.

The contents of the letters were never revealed. Griscom's letters to Dorothy had already disappeared mysteriously. The Arnolds refused to admit that there was anything between Griscom and their daughter, despite his declaration that he and Dorothy were engaged.

On April 13, lawyer Keith called the press to his office. "On behalf of my client," he said, "I should like to ask you to drop the story of Dorothy's disappearance from your papers. We are convinced she is dead. We have instructed the authorities to end their investigation."

But the plain truth was that the story was now out of Arnold's hands. The people wanted to know, and the newspapers told them. Crank letters and unsubstantiated leads were given front-page prominence:

Dorothy seen in Honolulu; Dorothy said to be a captive held in a Mexican border drug-den. A pseudo-scientist reported the sudden appearance of a white swan in Central Park on the day Dorothy vanished. He asked his readers to draw the obvious conclusion.

In April, 1916, the story, long dormant, flared to life. A Rhode Island convict confessed that a wealthy young man had given him $150 to dig a grave for Dorothy. She had died following a "secret" operation and was buried, he said, in the cellar of a house near West Point. But a police search unearthed nothing.

Then, on April 9, 1921, a front-page headline appeared in the New York *Times*: "Dorothy Arnold Mystery Solved—Says Captain Ayers!"

Lecturing to a class of high-school students, Capt. John H. Ayers, chief of the newly-created Bureau of Missing Persons, had declared that the fate of Dorothy had been known to police and to members of the family for months. Despite intensive questioning, he refused to reveal what that fate was.

Again, lawyer Keith turned in a denial: "The whole thing is a lie!"

Ayers had touched a raw nerve. The Arnold family knew no more of the whereabouts of their daughter than did any of the 15,000,000 amateur detectives who sought her, but so fearful were they of scandal (why else had Griscom been kept in the background?) that inevitably their motives became suspect.

In 1922, Francis Arnold, broken and harassed, died: His will stated: "I have made no provision for my beloved daughter, as I am convinced she is not living."

Until the last, however, Mrs. Arnold persisted in believing that Dorothy still lived. "My motherly instinct tells me she is alive and will eventually be returned to us."

What, then, actually happened to Dorothy Arnold? Was she murdered? Was she kidnapped? Did she fall victim to amnesia? Or did she deliberately hide herself?

John Keith has a theory. Now white-haired but alert as ever, the lawyer was questioned recently.

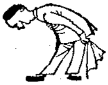
"Let me tell you something I've never revealed before," he said. "A short time after Dorothy disappeared, I had to go to Boston to check on a lead. Late in the afternoon, I boarded the Fall River boat and stood on deck as we moved into Long Island Sound. It got dark and I was alone. Suddenly it occurred to me that if I hadn't left my suitcase in the lounge, I could slip over the side without anyone ever knowing it . . . . And, remember, Dorothy often went to Boston by boat."

Why hadn't he spoken of the theory before?

"The family didn't like to think Dorothy would take her own life. They either preferred to believe she was alive or had been murdered."

The Bureau of Missing Persons still carries an open file on the case. It is their oldest unsolved mystery, as full of unanswered questions as it was 43 years ago. And as long as nothing more substantial than theory is advanced to explain the enigma, Dorothy Arnold will be listed as a missing person.

Waiting It Out



I HAD JUST FINISHED a meal in a Chinese restaurant. As the waiter gave me my check he beamed at me so happily and bowed so low I wondered if he mistook me for some celebrity.

I mentioned it to the cashier, who smiled and nodded back to my table where a number of waiters were gathered, chattering excitedly.

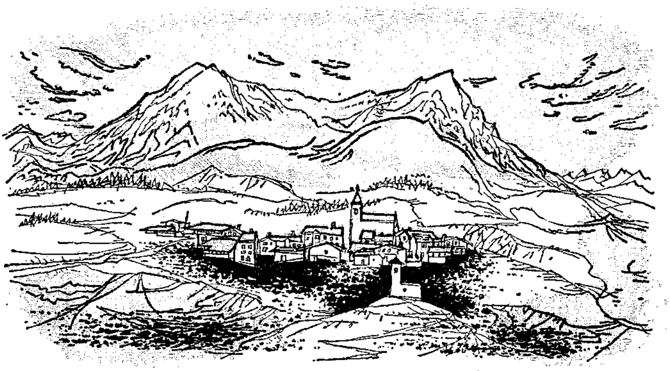
"He's happy," said the cashier, grinning, "because you helped him win money. Everybody puts a dollar in a pool. He won."

"How come?" I asked.

The cashier chuckled. "It's hard to eat Chinese food without staining the tablecloth," he said. "The first customer who can finish eating with a clean tablecloth, his waiter wins. You didn't stain the tablecloth."

—ROBERT ZACKS

TO GET fast service, try to sit two at a table for four. The waiter will rush your order to get rid of you. —JIMMY CANNON (*New York Post*)



Orphans from the Storm

by **Lili Foldes**

In Switzerland, an international children's village heals the mental scars of war

IT WAS A strange ceremony. A pigtailed twelve-year-old, standing at the top of a hill, formed a cup of her hands. Then, aiming her words to the vast open space between herself and the peaks in the distance, she called out in German: "Orphans of the world, wherever you are, come! We welcome you here!"

She had been facing east as she spoke. Now she turned south, repeating the words in Italian, then west and north in French and English.

About her stood 185 brightly dressed children ranging in age from 4 to 18. Their cheeks were flushed and they were obviously enthralled by the simple ceremony. To them it had great significance, for they were celebrating the founding of the Pestalozzi Children's Village in Trogen, Switzerland.

They had much reason for the ceremony. Only a short time ago these happy, healthy youngsters had been half-starved and in a state of emotional shock. Innocent victims of World War II, rescued from under burning ruins and crumbling houses throughout Europe, their families dead or among the countless missing, they were suddenly transplanted into a world which must have seemed as fantastic and unreal to them as Wonderland appeared to Alice.

A group of honey-colored timber houses lined up on a mountain-slope, against a typical Swiss picture-postcard landscape, can hardly be called unreal or fantastic. But these miserable little creatures had never lived normally. To them, houses with roofs and windows with glass were unreal. And it was fantastic that the inhabitants of this village spent their nights sleeping instead of running from shelter to cave and cave to shelter to protect

themselves from bombs, snipers and thieves.

They slept in beds here, and the beds had sheets, pillows and blankets. They undressed before going to bed, yet their clothes and shoes were there in the morning, in the same spot where they had been placed the night before.

Convinced that this fairy-tale life couldn't possibly last, one young Finnish boy spent his first nights wide awake, sitting up stiffly in his bed. With a tight grip he held on to his worldly belongings—a toy watch, a red silk necktie and a rubber ball. Another from Austria lay in his clean bed all dressed, ready to jump and run.

If these children fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, they were awakened by their own terror-filled screams. For months there were heart-breaking outcries in the night. Then, after a while, the screaming stopped.

"One of the greatest satisfactions of my life was the first quiet night our children spent in their new homes," says the director of the Village, Arthur Bill, a slim young man of about 36, with an unruly shock of hair and a boyish smile. "It meant more to me than all the praise we received from the world's great educators and sociologists."

The war was still raging in Europe when a young Swiss writer, Walther Robert Corti, suggested that as a thank offering for having escaped the miseries of two world wars, the people of neutral Switzerland build a home for the helpless war orphans of Europe.

"Let this home be an international children's village," Corti wrote in a Swiss magazine, "where innocent victims of the war can develop into constructive citizens of a better tomorrow, where they can be instilled with the spirit of tolerance and understanding even toward their former enemies, so that when they return to their homelands after their education has been completed they can sow the seeds of a peaceful and united Europe."

Donations poured in. Idealistic men and women from all over Europe offered to help. "We can't donate money," some wrote, "but we can come to build the houses."

IT WAS EARLY SPRING in 1946. Six hundred volunteers, from no less than 17 nations, contributed more than 25,000 hours of volunteer labor to the building of this unique community on a site donated by the ancient village of Trogen, in whose outskirts it is situated.

The governments of almost all the countries of Europe gave the idea enthusiastic support, not because they wanted to be relieved of the financial obligation to support their war orphans, but because the village offered them a healthy international atmosphere that could not be duplicated in any country of Europe.

War orphans began coming at once: French, Polish, Hungarian, Italian, German, Austrian, Finnish, Greek, British. Of these, the Hungarian and Polish children were ordered home by their governments, with no reasons given, shortly after their arrival at the Village. No children from behind the Iron Curtain have since come to Trogen.

The children of each country have a house to themselves, where they live and receive their elementary school training under the guidance of man-and-wife teams of houseparents and one or two assistants. After their elementary education is completed, they have the opportunity to enter a secondary school for three more years.

The spirit of Heinrich Pestalozzi, the man whose name the world's only international children's village bears, is kept very much alive by the adults in charge. A Swiss educator, Pestalozzi took into his castle at Yverdon hundreds of child victims of the Napoleonic wars. He had this simple formula for turning abandoned waifs into decent, useful citizens: "Give the children love —and keep them occupied."

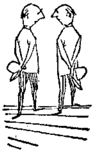
When a new group of children arrives at Trogen, Arthur Bill gathers all the citizens into the Community House. After a few friendly words of welcome, he says: "And now let old-timers show new citizens around our community."

He selects a shy child from every national group and proposes that each take the hand of a newcomer. A couple of minutes later he looks with satisfaction while gay pairs of children scamper down the hill, laughing, holding tightly to each other's hands.

"We want the children to have strong national ties," Arthur Bill has said. "We want to bring them up as good Greeks, good Finns, good Austrians, but our final aim is to train here broad-minded, unprejudiced citizens-of-Europe, with a national background and an international outlook."

With their war scars healed and their basic education completed, the first growing generation of Village graduates has already taken its place as constructive citizens. Inoculated with the powerful serums of love and understanding, these former victims of hatred and prejudice are returning to their respective homelands to spread the gospel of tolerance and sow the seeds of a better tomorrow.

Shakeup



PROBABLY BECAUSE many of his remarks were capsule courses in philosophy, comparatively few stories about Henry Ford illustrate his sense of humor. His wit, however, was as dry as that of Calvin Coolidge, whom he once visited at the White House. Mr. Coolidge never doted on the social life and mentioned, with bitter resignation, the great number of large public functions which he had been compelled to attend during his term in the Presidency. "I'll even go so far as to bet," he concluded, "that I've shaken the hands of at least one-quarter of the population of this country."

Ford's eyes twinkled merrily. "And I," he said, "have shaken the bones of the other three-quarters." —MARY ALKUS

The Toughest Plant

by **NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE**

One of nature's wonders, the lichen, may have played a part in an ancient miracle

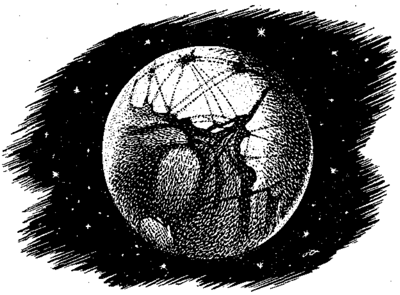
WHEN THE RED DISC of Mars came closest to our earth a few years ago, astronomers got a picture of frightful desolation. Here was an almost airless world, with no oceans, no rivers, no lakes. Nineteenth century scientists had discovered that in the daytime, its temperature at the equator might rise to a little above freezing and at night drop to perhaps 100 below.

Yet, over a period of years, the sky probers had seen its polar ice caps alternately shrink and grow. Parts of the ruddy planet also changed color. Could this color change be caused by the growth of some incredible Martian plant?

Strangely, the scientists needed no super-telescope to visualize such a botanical monstrosity. For that particular kind of plant which could survive on Mars actually grows right here on our own planet.

This wonder of nature is called the lichen (pronounced "liken"). You probably think it is moss when you see it growing as a gray, brown or yellow splotch on the side of a rock, a tree, on a bare patch of earth, or even on walls or in caves.

As the most widespread plant on our earth, it is the toughest thing that grows, flourishing with equal ease in the jungles of South America, the blazing Sahara, the desolate mountain tops of the Rockies, the frozen reaches of the Antarctic.



Its more than 10,000 different species defy successfully all climates, all weather, no matter how destructive to other plants.

No one knows how many centuries the lichen has been in existence; but just the fact that it can live on bare rock makes it a forerunner in the plant world. After a destructive storm, fire or flood, the lichen can attach itself to rocks and flourish.

In time, the rocks begin to crumble as the tentacles of the lichen work patiently, and as the plant releases rock-reducing chemicals. Eventually there are produced pockets of soil, fertile ground for the higher plants which evolve and crowd out the humble pioneers which have made a place for them.

For centuries, before it was proved otherwise, the lichen was thought to spring from the rock itself. No rock is too hard for the lichen. It will cling to solid concrete as well as to porous limestone. It flourishes on granite—in fact, almost any place its air-borne spores happen to fall.

When conditions aren't favorable even for its growth, the lichen has an astonishing capability that keeps it alive indefinitely. It just shrivels up and waits.

Even if the lichen lacked any other spectacular claims to attention, its strange construction would make botanists hail it as the world's most unusual plant.

For the lichen is actually two plants, a fungus and an alga, growing together as one and aiding each other. Somehow in the dim reaches of earth's history, the fungus took the alga inside of it.

Each does a job the other can't do. The fungus grips the surface of the rock, tree or earth, secretes acids and enzymes that enable it to draw food from an apparently sterile material. The alga can't do that, but it can transform air and water, using energy from the sun, into carbohydrates, which both plants need for survival.

Scientists, intrigued by the possibilities of a plant that can grow in barren lands, are giving the lichen careful attention. There are hints that it may become a versatile source of medicine, chemicals and food.

It already turns up in a number of familiar products. One, called oak-moss, is a key ingredient in perfume; without it, perfume quickly loses its scent. Another is the dye that has been used to color England's famous Harris tweeds.

Meanwhile, medical researchers are getting some evidence that ancient beliefs about the curative powers of acids squeezed from lichens may have a real basis in fact. Probably, as it was used, lungwort, a common lichen, did not help fight tuberculosis, but Dr. Florencio Bustinza, of the University of Madrid, reports that one lichen extract is so powerful that a solution of one part of it in 50,000 actually inhibits the growth of tuberculosis bacteria in the laboratory.

Most intriguing of all is the possibility that the lichen might increase greatly the world's food supply. With less than a fourth of the earth's surface actually tillable, what a boon it would be to have a crop that would grow on sunscorched deserts and Arctic tundras.

Some lichens contain valuable vitamins and proteins. As a crop, they would be the most storable of all food materials, because dried lichens shrink to a fraction of their normal size and would keep almost forever without deteriorating.

Yet the strangest and most dramatic case of their use as a food is the ancient one recounted in the Bible. In the rocky hills of Israel, the wind picks up dried pieces of a white lichen, sweeps them together in piles that gather in the rocky clefts. Natives gather them, grind them into flour for bread.

This, say the botanists, may be the very thing that saved the ancient Israelites from starvation as they journeyed through the wilderness. This lichen was nothing less than the manna from Heaven.

Waiter . . . Please!

(Answers to quiz on page 127)

1. c; 2. a; 3. c; 4. b; 5. c; 6. a; 7. b; 8. a;
9. c; 10. a; 11. b; 12. b; 13. a; 14. a; 15. a.

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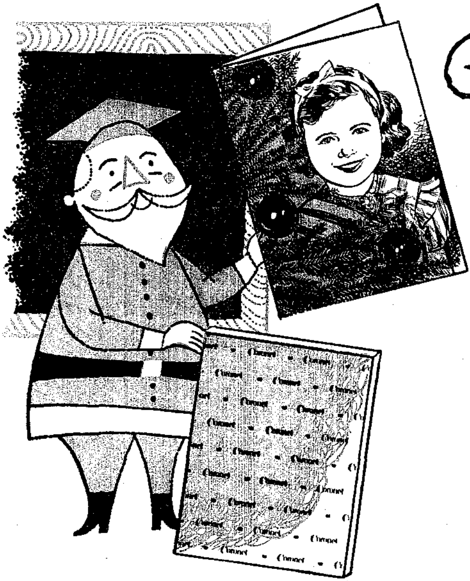

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Born to Swim

by PETE BARRETT

NATURE EQUIPPED the otter well for an aquatic life. His streamlined form, terminating in a flat, tapered tail which serves as a rudder, is driven through the water by fully webbed feet. One would suppose that a creature so at home in water would be born knowing how to swim—but no, the parents must teach their pups what those big webbed feet are for.

Similarly, the pups must be taught that fish are good to eat, and then how to catch them, which the otter accomplishes by sheer swimming ability.

While I was fishing a beaver pond one day recently, my eye caught a splash beside a log. In a moment an otter swam by under water, with the speed and grace of a seal. Trailing bubbles, it executed an incredible turn to catch a dodging trout.

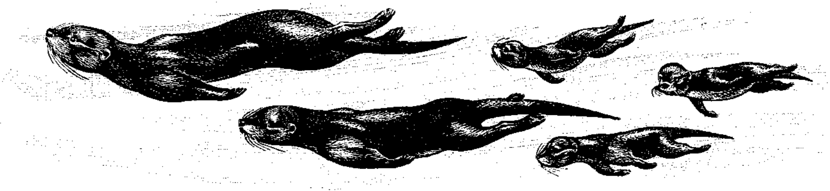
Normally, otters avoid man. Yet because of their amiable disposition, unlike that of their bloodthirsty cousin, the weasel, they can be tamed and become affectionate, playful pets.

Domesticated otters have even been used by hunters for retrieving wildfowl. Certain diving ducks, when injured, swim to the bottom and hang onto weeds, eluding the best dogs—but not an otter.

Otters are adept at concealing their presence in winter. The entrance to their cold-weather den is under water and leads upward to a comfortable, dry living chamber, and to another which is used as a toilet. Talk about privacy! An otter can catch a fish in his river, swim home with it, and eat it there leisurely, without leaving a sign to betray his existence!

The only otter I have seen in winter was using a slide, a steeply pitched affair worn to glassy smoothness on a snowbank overlooking a pool. Man and beast saw each other at about the same moment. The otter responded immediately. He made a couple of awkward bounds through the snow to the top of his chute, folded his front legs and launched himself head first.

He was a big fellow, almost four feet long. He fairly shot down the slide, caromed swiftly across a patch of ice, and smacked the water with a mighty splash. He didn't *have* to splash, of course, but I think he wanted to, for the otter's year-round motto seems to be, "Come on in, the water's fine!"



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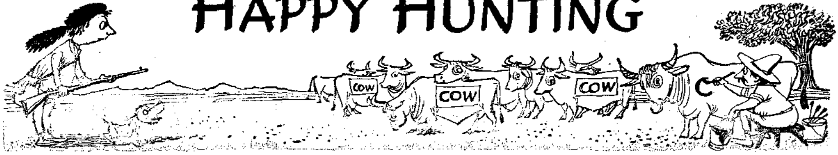
HAPPY HUNTING



EVERY YEAR, just before hunting season, one farmer solves his herd mortality problem by painting both sides of each animal in his pasture with the two-foot red letters: *cow.*

When asked if he put a different sign on the males, he replied, "Nope. No use confusin' them city hunters with dee-tails." —Eulah Croson Laucks

NOTICE BESIDE a Minnesota road: "Deer, keep off highway. Motorists are passing." —*Tide*

A BLACK LEOPARD escaped from a circus and terrorized the countryside. A posse was organized, but before starting out, the sheriff took everybody into a saloon.

"Have a drink, boys," he said, "before we go on our leopard hunt."

All but one man accepted.

"Come on, take something, Bill," urged the sheriff.

"Not me," answered Bill, "it might give me too much courage."

"WHEN I WAS ONCE in danger from a lion," said the old big-game hunter, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had lost my gun."

"What happened then?" asked his listener.

"The lion didn't even touch me."

"That's strange! How do you explain that?"

"Well," mused the hunter, "I've often thought it was because I sat on a high branch of a tall tree."

—Evan Esar, *The Animal Joker* (Harvest House)

IN THE GAME ROOM of her host, little Marjorie gazed fascinated at the huge stag's head on the wall.

"Mother," she said finally, "may I go in the next room and look at the rest of him?" —Jerome Saxon

WORN, HAGGARD, the half-frozen trapper staggered into the blizzard-enveloped trading post and cried, "Grub! Anything!"

"My gosh, Pete!" exclaimed the proprietor. "What happened?"

"My sled dogs kept dyin' along the trail till only the leader was left," Pete explained weakly. "That big brute kept eyein' me hungry-like—and I kept eyein' him the same way."

"And?" prompted the proprietor.

"Well," Pete answered grimly, "he didn't have no gun with him."

—*Wall Street Journal*

NOTICING THAT his Scottish guide usually went bareheaded in all sorts of weather, the London sportsman made him a gift of a fur cap, the kind that has the heavy ear flaps for extra warmth.

On his next visit to the lodge, in the dead of winter, he asked the old Scot how he liked the cap.

"I hae not wore it since the accident," was the gloomy reply.

"What accident?" queried his benefactor.

"Jock MacLeod offered to buy me a drink," sighed the guide, "and I didna hear him." —*Tracks*

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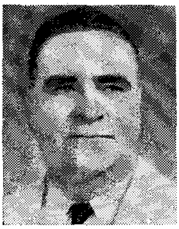

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Mrs. Jean M. Obray

The Forgotten Story of Stephen Foster

by CAROL HUGHES

What is the truth about the man who wrote the songs that all America still loves?

DOWN THE CORRIDORS of Bellevue Hospital in New York City, through the crowded charity wards, nurses in white briskly made their rounds. Few paused beside the emaciated, forlorn man who was lying semi-conscious on a bunk. He was poverty-stricken; he reeked of alcohol; he was dying.

Soon it was all over. He lay alone, and he died alone. The hospital prepared to send him to Potter's Field. They gathered the few things that had been his only possessions when they found him in a cheap East Side lodging house with a gash in his neck.

In his battered wallet they found only 38 cents. But also in the wallet was a scrap of soiled paper on which were written the elusive and mysterious words, "Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts."

Just 87 years after his death, this lonely and forgotten figure was remembered by one of America's most distinguished groups of artists, who went to the President of the United States and asked that the anniversary of his death be made a national memorial day. President Truman so decreed in 1951. And with time's knife-twisting irony, six cities raised memorials to the tragedy-ridden man who died on that January day, 1864.

Even as Stephen Collins Foster lay dying at the age of 37, his

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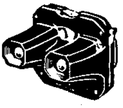

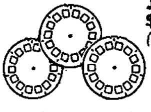

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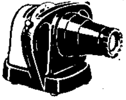

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®Sawyer's Inc., Portland, Ore. Makers of View-Master Personal Stereo Camera, Stereo-matic "500" 3-D Projector haunting melodies of great beauty and pathos were being sung and played throughout the world. The sadly haunting *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair*, the lonely *Old Folks at Home*, and the sweetly shadowy *Beautiful Dreamer* had made their way over mountains, deserts and oceans into the hearts of millions of people.

Romantic writers have created a legend of the "unappreciated genius" and "the friendless wanderer." The widely accepted version of a neglected Foster whose family fought relentlessly against his song writing, who was forever poor, homeless, sad and ignored, and whose shrew of a wife was cruel and inhuman, has been nurtured by the public for almost a century.

The only thing wrong with this Foster legend is that there is very little truth in it. The tortured Foster was a self-tortured man, and most of the ills that befell him were of his own making. He was born to great wealth in a showplace of suburban Pittsburgh. His parents were of distinguished ancestry. Throughout his life, until his last fatal year, his family showed magnanimous indulgence of his whims.

His father served as mayor of his town, and was a confidant of two Presidents. One of his brothers, an engineer, helped build the Pennsylvania Railroad and became its first vice-president. His sister, Ann Eliza, married the brother of President James Buchanan. His clannish family loved him with a passion and supported him until almost the end of his career. And contrary to popular belief, his lovely and charming wife was devoted, even after Foster's dissipation had compelled her to go out and earn a living for herself and their child.

The oft-repeated tale that Foster lived and died with his songs unappreciated is the biggest myth of all. His melodies paid him enormous sums in a day when there were no such media for popularizing them as radio, television and movies. *Old Folks at Home* alone brought him over $15,000. And as fame went in his day, he had more than his share. He was not only known to most of the United States, but received fan mail from many foreign countries.

THERE IS PATHOS enough in the story of Stephen Foster without any fraudulent claims. That this tragedy-ridden man was a sad, pathetic and sympathetic figure, no one can deny. His character was a complex of paradoxes. But despite these inner strifes, all records show that Foster was a pleasure-loving, spoiled young man with a fondness for liquor, playing a star role and "picking up the check."

Born on July 4, 1826, in Lawrenceville, a small town outside Pittsburgh, Stephen grew up in a lush period of plenty when Americans were migratory adventurers. The Foster family was a large and happy one. All seven children who lived to maturity had talent of one sort or another, and each in his own way was to win considerable money and acclaim.

From earliest childhood, young Stephen was the peculiar one. Sensitive and emotional, he was likely to break into tears at the slightest crisis. Strangely enough, however, he was a very popular young man. He could tell a good story, sing a

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good song, dance to a hornpipe, play a piano, and he excelled at the flute.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Foster always saw something strange in her boy, and catered to "poor little Stevie" to the day of her death. Throughout his life, Stephen would at any given time throw up anything he was doing and go home to mother.

Contrary to popular belief, there was never open family opposition to Stephen's career. The successful Foster family believed that song writing was not exactly a money-making medium, yet they put no hindrance in his way. And when, at 16, Stephen published his first song, *Open Thy Lattice, Love*, the family rejoiced.

Never was a melodist so indelibly marked for greatness. His technique was effortless. Words and music flowed from the superbly talented young man like water from a faucet. And to upset another fallacy of the Foster legend, a biographer of his day wrote about his songs:

"Their fame spread far and wide, from the drawing rooms of Cincinnati to concert halls and the Negroes on the docks."

One of the reasons for Stephen's wide publicity was that he lived in a day of "moving, meandering, fortune-seeking Americans." It was because of this restless population that Stephen's songs spread beyond Pittsburgh and caught the attention of publishers.

When W. C. Peters addressed a letter to Foster, requesting copies for publication, the excited Stephen magnanimously wrote: "They are gladly given, no remuneration expected." This gesture was to cost Foster thousands, for *Old Uncle Ned* was one among many freely given, and has through the years sold hundreds of thousands of copies.

During this period of his ascendancy, the impractical dreamer handed out songs with indifference to their cash value, and wrote as if it were a joke: "Imagine my surprise and delight at receiving $100 in cash for *Oh! Susanna*." Later, through his practical and devoted publishers, Firth & Pond, his songs earned him royalties.

After the family had struggled vainly to get Stephen to finish his schooling, he was persuaded to go to Cincinnati, where his brother Dunning and a partner were successful "commission and forwarding merchants and steamboat agents."

Stephen loved the city, with its levees washed by the waters of the Ohio. Southern planters, rivermen, his "beloved darkies" singing and working on the river fronts, the gold-seekers bound for California, the changing panorama of humanity—all of this he caught and held in his heart, to pour out years later in the sordid slums of New York.

While other artists of his day looked abroad to Europe and foreign lands for their inspiration, Foster looked about himself. And he, more than any other native melodist, left America a heritage of songs from one of its most nostalgic eras.

It was during this Cincinnati period that he packed his suitcase one day when a letter came from Mother, filling him with homesickness. But this time he did not go alone.

He had fallen in love with Jane Denny McDowell, daughter of a prominent physician, and to the surprise of everyone, especially his

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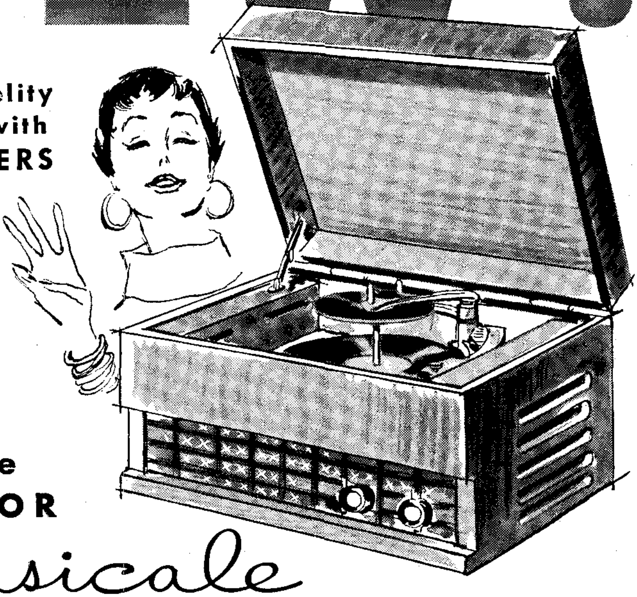

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WEBCOR

Webcor is a trade name of the Webster-Chicago Corp., Chicago 39 mother, he married her in 1850. Jane was doomed never to get over loving Stephen, when *not to love him* was so clearly to her advantage.

His mother, a saintly and dreamy woman, did not take to the robust, fun-loving girl whom her "Stevie" had married. And likewise, in Stephen's eyes, no bride could measure up to his mother's invincible ladylike behavior. Throughout the marriage, Jane was never to overcome the resentment of all the female members of the family, who were later inclined to blame her for all the ills that befell little Stevie.

When home life became intolerable, Stephen and Jane moved to a hotel in town—the rent paid by his brother William. Their only child, Marian Scully Foster, was born a year later, at a time when Stephen was beginning to earn considerable money from song writing.

The exact date of his first trip to New York is obscure, but records place him there at the end of '53. Since Stephen's drinking and high living had increased with his prestige and earnings, frequent letters went back home from him, begging and begging. Out of his desolation, the family spirit was strengthened against Jane as a scapegoat.

Finally, he and Jane established themselves in a comfortable apartment with grand piano, and for a time it looked from Stephen's letters as if he were well on the way to fame and fortune. He was paid a sum for every song he chose to write, ranging from $100 upward, with advances—and royalties.

Then Stephen reverted to type. The old urge to return to Mother hit him again. Despite Jane's urging, Stephen "sold everything they had," pocketed the money, and he, Jane and Marian took a train home.

Stephen took to solitary drinking, unable himself to stay from home, and miserable there with his wife and child. While commitments waited and his songs reached a fever pitch of popularity, Stephen continued his wayward course. The soaring demand brought letters from every publisher bidding for his talents, while he sat home, writing letters to another brother, Morrison, in a distant city, pleading for money to return to New York to make his fortune.

Once again he meandered back to New York when Firth & Pond guaranteed ten per cent of all sales on 29 published songs, plus royalties on all new ones. By 1860, he had a tremendous roster of melodies, with love of home a dominant feature.

Soldiers of the Army on the Potomac sang "The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home" around their freezing campfires. The Forty-Niners made *Oh! Susanna* their marching song. But these were tunes that had long been written. From 1853 to the time of his death, only *Beautiful Dreamer* was to become truly immortal. For by 1853, Stephen's dissipation had reached such a point that Jane was compelled to take Marian and go home to her sister, in order to earn a living as a railroad telegrapher.

The blow that was to put the finishing touches to the already heavily burdened soul of the strange dreamer was the sudden death of his mother in 1855. This cast a shadow over Foster that never lifted. Many of his songs became maudlin epitaphs, with a strong suicidal tone. *I See Her Still in My Dreams* was

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dedicated to his mother. This was followed by songs such as *Bury Me in the Morning, Mother* and *I'll Be Home Tomorrow.*

Meanwhile, his drinking reached the point where he would shut himself up in his room for days at a time, going out only when driven by hunger, speaking to no one. He became so shabby of dress that his only friend in New York, George Cooper, wrote of him as "a man utterly careless of appearance, having lost the incentive or the power of self-respect."

He owed $1,500 from advances and loans. He was lost in a lonesome jungle of lights and concrete, isolated by his own sorrows. But back to this life of desperation went Jane, having written Morrison for money, saying: "I concluded to ask you for ten dollars as I wish to go back to him immediately, and *indeed it is very necessary that I should be with him.*"

But the end was near. The terrific pummeling Stephen had given his body had taken its toll, leaving him shabby, dejected, ill and weak. The good years were gone now, warm with their memories of home, mother, and the gay days of his youth. By the end of 1863, there was nothing left but the shell of a man, and the few paltry sums he could beg from Morrison.

And then one night, emaciated and worn, he crept through the slums, climbed to his 25-cent-a-night room and dropped into bed. Sometime during the night he got up and, apparently trying to get a drink of water, fell against the crockery pitcher, cutting his throat. All night he lay on the floor until the cleaning woman found him.

Only Cooper stood by at the hospital. He tried to help, sending one last appeal to Morrison: "He would so like to see you in person."

But the pitiful last plea was never to serve its purpose. The death telegram arrived before the letter. Morrison and Jane took a train for New York, hurrying to save him from final degradation—burial in Potter's Field. The meager inventory of his belongings and the tragic, mysterious little scrap of paper, "Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts," was all that was left of the tired, unhappy genius. His pathetic roaming was over. Stephen Foster was home at last.

They took him back to a quiet hillside and buried him beside the mother he adored. And when it was all over, they began to build statues and memorials for tourists to visit.

But the greatest memorial of all was one untouched by human hands—the songs that Stephen Foster left for posterity. For the emotions he portrayed through his tormented years have leaped the boundaries of space and time to become the emotions of all people.

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ROY: (Kidding) Almost enough to wear out a pair of cow-hands like ourselves.

DALE: (Coquettish) Almost...but not quite! You love it as much as I do...Admit it!

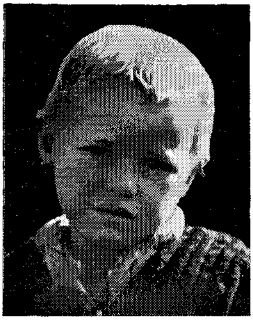
ROY: (Serious) Right!...Having all those folks like us is a great feeling!

DALE: (Admiring) After all...You ARE the King of Cowboys...(and my husband!)

ROY: (Humble) But remember, Honey, you're the Queen of the West (and my wife!)

DALE: (Business) Let's get busy now, Roy, to meet all our friends on...

NBC RADIO and TELEVISION



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"I shall never forget you long as I live. In class I recited standing on my two legs you bought me. If I was a little bird I could fly my love and thanks to you." Dimitrakis, age 10, Greece.

"Today is the most beautiful in my life. I have my first letter from you. Inside I am filled with thanks for your love and kindness." Maria, age 8, Western Germany.

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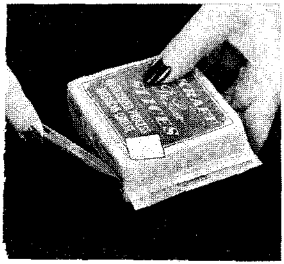
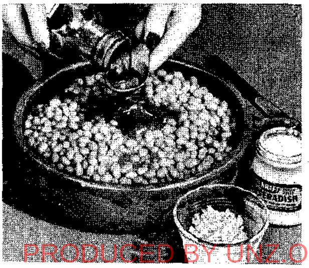
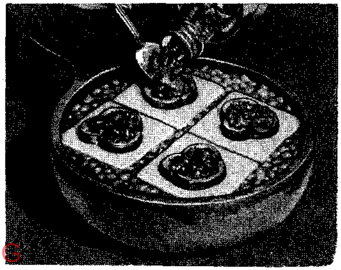
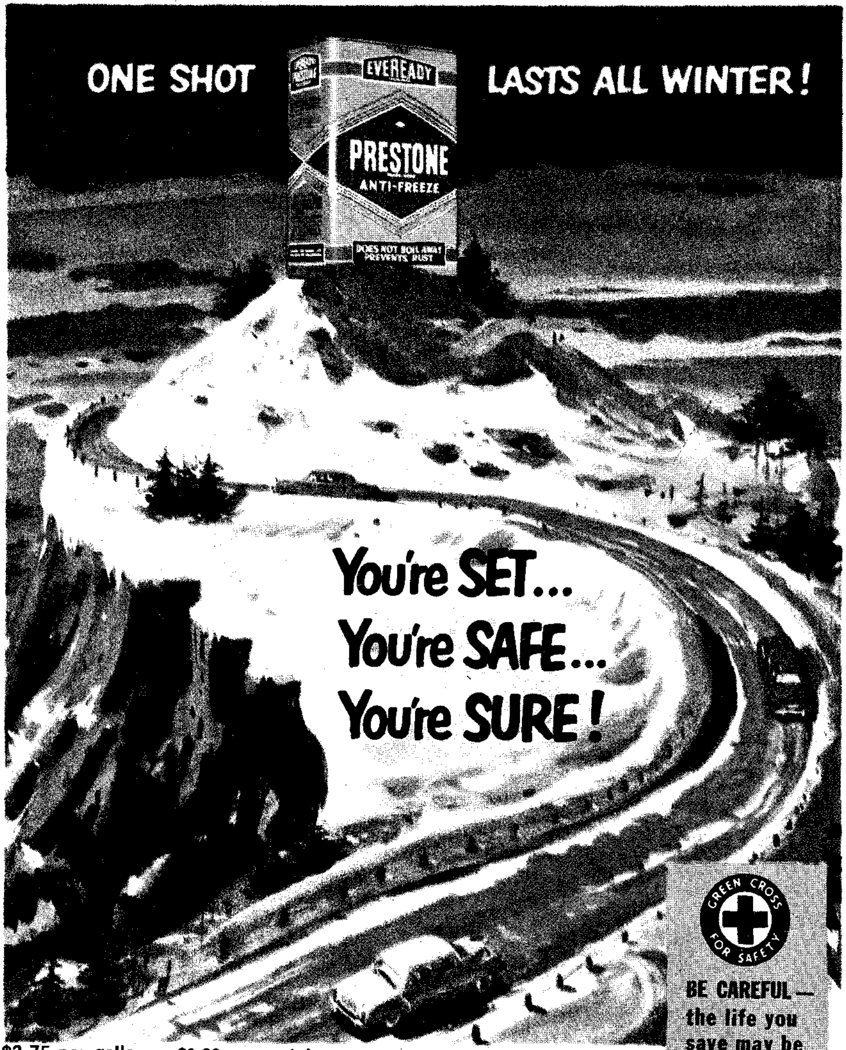


Empty three 16-ounce cans of baked beans in tomato sauce into a casserole. Mix in 3 tbsps. chili sauce, 1 tbsp. finely chopped onion, 1 tbsp. Kraft Cream Style Horseradish.



Top beans with 4 Kraft De Luxe Slices that separate "easy as peeling a banana!" Bake in 325° oven, 35 min. Top each slice with a green pepper ring; fill it with chili sauce.

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